







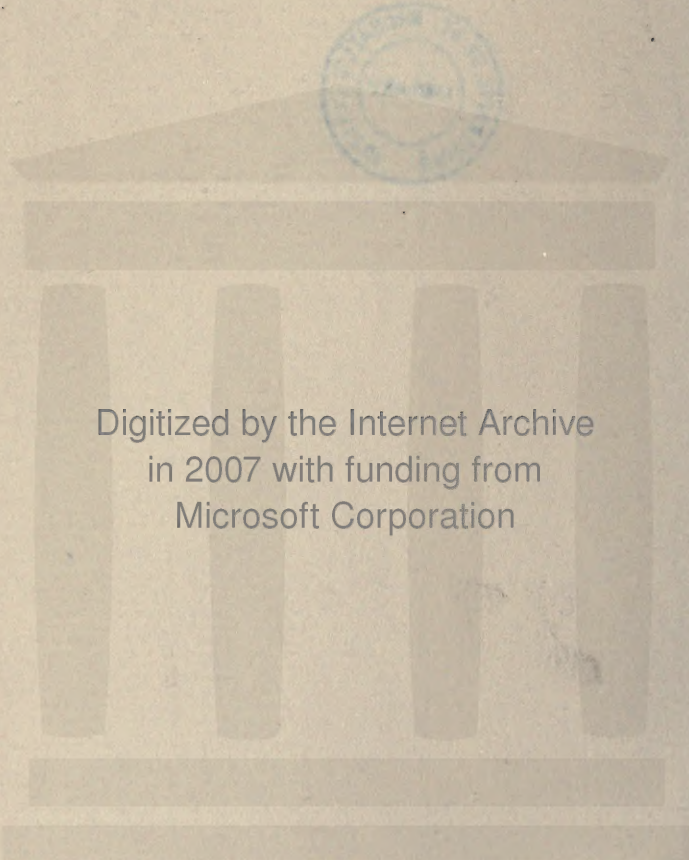




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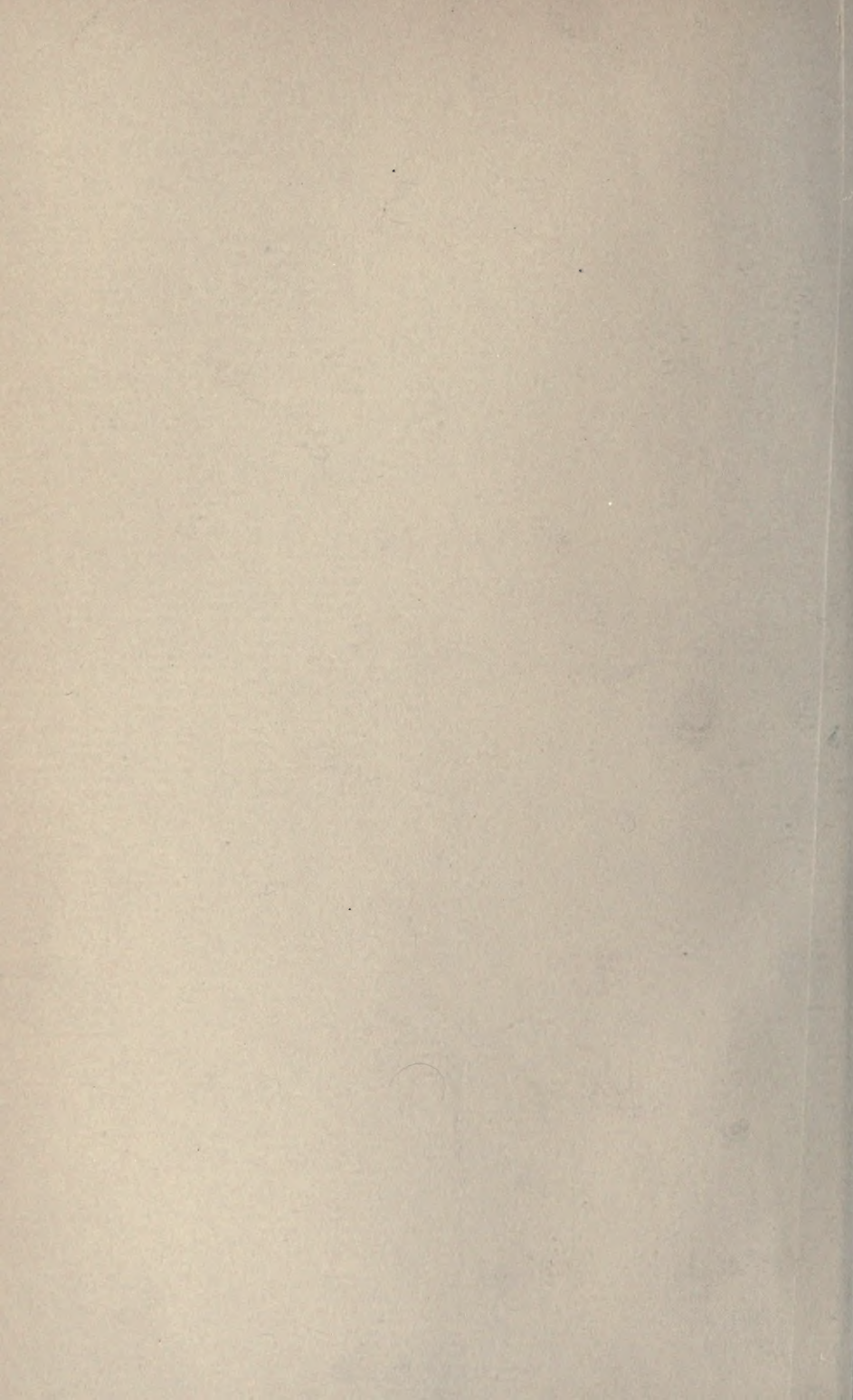


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THE  
GLOBE

A

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY,  
RELIGION, ART AND  
POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY  
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE  
Author of "Modern Idols," Etc.

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VOLUME V

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1895

*A. F. Simard*  
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DECKER BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



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## P R E F A C E.

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“One of the ablest Reviews in the English language, and we cheerfully commend it to all intelligent readers.”—MT. REV. P. J. RYAN, *Archbishop of Philadelphia.* RT. REV. O. W. WHITAKER, *Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.* HON. A. K. MCCLURE, *Editor Philadelphia “Times.”*

# THE GLOBE.

NO. XVII.

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JANUARY, 1895.

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## A PHILADELPHIA PHILOSOPHER.

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NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE. By J. E. GARRETSON, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

ALL Philadelphia is divided into three parts, of which the Down-towners occupy one, the Up-towners another, and the Bohemians the remainder.

Down-town, proper, is a narrow strip of land, not quite a half a mile wide, bounded on the south by Pine Street, on the north by Chestnut, but it stretches literally, morally and spiritually, due west from the Delaware River to the Pacific Ocean, and is everywhere marked, one might say stained, with blue blood, very blue.

Every thing north of Chestnut Street is Up-town, and every thing south of Pine Street is Bohemia. A large portion of Up-town is also Bohemia, and of late years so many Bohemians have worked their way into the charmed ribbon band of the once exclusive down-town area, that now only experts can distinguish Philadelphia Bohemians from the children of the aristocratic down-towners of ancient times. The late George W. Childs and the Drexels must be classed as Bohemian down-towners, without any pedigree from the ancient Philadelphians. But wealth won their way.

The down-towners, strictly speaking, are few in numbers, but they are a select race, the descendants of men and women who ruled the politics and dominated the society of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania with some show of justice and elegance before the American Revolution, at which time Samuel Adams and company, of Boston—mere hirelings of mob-law—introduced those ballot-stuffing methods of government that have prevailed in this land



for more than a hundred years. The women of this chosen locality are more beautiful, of finer form and of better manners than any other women on the American continent; but there are only a very few of them. You can count them on your fingers; and the men of the same locality and lineage are the nearest approach to gentlemen to be found outside the choicest social circles of the Old World. M. Debacourt once said that President Van Buren, the son of an innkeeper, was the best imitation of a gentleman that he, the Frenchman, had met in this country.

No down-towner ever lives up-town or in Bohemia if he can help it, and when a down-town girl marries out of her set she goes to Europe, to New York, Boston, Chicago, or even to Canada, with her flying embezzler of a husband, but never up-town. That would break her heart and ruin her manners, not to speak of her social prestige. All the famous people of Philadelphia are and always have been down-towners. The Rushes, Whartons, Willings, Pancoasts, Grosses, etc., are or have been down-towners. No philosopher or person of exquisite culture hails from up-town. If a man or a woman with tendencies to culture or philosophy moves up-town, he or she is in danger of being dubbed a crank, a crude person or an out and out Bohemian. Such is the tyranny of ancient landmarks even in these democratic days and years—thank God!

Fortunately for his own reputation, and for the purposes of this review, the author of "Nineteenth Century Sense" is a down-towner, hence to be treated with all possible respect. Even Provost Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, is everywhere treated with respect, not because of any literary or other ability, or character, but simply because he is a down-towner. Sometimes other epithets are applied to him. All down-towners do not belong to the same set. There are marked differences of sets even among down-town literary men and women. Indeed, all Philadelphia literary lights may again be divided into three groups. Of these the literati, pure and simple, form the first group; the newspaper literati the second, and the philosophical literati the third. The literati pure and simple were never known to be philosophers. Philosophy does not pay. The newspaper literati are neither literary people in any true sense nor philosophers, and the philosophical literati are so often inclined to crankiness that the other two groups pretend to despise them, and go on writing

novels or editorials as if the literary field was exclusively their own. The author of "Nineteenth Century Sense" belongs to the third group named.

Were I to speak of the dead representatives of these three groups, I should name George H. Boker as the most distinguished of the first group, Bayard Taylor as the most distinguished of the second, and Benjamin Franklin as the most distinguished of the third. But we will speak only of the living. It is hard for dead Quakers to be live literary men.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Horace Howard Furness, Esq., Mrs. Wister and Miss Agnes Repplier are the most famous and exclusive representatives of the Philadelphia literati pure and simple, with such far-away camp-followers and antecedents as Grace Greenwood, Rebecca Harding Davis, etc., and it may be well to remark in passing, that there is no city in the American Union at this hour that has a group of literary men and women of equal ability, fame and culture, to the first four named. I should like to linger here, but that is not now my purpose. "Some other day."

Hon. A. K. McClure, Geo. O. Seilhamer, Talcott Williams and L. Clark Davis—aided by a few newspaper society women, to be nameless here—are the leading representatives of the Philadelphia newspaper literati. But between McClure and Seilhamer on the one side and Williams and Davis on the other, there is a gulf fixed deep as that which always exists between masterful ability, of a kind, and mere puppet show, sham ability. McClure and Seilhamer are both very able men—spoiled, of course, by life-long journalism—but Williams and Davis are mere well-dressed dolls that dabble in literature, while their tailors and barbers are fixing their clothes and their faces; and Davis, except in the matter of his tailoring, is sadly handicapped by having a wife and a son more famous and gifted than himself.

Dr. James E. Garretson, author of "Oral Surgery," "Thinkers and Thinking," "Odd Hours of a Physician," "Nineteenth Century Sense," etc.; Dr. Carl Seiler, an expert writer on nasal diseases, and lecturer and writer on the philosophy of expert testimony, etc.; Rev. Dr. McCook, author of various books on bugs and beetles, etc.; and Rev. Dr. Westbrook—the latter an up-towner—author of "Whence and Whither," etc., may perhaps be named as the four most distinguished representatives of the philosophical literati of Philadelphia, and of these four Dr. J. E. Garretson has



been decidedly the more studious in the lines of mental and moral philosophy, and the most prolific as a writer, though I should say that Dr. Carl Seiler was the sharper and quicker of intellect, of more real genius and, all things considered, of wider and more sensible information of the four. At all events, Dr. Garretson is the only man now living in Philadelphia whose studies of Plato and of the ancient Egyptian and Hindoo forms of philosophy and faith give him any claim to write with hope of being read on the subject of philosophy; and to what extent this ablest Philadelphia philosopher is worthy of being read on this theme, we now propose to show.

Many years ago I devoted a good deal of time and energy to the study of mental and moral philosophy, especially as related to the theological and religious faiths and practices of the various ancient and modern nations, but having for the last twenty years or more turned my attention to the more practical question of how to apply Christian principles to every-day life, I was and am disinclined to spend much new thought on the too often flimsy and should-be-exploded bubbles of ancient and modern philosophy. Hence when Dr. Garretson's book was sent to me for review, though I read the book carefully and marked every page—almost every paragraph—in it, I was still uninclined to take up the matter and, therefore, handed the book to a well-known Doctor of Divinity and Professor of Philosophy in one of our Western colleges.

These are his notes on the teaching and character of the book:

(1) Man is one and the same thing with God; has the essence of God.

(2) Man acquires immortality by knowing, *i. e.*, by acquiring knowledge.

(3) Analysis is the foundation of all certitude; tradition and faith are nothing.

(4) We acquire soul, which is God.

(5) Individuality of Christ, seen after His death; body succumbed.

(6) We may become God, as Christ, by doing what was done (by him). Guatama, Confucius, Mencius, Christ were expressions of soul.

(7) Saints much like (really synonymous with) professed mediums of to-day, etc.

The one comment of my Doctor of Divinity upon this book

was—"Incomprehensible." As I am unwilling to admit that anything written by a Philadelphia or other philosopher can be incomprehensible, I will try to give a more generous interpretation of the book before us.

As I understand the aims and claims of "Nineteenth Century Sense," they are: *First*, to prove and explain the existence, being nature and modes of manifestation, of God or Deity. *Second*, to prove and explain the existence, being and nature of human soul or the human soul, and the relation of this soul to God or Deity. *Third*, and therefore, but incidentally, to explain many ancient and modern forms of religious and superstitious faith and practices, and to do all this by what is here called "Nineteenth Century Sense;" that is, by pure rationalistic analysis, based supposedly upon, and the outgrowth of, the author's own investigations of man and nature, and certainly without any reverent acceptance of and without any obedient following of any supernatural revelation interpreted by any ecclesiastical or other authority.

In regard to these claims and to the book in general, I have to remark: *First*, that the style and English of the author are abominable. *Second*, that many of the more important terms used in this book, such as soul, spirit, Christ, God, etc., are used in a novel, that is, in an original or amateur sense, and not at all in the accepted sense of standard philosophical or theological writers. *Third*, that in many cases the author's own declarations are absolutely contradictory. *Fourth*, that the primal bases or assumptions of the book, as already outlined by my theological professor, are absolutely false to nature and truth and history; mere unreliable, because misinformed or ill-informed figments of the author's untrained mind. *Fifth*, that the book is in no sense a work that can teach, enlighten and elevate, but that can only confuse and skepticize the human mind. *Sixth*, and finally, that whatever gleams of truth or of goodness there are in the book have come to the author not by way of rationalistic analysis or "Nineteenth Century Sense," but through inspirations of Christian truth which he neither fully accepts nor understands.

In proof that the author's style is abominable, I here quote portions of the first twenty pages of the book. These are from the chapter headed, "Spiritus Sanctus," or the Holy Spirit. To my mind, they are hardly a holy snuff-box. There is not spirit enough in them to make one sneeze. But to the law and to the



testimony of "Nineteenth Century Sense", in other words to Rosicrucianism on stilts, if you please:

"Sight of ships by him who cultivates ships, sight of poems by him who cultivates poetry, sight of scores by him who cultivates music, sight of the Divinity by him who cultivates the divine—sight of none of these by him who cultivates none of them.

"Striving after understanding of the universal and of man's relation with it.—Seeking a sanctuary where higher dominates lower.—Reaching comprehension that for a beast, whether man or brute, there is the grass under its nose, nothing else; that for an 'alchemist' there is gold; that for the 'immortal' there are cosmetics, if not indeed a liquor adolescentiæ and an elixir vitæ; that an 'Illuminate' may reach and eat of the fruit that grows in the 'midst of the garden;" eating of this fruit, and growing through the eating, until growth reaches whither growth leads.

"Recognizing, with Paracelsus, that *the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power*; and with Ovid, that things alter, that nothing dies; and with Empedocles, that man is in truth one with bird, beast and fish; and with Plato, that he is one with none of these things. Able to read the paradox of 'hic jacet' in understanding that here he who lies is not he who lies but he who lies not.

"Above all things recognizing oneness in Now and Eternity.

"Freed of all confusion in understanding that duty and responsibility rest and relate with the Now, and with the Now alone.

"Comprehending, out of understanding, with Zoroaster, that for a man to know himself is to know all things necessary for him to know in himself."

Now, if you will pardon the profanity, "who the devil" has ever heard of "him who cultivates ships," and "reaching comprehension that for a beast, whether man or brute, there is the grass under its nose," is not at all incomprehensible, as my friend the professor might esteem the stuff; it is simply an abominable and wiseacre amateur way of putting a most commonplace idea. Again, if Paracelsus really said "that the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power," he said what is not true. When the Hebrew prophet declared "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom," he propounded a moral law of existence capable of being verified by all that is true wisdom in the world to-day; but to say that the beginning of wisdom is the beginning of supernatural power is merely a transcendental highfalutin contradiction. Supernatural power as regards the Eternal never had beginning, and will never have an end. Supernatural power as here meant, that is, supernatural power transferred to and inhering

in a human being or soul, is a thing so rare—that is, in any degree worth talking about or calling supernatural at all—that the wisest of men are usually the most modest and the most content to use what to them seem purely and naturally the powers of their cultivated reason.

Nevertheless, it is true that wisdom, of all powers in the Universe, is the most supernatural power. But Solomon knew a great deal more than Paracelsus about all this, and if our author would only learn that there is one supernatural revelation in this world, and one supernatural interpreter thereof, he would quit all this humbuggery regarding Rosicrucianism and seek true light where alone it can be found. In another sense, there is supernatural power not only in every man, but in every animal and atom of the Universe; and Paracelsus and Garretson are simply squinting at a half truth they do not understand. Paracelsus may understand it by this time.

Again, take the expression "Freed of all confusion in understanding that duty and responsibility rest and relate with the Now, and with the Now alone." It is not incomprehensible, it is simply confounded nonsense and falsehood. Duty and responsibility relate to and are bound up with the minutia of all the eternities; otherwise let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. The author plainly does not see the meaning of his own words; does not mean what he says; does not at all comprehend what he says. In truth, this last expression quoted is a sort of hodge-podge mixture of Emerson and Alcott moonshine, with Swedenborg and Walt Whitman grotesque wind and asininity, and there is nothing in it but falsehood and wind. Moreover, its utter clumsiness is enough to damn the whole book.

So it seems to me that I have not only proven the abominable style of this writing, but at the same time that the "Spiritus Sanctus" is not in it. In truth, it is very badly written wiseacre foolishness. Nevertheless, I assert that the intent of the author is good, that the heart of him inclines to wisdom. He simply needs a teacher—and obedience to that teacher—then indeed there would be a "Spiritus Sanctus" in his most active and inquiring mind: a holy of holies, which might be as the very heart of God. But, let us move more slowly.

Quite by accident I open "Nineteenth Century Sense" at page 35, and find the following;



SYNOPSIS.—Man is not a simple single being, but consists of a possible conjunction of parts, which parts are the sole common constituents of the world. These things, or parts, are: (1) A selfhood, which is the meaning of his individuality. (2) Matter, which is one with his body. (3) God, which is one with his soul. Cultivation of Ego, or selfhood, grows the personal. Cultivation of matter grows body. Cultivation of God grows soul. Man is of earth earthy or of heaven heavenly, according to which of the associate hypostases he cultivates.

On the margin opposite this awful wisdom were several penciled interrogation marks, and the paragraph will do as well as any other to prove my second point, viz: that the author uses standard words in the strangest of ways.

Man, it seems, consists of a "*possible*," not an actual, "conjunction of parts." In the word possible is the seeming wisdom, but the actual falsehood and weakness. Whatever *parts* man is composed of, and I do not propose to discuss that here, are actual; they exist alike in the infant just born and the sublimest poet or prophet that ever breathed or sung. But our author wants to explain by nineteenth century sense all the supernatural phenomena—say, of Christianity and immortality, hence as he does not find God in the consciousness of some "brute-men," and thinks he does find God in certain philosophers, he was obliged to invent the possible conjunction of parts as the key to man's totality; but this again is nonsense. Any Catholic Christian child knows more concerning the mystery of the impartation of the Divine to the human soul than does this Philadelphia philosopher. But I will not argue theology with a layman. There is but one way to light in this line, and Dr. Garretson has never taken that way.

Let us come to the third item in this paragraph. "God, which is one with his (man's) soul. Cultivation of God grows soul." I am here pointing out the fact simply that our author uses important words in strange and amateur ways. Had he ever studied theology under competent teachers he would have learned that according to the supernatural revelations given to the Hebrew race and through Christ to His Church, God is a spirit infinite, absolute, etc., independent of and above all nature and all human being or beings, etc. Had he studied philosophy under competent teachers he would know that man is a created entity or unity made up of actual component parts, the sublimest and supremest of which is his God-given, God-breathed, immortal soul: not of

the same essence as the Divine Being, but created by the Divine and dependent thereon, etc. Again, had he studied his own actual consciousness, or his consciousness of his own soul, he would be absolutely certain that it is not one with the Divine soul of the universe, or the being and consciousness of God, but an entity, a reality or a consciousness quite peculiar to James E. Garretson, and as much like the nose on or in his face as the taste of green peas is like the taste of green peas, and like nothing else under the sun. Here I trespass a little on the domain of theology and philosophy, but only to turn our author's eyes inward, and the eyes of others inward upon the conclusions derived from the closest scrutiny that can be given to God or the soul of man.

I am well aware that in Cosmotheism—see *THE GLOBE*, No. 8—I seem to teach other than this, and to agree, in some measure, with the author's conclusions; and here may be the place to state that whatever near approach Dr. Garretson makes toward philosophical or spiritual truth he has derived the power to make that approach from just such teachings as Cosmotheism, and that they are not the result of nineteenth century sense at all, but of a far deeper and more spiritual sense than our author dares to test and to use. I will not here go into the depths of the difference between Cosmotheism and ordinary Pantheism, or between it and this slim-waisted, water-cure theology of Dr. Garretson; and, as I intend to prove this point in the near future in an article showing why I became a Catholic, I will content myself here by saying that the deeper any man goes into the real mystery of theology or the higher he climbs the dizzy heights of consecration to spiritual life and truth, the more clearly he becomes conscious that God is not one with the human soul, that His thoughts are not our thoughts, and that to "cultivate God" is really to reach the opposite conclusion from that reached by our author, not to speak of revelation or the teaching of Christ's Church to the contrary at all. In truth, our author's teaching on this head is precisely the devil's own teaching, long, long ago, when he said to our early ancestors disobey God and ye shall be as God, knowing good and evil, etc., especially the evil, according to the philosophy and politics of modern times. Nevertheless, Dr. Garretson's expression "Cultivation of God grows soul," is true as he means it. What he really means is that chaste and pious and devout and pure and abstemious and saintly people are not as physical and sensual and



devilish as men and women who give their bodies and lives to lust and appetite and all manner of gross selfishness—but in the name of God, do we need a philosopher to teach us that altruism is such grotesque and bombastic new light language? Every pious soul knows it and every impious one admits it. Let us put Dr. Garretson into a simple syllogism—cultivation of God grows soul; soul is one with God—ergo, cultivation of God grows God. Admitting the premises it is plain sailing, and there is no trouble increasing the infinite a million-fold, etc. But why bandy words with a mere amateur? If I want to study medicine I attend Dr. Garretson's lectures, or the lectures of some other competent professor of medicine and physics, but God forbid that I should look there for the study of theology. As well listen to the rapid mouthings of Bob Ingersoll. If Dr. Garretson wants to study God, or really to cultivate God, let him go to those who have that profession in charge, and if he does not get new lessons and new light in his first interview, he may take my life for advising him to go thither. Our author is no more reliable or loyal to the standard use of words in philosophy than he is in theology, and the result is a deplorable medley of contradictions. Take the following sentences from pages 36 and 37:

"Knowledge is of two kinds; it is of Comprehension and of Apprehension. By the first is meant an ability to compare derived out of experiences. By the second is implied cognizance existing in the Something which needs no experiences for its fruition—*i. e.*, the soulistic light: or, to express this in the language of that great and peculiar Rosicrucian, Jacob Behmen, the "Divine illumination." To demonstrate the possible existence of this duality in knowledge, illustration needs but to be made by reference to the double nervous system found related with man: the one, the cerebro-spinal, knows nothing but what it collects to itself from the outside; the other, the ganglionic, has its meaning entirely within itself: it knows, and feels, and acts as well on the first as on the last day of its organization.

"Comprehension is in the use of what are known as the Senses; it means learning attained by sight, touch, taste, hearing and smell. There is no immediate knowledge of the world and of its associations obtainable otherwise than through the senses. It is to be added that senses, like knives, may be sharp or dull."

In regard to this I have to say, first, that in all standard writings on philosophy apprehension is a less complete word than comprehension, and stands for a less perfect sight of the mind. We

apprehend the stars, but do not comprehend them. We apprehend God, but do not comprehend Him, and to use the word apprehension as the equivalent of "divine illumination" is to show an utter ignorance of the proper use of important terms, and at the same time an utter lack of apprehension or comprehension of the great thing—that is, divine illumination, which is the one thing the author likes to talk about, but which of all things he least understands; second, I simply do not believe what he says about the double nervous system of man. I have no doubt that as far as he knows by experience it is true; but the Lord bless him, there are more things in the cerebro-spinal nerve of a man—even in his own—than are dreamed of in his philosophy; third, if "there is no immediate knowledge of the world and of its *associations* obtainable otherwise than through the senses," which loose promulgation of conceit I will not discuss, why then we have no *immediate* knowledge of the world and its *associations*, for all knowledge obtained through the senses, as every tyro in philosophy knows, is *mediate*; that is through the media of the senses and not immediate at all; but this man does not adhere to any exact sense in his use of words.

Of course "senses, like knives, may be sharp or dull," and some people's senses are naturally, almost preternaturally, if not supernaturally, soulistically and confoundedly dull.

The senses are pets with our author, and yet he has no consistent theory regarding them; is, in fact, here as elsewhere utterly contradictory. He pets them with one hand, so to speak, and raps them over the head with the other.

On page 121 we have: "Nothing is otherwise than as it is to a sense that uses it." In an older form we have this same absurdity under the expressions: "Things are to the senses what to the senses they seem to be," and again on page 174:

"Here is to be repeated the aphorism of explanation: *A thing is to a sense that uses it what to the sense it seems to be: it is never anything else.* Not to possess acceptancy of this aphorism by reason of an understanding of it that demonstrates its absolute truthfulness, thus affording knowledge of man's command of the Universal, is to have made no departure from the perception of uneducated animal senses.

"Study and understanding of this aphorism impress the writer as being one with study and understanding of life."

Now, frankly and in all kindness, I am bound to say that "study



of this aphorism" has not only impressed, but long ago assured me that the writer of it is a hopeless unseeing crank; a man who takes his own unsound and utterly ridiculous expressions as embodying great if not universal truths, while to other men more intellectual, more philosophical, more religious, more sensitive and more spiritual than himself said expressions sound and look like the silly twaddle of an opiumized charlatan.

I think it was in a previous article, published in this REVIEW under the title, "The Vagaries of Modern Thought," that I pointed out in a light, facetious way the utterly absurd meaninglessness of this wiseacre expression, which to our author seems to be equivalent to an "understanding of life" itself. Let me here be more serious and explicit in explaining its absurdity. It matters not in which form, the negative or positive, we take the sentence, its senselessness is just as palpable. Let us take the earlier form as being the clearest: "Things are to the senses what to the senses they seem to be." Nobody questions this, nobody ever has suspected that things were to the senses using them, seeing them, feeling them, touching them, other than what to those senses for the moment those things seemed to be. On the other hand, nobody but a purblind lunatic would ever have thought of making this statement as having any show or sign of wisdom or revelation in it.

Everybody knows that things, many things, seems to be such and such to the senses at one moment, and so and so, quite other things, the next moment. A fallen tree in the twilight at a certain distance will look to the eyes, seem to the eyes, like a jackass, a camel; the next moment, with change of distance, more light and an awakened sense of seeing interpreted by the understanding intelligently, said fallen tree will look like a fallen tree. In a word, the sole meaningless meaning of this absurd wiseacre sentence, brought in here to explain the universe, is that things seem to be what they seem to be: a simple, meaningless, senseless, idiotic truism, for as they seem to be this at one moment, something else the next and quite another thing a moment later, there is nothing in the expression to help either the senses, the reason, the understanding, or the soul or the spirit of man toward perceiving what any one thing in the universe really is.

My next step is to show that Dr. Garretson himself has no more respect for the senses than any other educated man; only being a supposed philosopher and having made this silly assertion he sticks

to it, as a dead dog sticks to a bone simply because he has not life enough to repent and get away.

On pages 44, 45 we have this beautiful bit of lucid medical lecturing:

"Our consideration is of Matter; just here of this alone; of the matter which makes up the bodies of men and women.

"What is this skeleton? As to answer I have no doubt. A skeleton is the bony framework of a body. The whole made up of many pieces: over two hundred in number. Any piece analyzed is found to be a combination of animal substance and earthy salts. Does it seem strange that a teacher of anatomy, after thirty years spent in the dissecting-room, should be found admitting that he has never seen a bone?"

"Here is a femur: the long and heavy thigh bone. Here are a Rosierucian's acid bath and a slow-burning furnace; the latter possessed of an oven from which air can be excluded. Let us get understanding of the admission.

"What is the femur?"

"The femur is a bone described as made up of a shaft, extremities, processes, ridges and holes called foramina, and which has its being by reason of a union of gelatine, blood-vessels, lime, magnesia and soda."

"Then there would be no bone if gelatine, blood-vessels, lime, magnesia and soda were absent?"

"It follows that, if these be the bone, absence of them would be absence of bone."

"But what as to the form of the bone? would this too be absent?"

"Form shows itself as one with constituents."

"With all, or with part, of constituents?"

"With all necessarily, as when part of a thing is away it is not in shape as when all were present."

"Then we are to say that part of this femur being away, form could not be as when the part was not away?"

"We would say, as of chair or table, part being away, form is away; that is, form as it represents the thing in its integrity."

"But as to what constitutes a thing: whether this be constituents or form?"

"Not form, surely, else figures of things would subserve purposes equally with things themselves."

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"Then it is to be declared that a thing is not what it seems to be?"

As a rule most undoubtedly, but not always, still, in view of this commonplace, every-day scientific and common-sense admission,



why all this previous palaver about things being what they seem to be, when, confound it, they are not what they seem to be at all?

My next aim is to show this author that "after thirty years spent in the dissecting-room," where he has been using mainly his senses—all the while seeing and feeling things that seemed to be what, according to his own admission, they never were—and after using his senses mainly in examining and cutting into and cutting up diseased or dead flesh, he is one of the last men on God's earth at this hour to discuss or teach from that altar of physical death any truth regarding the hidden life of the living body, much less any truth regarding the secret essences, springs, laws, flights, attainments, passions, harmonies, apprehensions or comprehensions of the human soul.

In a word, his senses only are educated. His soul is not educated. For, according to his own theory, which is not his, but old as God Himself—only the man who cultivates God becomes like unto God.

I do not pretend to say that surgeon dentists, vivisectionists and experts with the scalpel generally cannot become like Christ and His apostles—God-filled, spiritual, God-seeing, triumphant preachers of truth and saviours of the ages in which they live; but I do say, that the dissecting-room experience has never been known to lead any man in that line or to that consummation, and that all experience and all the deeper consciousness of every truly religious soul affirm the truth that in order to become such seers and saviours they must drop their scalpel and fall on their knees: that they must get God Almighty somehow to pluck off the scales from their various conceited senses and cease to prattle about what things seem to be to the utterly spiritually blind and ask God Almighty in child-like faith to lead them where they see things as those things really are.

In a word, as Christ Himself once said to talky-talky Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Has our author ever been born again, except by the Rosicrucian method of exclusion, which, in other words, is being left out in the cold?

I fear this article is already too long to be interesting even to the most serious readers of the *GLOBE*, and I shall content myself by simply asserting, that our author does not prove either the existence of the human soul or the existence of God by the

Rosicrucian method of exclusion or by nineteenth century sense at all. And he nowhere makes any approach toward proving the truth of the primal declaration of his charlatanism, viz., that God is one with human soul or the human soul.

In truth, every profound teacher of theology knows that this assertion is not true; and every purest saint that has ever lived knows that this assertion is not true; still, it so directly squints toward the truth; is so closely allied with many passages of the highest expressions of human wisdom, that to our author and doubtless to others this poor, borrowed, erroneous half-truth looks like an expression of the highest heavenly wisdom.

As my memory serves me, these are some of the passages that have suggested this extravagant utterance to our author's mind: "Whosoever dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, for God is love." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "And God breathed into his, man's, nostrils the breath of life and he (man) became a living soul. So he (God) made man in or after his own image or likeness," etc. And in Cosmotheism there is this assertion: "The unity, infinity, eternity and divinity of the universe. God in it and it in God"—from everlasting to everlasting. And of course there is the old twisted pantheistic expression that "All is God and God is all." Again there is the sublime scriptural expression of the final consummation and triumph of goodness and light and love and God in Christ Jesus, "when God shall be all and in all." But in all these expressions, including my own, there is no single approach to the absurdity of this tyro in theology and philosophy, viz., that God is one with soul or the human soul. Let me not misrepresent our author. Here are his own words from pages 87-88:

"What is Soul? Like Matter, and like individuality, Soul is to be known alone phenomenally. After such manner of being known, knowledge of it is, however, scarcely less common than is knowledge of individuality. Every man and woman knows of it according to extent of its possession. Not to know it is not to have it.

"Soul, according to the philosophy here offered, and according to inductions which will accrue, let examination commence when it will, is identical with the God.

"Stop just here, interrupts the Materialist, and tell us how and why illuminate Rosicrucianism assumes the existence of a God?

"Proof of the existence of God is found in the existence of Soul. Like is to be known only by like. Matter can neither see,



feel, hear, taste or smell the God. The senses of organic life are the senses of animal life. Proof that brutes are without soul is found by absence of it in some men. Soul is not at all a necessity to the animal organization. A man may live without a soul. Soul and God are one. What is called soul is simply God dwelling by his severalty in man."

Now, upon my soul, when I hear a Protestant layman talk or write in this blindfold way of the sacred and eternal truths of the Divine essence and of the relation of man's soul and life to the same, I regret that the Bible ever fell into the hands of the laity. And I do not wonder that the scholars and rulers of the Church were inclined to deal sharply with the hords of upstart clowns that went to teaching theology and religion after the opening of the flood-gates of the Reformation, so-called.

In honest truth, and in all kindness to him, but with special consideration of the human race, were I emperor of the human family, or Pope of the same, and hence in charge of the dogma and morals of the race, I would oblige this author to teach only concerning such facts of the human *body* as he had thoroughly examined, classified and understood; and the moment he undertook to quit that sphere and glide into the sphere of spirital, philosophical or moral theology, or into any mental philosophy of anthropology, I would have him gagged and oblige him to fast utterly twenty-four hours for every such offence. In a word, I would treat even his attempt to teach theology or philosophy as an offence against the upright intelligence of the human race and an insult to the highest reason of the human soul.

The character of his blindness or conceit is precisely the same when he undertakes to synchronize and symphonize the ancient prophets with modern mediums.

There always were mediums—persons so sensitive to the presence of other beings and things, living or dead, that those things became real to their presence; and so real, that their consciousness of them, like the vividness of the consciousness of the poet and the prophet in other spheres, that said things at times became, and still become, visible to others in the neighborhood of such mediums.

The witch of Endor was a medium; had a familiar spirit or a familiarity with ghosts; was a sort of ghost or witch-ghost herself; but between the witch of Endor and the prophet Isaiah there was,

and there forever remains, the same sort of gulf fixed that exists to-day between Mr. Sludge, the medium, and the prophet-poet who told his modern story.

Here again let me not be charged with misrepresentation. Let the author speak for himself. From pages 96, 97, 100 and 101 we cull the following:

"Passage is from lower to higher; from comprehensions in physics to speculations in psychics. Yet, all law being common law, passage is to nothing supernatural, simply to a something not commonly familiar. What is to be examined as psychical is to be found not at all dissimilar to what has been presented as physical; an only difference lies with plane of relation. Let the remark "nothing supernatural" make impression. Mediums and sensitives, the subjects of the present chapter, differ nothing from people at large save as poets, musicians and architects differ from people at large. Sensitivity will always be found identical with mediumship, and he or she who happens to be born a sensitive, or who cultivates sensitivity to the extent of becoming a sensitive, will be a medium of greater or less meaning to That which is cultivated, let the that be what it may, common or uncommon.

"To affirm one's self a medium from the standpoint of practice or of cultivation is to say nothing different from what has just been said as to sciolist, chemist and microscopist; difference as to what is seen, lies with a seer.

"What is to follow is, then, Subjectivism, proposed as a thing not any more mysterious than is Materialism; the two, indeed, being assumed as scarcely so much two as one?

"Precisely; proposing that manner of a revelation is the same in the instance of a poet as revelations received by John at Patmos, as sights and sounds seen and heard by Saul, as visions given to Hosea, to Habakkuk, to Haggai, to Zechariah, and, as well, to Belshazzar," etc.

There are other passages in which mediums, musicians, saints and prophets are all jumbled in the same category of more or less sensitives by birth or cultivation.

And there is some common groundwork of truth in all this; but dogs howl in the neighborhood of approaching death. Geese feel the approaching storm and fly a day in advance of its coming. They are sensitives of the acutest kind. Some men and women more than others have this same sensitiveness or mediumship regarding storms and death, and others have a similar sensitiveness or mediumship regarding the intensified consciousness of the living and the dead; but to treat any or all of these phenomena

as having any relation to the acquirement of the art of the musician—above all, to treat them as having anything to do with or any relation with those spiritual and moral faiths, consecrations, devotions, exaltations, pieties, self-denials, sacrifices, fastings, prayers, submissions and glories of the soul that at once go to make up the life and power of prophets and saints, and that make their visions and prophesies of value—is to show an utter ignorance of the eternal difference between the mere physical accidents of certain nervous organizations and the eternal moral glories of the human soul that have made it master of itself and master of all created things.

In a word, and spite of all his fine twaddle of spiritual things, the author is a mere physicist, and has no more sight of the true essences and moral powers and relationships of life, least of all of the quenchless spiritual victories of consecrated sainthood and prophetship, than an old hen has of the art of swimming or an old toad of the art of flying.

He is doubtless an excellent gentleman and an entertaining lecturer in the class-rooms of medical students, but he ought to be gagged on all mental, moral and spiritual themes.

Another pervading fallacy running through the entire book is the old Platonic fallacy "that material things have no real existence; that soul is the only real substance, and all material objects mere unreal phenomena," so-called, whatever that or those may be. On page 20 of this wonderful book, we have—

"Recognition of the fact that the body is external is the meaning of illumination, and this, in turn, is the true and whole meaning of an illuminatus."

This and other paragraphs in the book are only a rehash of the so-called idealism of Plato, and the Neoplatonists of the early Christian centuries, and again of English Berkley in our modern centuries. In our own days this old dictum of the dreamers was re-emphasized by Bronson Alcott, the one-time famous Concord talker of whole quarter-sections of Platonic moonshine of a single evening, and since his visit to the West, in 1870 particularly, this illusion of philosophical cranks has been perpetuated by little coteries of Platonic students, who used to find congenial audiences at the Concord summer school, that milk and rosewater fountain of all the bubbles now floating over this land in the shape of Chautauqua summer schools, University Extension summer



schools, Catholic summer schools, east and west, the striking characteristics of which are these—that in the main they are attended and enlightened by men and women who have nothing to say and who say it in a way to command the pity of gods and men.

Dr. Garretson proves the unreality and the externalness of matter by stating the old saw, that bodies of all kinds change every seven days or every seven minutes—ergo, it has, or they have, no real being. Of course, this again is a wonderful confirmation of the alleged revelation that things are to the senses what to the senses they seem to be. But, as we said, this man is a talker, not a seer at all, and the truth is not in him.

I am weary of this, and I suppose the reader is weary. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter as applicable to this author; to all babbling Platonists, pin-feather Buddhists, Ingersoll atheists, Tom Paine infidels and smart American agnostics, libertines and politicians:—"There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus," and obedience to this mediator, via the holy Catholic Church on earth, is the one way to sound philosophy—true faith, eternal peace and eternal glory—and you can either seek this light and find it, or abide in darkness to the end of time.

W. H. THORNE.

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## FOREGLEAMS OF THE REFORMATION.

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FROM a Catholic standpoint it must be claimed absolutely that the religious changes in Europe, at their height during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, now known under the generic name of "The Protestant Reformation," were the manifestation of that spirit of unbelief which has striven with the spirit of faith from the very foundation of the world.

Under the Christian dispensation there has never been an era in which some central doctrine of the Gospel has not been attacked either insidiously or openly. With the earlier heresies we do not intend here to deal. The segments in the circle of truth most violently assaulted by the spirit of unbelief in the various movements culminating in the Protestant Reformation were:

(1) The authority of the Church, as the interpreter and keeper of the Holy Scriptures (2 Peter 1: 20).

(2) The "Discerning of the Lord's Body" in the Sacrament (1 Cor. 11: 29). The parts of the mystic circle in immediate touch with these bulwarks of Christianity were of necessity implicated in the struggle; but those bore the heat and burden of the day.

The Reformation did not arise, as some have variously maintained, from either (a) the exigencies of kings; (b) the private interpretation of the Scriptures; (c) the development of rationalistic schools of philosophy; (d) the Italian Renaissance; (e) the abuses of ecclesiastical administration; (f) the spirit of unrest engendered by profound social changes, or (g) the immense ferment in the minds of men excited by the invention of printing and the multiplication of books necessarily hastily compiled and imperfect.

All these were doubtless powerfully predisposing factors to infidelity of every shade and degree. But unless we grasp the fact that they were only the soil in which the poison flourished, we shall never understand this religious revolt clearly, and we may, moreover, run into the danger of sharing the fate of some of the high but narrow intellects of this remarkable period, and make shipwreck of our faith by being led into the labyrinths of secondary causes and side issues.

These causes, determining to the "Reformation," must not, however, be disregarded:

The wealth accumulated by the Church and held in trust by her for the service of God and the poor, was a constant source of jealousy to the kings and feudal nobles of the mediæval period, while the immense authority of the papacy, so often asserted in restraining monarchs from war and conquest at the expense of their weaker neighbors, was a chain brooked with bad grace by the princes of this world. It is pleasant to quote the acknowledgment of a recent Protestant writer on international law: "The influence so long beneficially exercised by the Roman Curia as a great Court of International Appeal,"\* and the abolition of which it is not too much to say is responsible for a state of affairs at one time threatening international anarchy to Europe, and developing the present system of immense standing armies with their awful evils and demoralization. "Happy Saladin, who has no Pope," said Philip Augustus (d. 1223).

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\* James M. Irvine on International Law, in the Chambers' Encyclopædia (1890).

Strained private interpretations of Holy Writ by fanatics and rash enthusiasts had been gradually increasing several centuries before the so-called Reformation. "Some of the most remarkable of these ideas were associated with the name of Joachim of Flora in Calabria" (d. 1202). His teaching seems to have closely resembled that of the Revolutionary visionaries who, under the name of "The Fifth Monarchy Men," exercised such destructive political influence in England in the seventeenth century.

Numerous sects of a similar nature swarmed throughout every Christian country under the names of Beguins, Beghards, Fraticelli, Flagellants, etc., Lollards, Apostolic Brethren, etc., and everywhere spread discontent within the Church. John Knox (in answer to a letter by James Tyril, a Scottish Jesuit) claims Joachim of Flora as an ally in the work of the ruin of the Papacy.\*

That these poisonous heresies were introduced into England at a much earlier period than is generally supposed, appears to me clear from an entry not, as far as I am aware, hitherto quoted, in the "Chronicles of the Grey Friars of London," published by the Camden Society in 1851. We read under Ricardus Primus Rex: VIII<sup>to</sup> Ao. (1197) "In this yere was one William with the long berde taken out of Bowe church and put to dethe for herysey." This, in point of time, corresponds accurately to the movement of Joachim of Flora. About the middle of the fourteenth century John Ball, the precursor of Wycliffe, an itinerant preacher, was excommunicated by Archbishop Islip and his successors Langham and Sudbury, and by several Bishops, for preaching errors, schisms and scandals. He was the author of the celebrated lines:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?"

Wycliffe, whose character has been the subject of so much controversy, seems to have first adopted the rôle of a violent reformer in revenge for a private grievance against the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon Langham, which was the subject of prolonged litigation and eventually decided against him by the Papal Court.

He apparently owed much of his prominence to the protection of the Duke of Lancaster ("Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster"—Shakespeare. Richard III.), who was then at the head of a party endeavoring to exclude churchmen from the great

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\* Hume-Brown, in the Chambers' Encyclopædia (1890).



offices of state. His doctrine, that the right of property was founded in grace, and that no man who was by sin a traitor to God could be entitled to the services of others, wound up the poor and ignorant, still smarting under the scandalous exactions of the late reign, to a pitch of madness (see Lingard's History, Richard II.), and, as Mr. Froude remarks, "received a practical comment in 1381 by the invasion of London by Wat the Tyler with 100,000 men, who were to level all ranks, put down the Church and establish universal liberty. This insurrection was attended with bloodshed, ferocity and cruelty. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon of Sudbury, was murdered, with many others, and a great part of London sacked and burnt."

About 1397 his disciples, now known as Lollards, were so powerful and presumptuous as to prepare an inflammatory petition to the House of Commons, denouncing the endowments and doctrines of the Church, war, criminal executions, and the trades of goldsmiths and sword-cutlers, "which are unnecessary and pernicious, under the dispensation of the Gospel." At this time their teachers were expelled from the University of Oxford, by which it appears that even then the head centers of learning were infected.

They were vigorously suppressed under Archbishop Arundell, and an act directed against them was passed in the first Parliament of Henry IV., though only two appear to have suffered the extreme penalty of the law—William Sawtre, a Norfolk priest, in 1401, and John Budley in 1410. Some of these sectaries seem to have been infected with the opinions of the modern Mormons.

On the accession of Henry V. the Lollards made an ineffectual attempt to intimidate the nation. During his first Parliament, papers were affixed to the doors of the churches in London, stating that if force were employed to suppress the new doctrines a hundred thousand men would be found ready to draw the sword in their defense.

The sequel to this proclamation was an attempted rising near London early next year (1414), which was easily suppressed, and about thirty-five of the ringleaders suffered death. There appears to have been a large foreign element in early English Protestantism. We read in the Grey Friars' Chronicle under "Henricus Quintus Rex 11, Ao. (1415) This yere Richard Gurmon, French baker, of Lumberstreth, was brent in Smyth felde." Thus the towns frequented most by foreigners, London and Norwich, were

their chief haunts. Subsequently Amersham, Colchester and Newbury were also noted as their strongholds. Their close connection with their foreign contemporaries receives curious confirmation in the same Chronicle: under Henricus Sextus Rex XIIo. Ao. (1434) “. . . and this year about Wytsuntyde the Lollards of Prague were destroyed . . . and there was taken one Master Pers, clarke, and another Englych herytyke, enemys to alle Holy Church.” . . .

The next year (1435) occurred riots and insurrections in several counties, occasioned by the circulation of seditious handbills and the spread of the Lollard doctrine, that among Christians all things ought to be in common, etc., etc.

In this reign, however, I find only four executions for heresy. Two in the tenth year; one unnamed, burnt at Tower Hill on the 24th of January; Thomas Bagley, Vicar of Maunden, degraded and burnt at Smith Field next day, and two others, Sir Richard Wyche and his clerk, in the eighteenth year. (Grey Friars' Chronicle.)

The new opinions seem to have been not confined to the poor and the inferior clergy. Even the Episcopal bench was tainted, for we read, under thirty-sixth year of Henry VI. (1457):

“This year, the XXVII day of November, that tyme was Son-day; Pecoke that was Byshoppe of Chichester stood at Powlles Crosse, wch was apeched at divers points of eryses, and there He abjured and revokyd them in the prechen Tyme in the presence of the Byshoppe of Cantorbury, the Byshoppe of London, and Byshoppe of Durham and other Prelattes, and also there in the prechen tyme were many bokes of eryses of hys making, that cost much goodes damaged and brent before hys face.” (Grey Friars' Chronicle.)

After the accession of Henry VII. the Lollards are described as a secret brotherhood, called the Known-men, or Just-fast men, marrying only among themselves, and instructed by itinerant readers in conventicles; whose claim that none but those enlightened by grace could understand Scripture, opened wide doors for delusion and error. (Shirley's *Fasciculus*; *Rolls' Series*; James Gairdner, “*Studies in English History*,” Chambers' *Encyclopædia*.)

From the time of Henry VIII. Lollardism becomes merged, and remains more or less to the present day, in the various forms of

Protestantism, both within the State Church and among the numberless shades of religious opinion in England and on the North American Continent.

Although it has been said that the Lollards were persecuted in the reign of Henry VII., I can find only one execution in the Grey Friars' Chronicle, under the fifteenth year of his reign (1500):  
 “. . . and this yere was brent a Palmer.”

The measures taken for the suppression of the Lollards seem marvelously mild compared with the terrible cruelties of Henry VIII., the severe persecutions of Mary and Elizabeth, and the intermittent executions and harassing of Catholics in the Stuart time.\*

As learning increased and noble colleges, munificently endowed with professorial chairs by the liberality of the broad-minded mediæval prelates, arose under the fostering protection of the Church, from reasons, perhaps, not altogether avoidable, a certain leaven of rationalism found its way into these stately seats of culture.

Mr. Hume-Brown traces much of this mischief to the introduction into the schools, in the thirteenth century, of the Arabic texts of Aristotle, and especially that of the great commentator, Averrhoes, “a name of the most sinister import to every true son of the Church.”

This remarkable man, a native of Cordova, in Spain, born in 1126, after a brilliant course of law, theology, philosophy and medicine, having departed from Mohammedan orthodoxy, seems to have adopted the views of the Alexandrian, or Neoplatonic, philosophy. The doctrines of universal reason and active principle in the universe, and denial of the immortality of individual men, with which his teachings are saturated, poured a flood of

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\* In truth, George Elliotism, Mrs. Humphrey-Wardism, the Heavenly Twinsism, Bellamyism, Henry Georgeism and Dr. McGlynnism, not less than Ingersollism, are all modern outcroppings of this old Lollardism, that is, of unbelief and of disloyalty to properly constituted authority. Cromwell shot the Lollard rascals in his army with quicker justice than the Church had burnt them. As a matter of fact, Thomas Paineism and those vast upheavals known as the American and French revolutions, with their doctrines of human equality, were flames from the same fires of hell; and the churchman, or other person, who thinks that this great series of falsehoods is to be cured by temperance pledges, female independence, woman's rights and friendly taffy—had better take opium and go to sleep before the new world struggle, now so near at hand.—W. H. THORNE.



unbelief, of a nature much resembling the pantheistic agnosticism of the present day, into the Christian seminaries.

This rationalistic invasion may be said to have affirmed and condensed itself in that powerful movement assuming first definite shape in Italy, about the end of the fourteenth century, now known as the Renaissance, powerfully abetted and widely diffused by the new invention of printing and the multiplication of books on every conceivable subject.

From a Catholic point of view, it is necessary to say that this movement was, in its essence and main effects, mischievous in the extreme. Like a whitened sepulchre, fair to the eye, but a mass of corruption under the surface, its great object, the revival of the arts, sciences and literature of heathenism, perished of its own rottenness; "the best of those engaged in it forgot that the polite elegance of paganism not only opposed no check to evil," but, in its meretricious softness, tended to a sensuous indolence and weakness, contrasting sharply with the stern self-possession of Christian spirituality; while its showy exaltation of the human faculties was incompatible with the humility and sacrifice to which the Church, after the precept and example of her divine founder, has never ceased to urge her children. And the best-informed Protestant writers now almost universally admit that this "revolt against mediæval religious tradition was accompanied, to a very large extent, by absolute and anti-Christian immorality and license"—an imitation, in some of its worst features, of that Augustan epicureanism which caused the refined Horace, disgusted with the luxurious effeminacy with which he was everywhere surrounded, to exclaim to his slave:

*"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,"*

and the malign influence of which, on the morals of his countrymen, he exposes in his unequalled satires; summing up the emptiness of even the highest form of heathen civilization and its utter inadequacy to confer rest on the spirit of man, in his celebrated aphorism,

*"Nil admirari prope res est una, . . .*

*Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum."*

In approaching the difficult subject of abuses of ecclesiastical administration, Catholics are infinitely less hampered than even a quarter of a century ago. The unearthing and publication of an

immense number of state papers of the Reformation period have dissipated, in the clear light of impartial investigation, most of the unclean legends and myths which sprang up like vile fungi in the darkness of Protestant night.

Many of these tales survive still as facts in the minds of the vulgar, but excite only a smile from those with any pretensions to historical accuracy.

When learned Protestant historians, like Hume-Brown, in works written not to be found only in exclusive collections of literati, but for circulation through the entire mass of the people, admit of the mediæval Church: "It has been shown of late that its degradation was far from being so general or so complete as the official reports of Henry had seemed to prove"—the bold and courageous denunciation of the "lying spirit" in which the Tudor changes of religion were executed and defended, by the observant Friar in the very royal presence of him "who never spared man in his anger nor woman in his lust," receives at once emphasis and justification.\*

As it is my intention to deal subsequently with the state of religion in England, and the character of the clergy at that period, which even such a determined enemy of Catholicism as Froude admits to have been at any rate outwardly decorous, I shall here only speak very generally.

It cannot be denied that the almost exclusive monopoly by the higher ecclesiastics of some of the first offices of state, and their constant employment in foreign embassies, was a too fruitful source of the great evil of nonresidence, and a serious impediment to the discharge of their purely spiritual functions. Nevertheless, in the light of the peculiar social and educational atmosphere of mediævalism, so entirely different to that of the present day, it may be urged, and not without much reason, that a body of men drawn from every strata of society, and representative of the combined aristocracy and intellect of the nation, as evidenced by distinguished careers at the great universities, would be more in touch with popular sympathies as a whole than an administration

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\*See also Peto's curious prophecy to Henry of the defilement of his corpse, which actually took place on the night it lay at Zion, one of the dissolved religious houses, on its way from London to Windsor. Peto, afterwards Queen Mary's confessor, was created a Cardinal and invested with the authority of Legate in England in 1556.

selected entirely from the aristocracy and landed gentry, in an age of such sharply defined class distinction.

The claims of noble birth must and always will receive due recognition in every properly regulated commonwealth, but a system that placed the son of a poor Hertfordshire peasant\* on the throne of the Cæsars cannot be justly charged with turning a deaf ear to true merit, wherever found, at the bidding of an exclusive oligarchy; while a mass of state papers and records bear abiding witness to the diplomatic ability of the great English churchmen and their profound knowledge of international law.

There is no body of men who deserve the gratitude of the nation in a higher degree than the mediæval clergy. Their munificence in the endowment of learning, their wide and varied acquaintance with every branch of knowledge, their wise conservatism, were all powerful factors in that gradual union of Norman and Saxon peoples which was to be the foundation of that imperial race on whose kingdom the sun now never sets, whose eldest daughter reigns supreme over the vast territories of the North American Continent, and in all probability will in the future extend the rule of the English-speaking people to the Horn.

"Populum late regem que  
Superbum bello."—*Æniad*, Book I.

And it is nothing less than a public scandal that the fair fame of these pillars of the Empire, in their time and measure, should for the last three hundred years have been blasted in the eyes of the nation by the vile slanders of irresponsible mediocrities.

By a curious Nemesis of fate, one of the principal sources from which false charges and exaggerations against the Catholic clergy of the Reformation period have been long drawn (Fox's Book of Martyrs, published with the approbation of the Elizabethan bishops, and ordered, by a canon of the Anglican Convocation of 1571, to be placed in the hall of every Episcopal palace in England), has been learnedly exposed as historically untrustworthy by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Dr. S. R. Maitland,

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\* Nicholas Brakespeare, a native of St. Albans, was raised to the Papal Chair in 1154, under the title of Hadrian IV. He entered into a struggle with the Emperor Frederick I. as to his rights of sovereignty over certain parts of Italy which had been bequeathed to the Papacy by the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, who died in 1115.



whose position as Librarian at Lambeth Palace afforded him exceptional opportunities of disproving, by the records of the time, many of the legends so long accepted as sober realities.

Among the clergy, as among the officers of any great public service, as long as the world is human, there will always be found weak and unworthy members, both as regards personal character and discharge of the public duties of their station; but, as for example, the military service would justly refuse to be condemned by the public for the shortcomings of individuals, however exalted their rank, but would appeal to their discipline and efficiency as a whole in the active service of their country; so the Catholic clergy can truly claim that in times of national emergencies, as a body, they have never failed in devotion to their mission, and have cheerfully sacrificed themselves and their property to the best interests of their flocks.

About a hundred years before the dawn of the so-called Reformation, England was visited by a most terrible calamity; that awful pestilence, now generally known as the black death, swept like a destroying angel over the length and breadth of the land, from the Humber to the Exe, from the Wash to the estuary of the Severn. The details have been accurately collected and published by that learned historian and light of the Catholic Body, the Rev. Dr. Gasquet, and he computes, roughly speaking, that about half the clergy and perhaps more than one-third of the laity perished. When it is remembered that at that time the clergy were for the most part the physicians of the bodies as well as the souls of their people, their comparatively higher mortality will be accounted for, and their conduct under such an unparalleled strain upon their resources will be a not unfair criterion of their moral worth.

The records of some dioceses, luckily, are still extant, to afford us considerable information on that point; amongst others the episcopal registers of the two extreme western counties of Devon and Cornwall, comprising the ancient Catholic diocese of Exeter. This see at that time was presided over by the illustrious John de Grandisson, of the noble family of the Earls Palatine of Burgundy, whose memory may be said to rest immortal to the students of ecclesiastical architecture in the massive form and correct style of the unsurpassed nave of his cathedral church, which he completed and beautified. His conduct, and that of his clergy, under those trying circumstances may be well described in the words of

a profound antiquarian and deeply respected Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Prebendary Hingston Randolph (quoted by Gasquet): "The ordinary work of the diocese seems to have been all suspended with a single exception. The Register of Institutions, a separate volume, is a record of incessant and most distressing work. Its very outward aspect for this period tells a tale of woe. The entries are made hurriedly and roughly, in striking contrast with the neatness and regularity of the rest of the register. They are no longer grouped, as before, in years, but in months, and the changes in each month exceed the changes of a whole ordinary year when there was no pestilence. The scribe leaves off the customary *Vacant per-mortem*, as if he dreaded to write the fatal word. The clergy must have fallen by wholesale; evidently they were faithful, and for their flocks' sake faced the foe without flinching, and as each of them fell another was ready at his Bishop's call fearlessly to fill the vacant place. Some incumbencies lasted but a few weeks, and, when all was over, the survivors were comparatively so few that there was no small difficulty in filling many a subsequent vacant benefice. This result of the sickness is to be traced for some time after the mortality had ceased. The Bishop never left his diocese, and the continuous presence of so strong, so earnest and devoted a prelate must have been an unspeakable consolation and help to his grievously afflicted flock."

Deeds speak louder than words. With these few remarks I leave the character of the pre-Reformation Catholic clergy to the just and merciful judgment of an enlightened and impartial posterity.

The disintegration of the social fabric, consequent on the recent sweeping off of nearly half the population, manifested itself by the terrible scarcity of labor, which taught the people their power and completed the overthrow of the mediæval system of serfdom; while their simultaneous detachment from the soil, by the agency of the same cause, accentuated class divisions and interests and impaired the stability of the old system, under which all ranks drew support from the land as from a common mother.

It is obvious that to the restless spirits, engendered by such social struggles, the teaching of those who made them judges of their own belief must have exercised a powerful fascination, while the promise of greater freedom, the hopes of sharing in the prop-

erty of landowners and the Church, and the leaven of socialistic equality intertwined with much of the visionary doctrines of the more advanced and most popular of the pseudo-reformers, must have excited their ambition.

On the fringe of, and beneath all civilizations exists a body drawn from every strata of the community, representing, through fault or misfortune, the failures and instability of human nature.

"Ambubaiarum collegia, Pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimæ balatrones, hoc genus omne."

—HORACE, *Satire II.*

The disinherited, the discontented, needy adventurers and their followers, soldiers of fortune, the wicked and wanton, political and religious fanatics and enthusiasts intent on radical changes—all such as these grasp with the true instinct of parasites the shadow and support of powerful and unprincipled revolutionists, trusting each to forward his own views and interests in the confusion and instability excited by the violent disintegration of existing institutions.

One has only to refer to the pages of Mr. Froude to find *hoc genus omne* superabundant in the religious convulsions of the Tudor period, which burst the time-honored cords that since the time of Pope Eleutherius had bound the British nation to the Eternal City.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS, M.D., R.N.

*England.*

## THE NEW RUBICON.

### CHAPTER V.—OF THE GENIUS OF NEW ENGLAND.

I've cross'd it twice and back ;—  
No choice—the same mad pack  
Of lust and lies—each side ;  
And, sinking 'neath the tide,—  
Roman and Rome.

OUR new Rubicon is a muddy stream—much like the Chicago River—which divides the literature and light of the past from the literature and light of the future. In truth, it is a sort of Styx stretching deep and far before us in these years, and lying treach-



erous between the heavens and hells of the genius of New England and the modern literary world. It must be crossed.

Our problem is how to introduce, define and hold all that is good and true and beautiful in the past history of the world, while keeping our own hands and hearts free to think larger thoughts, paint more beautiful pictures, write better books (Bibles even), and build richer altars and temples to the Eternal than any that have been or any that exist to-day.

Does the modern genius of New England even squint that way? Is New England socialism an answer to Life's problem? Was Emerson an answer? Was David Swing an answer? Is M. J. Savage, or Dr. Thomas, or Jenkin L. Jones? Is Swedenborgianism an answer? Is Katie Kingism—called spiritualism—an answer? Is Christian science an answer? Is Chicago an answer? Is the report of the Seybert Commission of the University of Pennsylvania an answer? Alas! while admitting with pleasure that Howard Furness has done better literary work in Philadelphia in the last twenty-five years than has been done by any man in New England in the same period, it is nevertheless a fact that if an angel from heaven appeared unto this gentleman, or to his fellow members of the Seybert Commission, they would not any of them know whether it was a spirit of light or a devil from hell. They are not trained in moral or in spiritual things. They are all well drilled in the special lines of their respective professions; but know as little of the finer, aerial manifestations and characteristics of spiritual being and phenomena as Dr. Holmes knew of poetry. They are not built that way. In truth, the entire University of Pennsylvania, its medical faculty included, with the head of the Seybert Commission at its head or tail, could not tell a ghost from a veiled human skeleton. The University, like other institutions of its class, is largely devoted to the interests of what is called Philadelphia society, and the Pennsylvania tariff; and it takes these for angels in disguise; while every expert knows that they are undisguised demons.

The genius of New England has done something toward answering the modern problem, and placing on one side of the Rubicon such ideas and lessons as shall conquer this earth for God and man; but this phase of its work is largely ignored in our newer and more flippant times. I am not inimical to New England. I am simply trying to teach the new English—Yankeeized—that

*even a Jew's truth is better than an Englishman's, or a Yankee's lie; better even than a "cultured" lie.*

Take it kindly, my brethren. You have, many of you, forgotten the rock out of which you were hewn, and the milk you imbibed of nature, and the primal heart of time. Do not be angry with me when I tell you, in great candor, that I see a seraph which does see and which swears that the literary sceptre has already departed from your New England blood and life.

One Mrs. Frances Burnett, a woman without any New England ballot-box, sorosis, easy divorce, or other socinian, women's rights or Graham cracker training, and, living in the unintellectual, mere political and unæsthetic stifling atmosphere of Washington, has, in the last few years, written novels that would have made Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell or Miss Alcott and Miss Phelps such gods and goddesses in Boston, that even Phidias or Mr. Story would have wrought in vain to mould worthy monuments to their fame. Meanwhile down in the isolated, lonely, sombre, smoky mountains of Tennessee, so deep in their divine silence, one Miss Murfree, called "Charles Egbert Craddock"—a sort of retiring, clear-headed half-invalid woman—has been using her eyes and heart without the aid of a single Boston woman's club, essay on culture, or the "kitchen cure," and inside of the last fifteen years has written novels—"in the clouds"—which, if written in Boston, would have made Bunker Hill Monument trot out to Concord and fire new shots of glory to be reheard around the world.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," and the mere hack that depends for inspiration in his work on the little sarcasms of "coffee or wine for dinner," or who makes a hard chromo of the hard exterior of the hard commonplace of the mere outward lives of commonplace New England people, simply to poke fun at such—while he neglects the region of human emotions, human heroisms and dreams, all living and breathing around him, may be the idol of groundlings but not of true women or men.

With infinite condescension Mr. Howells, and last of all, some exalted, anonymous person in the February, 1887, number of a Philadelphia magazine tells "Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock"—that is, Miss Murfree—how she ought to write a novel.

All literary work is open to criticism, but in the name of decent modesty let such persons do something better in their own line or hers before attempting to improve her red-hot sunshine as it

glistens around the tremulous, stammering children of Nature she has portrayed. As if God's sun did not shine, and as if its rays and light were not needed to reveal and depict the faces of countrymen, moonlighters and thieves in the Tennessee mountains as well as to give wit and witlessness to mere nobodies scribbling at so much an hour in the "study windows" of New York or Philadelphia publishing houses. Mr. Howells is just as provincial when he speaks of the humor of Dickens as being pumped into his stories; showing only that Mr. Howells is ignorant of English human nature as actually seen by Dickens' keener eyes.

Bret Harte is one of the cleverest sparks of genius thrown off the wheel of modern New-England civilization; but he had to quit its pedantic, stilted atmosphere and go West, among natural men, touch the prairie grasses and breathe a human air before he could do anything worthy a man, and still has to keep away from the cracked and shattered hub of the universe, lest his wagon, too, should miss its coupling with the stars. Already our newer critics are suggesting that Mr. Howells had better borrow Dickens' pump than ridicule it.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, Mr. Cable and Colonel T. Nelson Page of the sunny South, have written better stories and have all of them done better literary work than Howells or James. During the last ten years I have looked into, tested or read the stories of at least a half dozen new and comparatively unknown American story writers—their names and their stories now partly or utterly forgotten by me—and yet whose work bore more marks of nature and study and insight and clear, strong, winsome writing and reading than the works of Howells or James. And I am not naming the scores of American hack novelists, who write books precisely in the same spirit that the Chicago butchers kill hogs.

The truth is we are paying infinitely too much attention in these days to the work of mere story writers of all grades. The modern novel is not the soul or crown of modern English or New England literature. Carlyle, and Emerson, and Ruskin, the greatest lights and glory of modern English literature, are not novel-writers. I do not discredit or disparage the modern novel. I would as soon have been the author of "*Les Misérables*" as of "*Hamlet*." But, heavens! there was a story to tell and a soul to tell it.

It is of small moment what are the literary or other opinions of a man like W. D. Howells. He has never read enough, thought



enough, or suffered enough for the real truth in any line of life, to be able to utter himself with that candor and fervor that give a man's words abiding value.

He belongs to a very numerous class in these days—men and women, who have taken to writing, not as a sphere of life in which certain truths are to be uttered as a duty, but as a more or less lucrative and respectable daily occupation. The serious opinions of such writers are not worth listening to. They ought to be simply reporters for respectable newspapers, while the average reporters might—after a more careful moral training—make decent mechanics' apprentices. But, alas! to do any work well, or to learn how to do it, needs a sense of duty, largely a minus quantity in modern life, and practically laughed out of court by the popular New England and other geniuses of this age.

Mere novel-writing is not art. It may or it may not be art, as may common needlework, cooking, dramatic acting, engraving, the mere whittling of sticks into human or other physiognomy, or the flinging of mud into Phidian statues.

In his chatter with George Eliot, over the question whether she could or could not write "dialogue," George Lewes was very much the mere "miniature Mirabeau" ape that he was in most things. Any clever person who had seen a Punch and Judy show, not to speak of the higher drama, and with wit enough to write anything, could or can write dialogue if he or she would practice a little, when so disposed. Any good reporter on a modern daily newspaper can do it by the mile at \$20 per week. Still "Vanity Fair" and the "Scarlet Letter" were not written by hacks or fools.

There is no democracy in Letters, or elsewhere for that matter. A recent writer in a Philadelphia magazine, complaining of the arrogant tone of certain unnamed critics—and heaven knows it is often laughable enough to others who have read into the heart of ancient or modern literature—quotes Desmoulin's conception of democracy—"no superiors"—as pertinent to the present comparative New England and other attitude of the critical and so-called creative faculty of current literature. But who cares for Desmoulin or the entire liberty and equality theory of things in France or America, as far, at least, as modern literature is concerned?

Was Hugo a democrat in literature? Was Emerson? Was Goethe, or Carlyle, or Voltaire? Is Mr. Howells democratic in literature? Does he not think himself an infinitely better writer

than Miss Murfee, do you suppose? Talk of Desmoulin and democracy in politics and literature after Napoleon and Bismarck and E. P. Roe?

As wise Mr. Emerson well said to a pleader for consistency, "stuff a rag in thy mouth;" or, as we might add, gather up what are left of the fragments of poor Thomas Paine's "Declaration of Independence," pick them out of your old slave-holder's "constitution," even as amended; bring them up in any modern publisher's or editor's office, printer's workshop or tailor's store, not to speak of intruding them upon the notice of any modern man or woman working in divine but lucid silence to write a line worth living—nay, try with thine own pen to live or work, or walk the pavement by the light of such shreds for one brief hour; and then see and admit—if thou hast wit enough to see and honesty enough to admit—that this at least is not an age of democracy in politics or in letters, but an age of *steel rails and ideas*. And, take my word for it, the last shall be first the world over, inside of a quarter of a century. And this is all in the line of our New England genius.

I am not inimical to New England or to democracy, but I hold truth and virtue as more divine. And I am convinced throughout my whole being and against my will, that the old fall from Socrates and Plato and Aristotle and Pericles and Demosthenes and Phidias and Sophocles, all marking one creative age of ineffable brilliancy, that the fall from all this to Zeno and Epicurus, and the later mere dudes of Athens, who had lost their wit and grit and allowed the Romans to whip and enslave them, was not greater or deeper, if as great and deep, as the fall in New England from Edwards and Emerson and Phillips and Hawthorne to Holmes and Lowell and Howells and James.

It is not in the line of novels and poetry alone that New England has fallen with self-poised, conceited and amusing somersaults out of her old Edens and Concords into the mud of the Ganges and the Nile and the "East River" and the "Thames," not to speak of the Chicago River. All along the line of her recent literature, she sits spiritless, tame, and ostrich-like, waiting for somebody to pluck her feathers and make a market for the same.

Take the "American Men of Letters" series, the "American Statesmen" series and the "Famous Women" series, all published in Boston during the last few years. There is not a New England work of genius or of any rare merit among them; most of them

are of the utterest commonplace literary hack work, purchased and read for the world's interest in the subjects, not for the manner in which they are treated. In fact, the New England work contributed to these several series is simply mawkish, untrue to nature, mere whitewashing—not clear, good whitewash even—but a dull white, a sort of faded yellow white, weak, repulsive and outworn.

There were and there are lives in this series that, if written by free men or by women of ability, would have caught the ears of the whole world and have lighted its face with new floods of blessed sunshine. But think of setting old Dr. Holmes to write the life of Mr. Emerson! Was it because Dr. Holmes and Cambridge and Boston were and are near to Concord? M. Taine has touched that fallacy. Dr. Holmes never understood the secret or victory of Emerson's genius; would have been afraid to utter it as it ought to be uttered and as it *shall* yet be uttered even if he had understood it; and if he had understood it and had not been afraid to utter it he was, at his time of life, too old to handle such an ethereal and nimble theme.

Dr. Holmes was always a brown-bread, anatomical materialist; really at home nowhere in literature, but with the human body and with mechanical terms, never well-studied or understood theology and spiritual force or a spiritual dream, and yet this dapper little doctor, a most excellent, plain New England gentleman in his way, was the one man in all this world that the so-called enlightened democracy of New England—run by the devil of mere selfish trade—could hunt or find to write a life of Emerson, for the "American Men of Letters" series. It is full of mere twaddle and repetitions, very much in the vein that an old gentleman, in his second childhood, tells the same stories over and over again; his friends listening, of course, out of politeness. But in the name of God and Moses and the Koran, not to speak of Shakespeare, Walt Whitman and the New York *Critic*, let us have done with this hypocrisy of calling such trash by the sacred name of literature.

Of course the quotations from Emerson are readable. Like all real Bibles, Emerson's books can be read over and over again. And no doubt Dr. Holmes did the best he could with this subject which was all too large and too young for him. I am not blaming Dr. Holmes. I have a sort of veneration for the dear old man (1887) and, now, 1894, I remember how the "Autocrat" touched



me in the *Atlantic* a generation ago, and bid its author *bon voyage* through the clearest regions of eternal day.

The idea again, of inviting Colonel Higginson to write the life of his dear relative, Margaret Fuller! Nathaniel Hawthorne did it better in twenty lines before he died, lines not published till a few years ago. Say Nathaniel was prejudiced and that Julian should not have let those lines out into the daylight, say that the apostles were quacks and that Jesus never lived,—can you so shut out the light that comes from Patmos and old Corinth and Nazareth?

But why bother with Colonel Higginson or Margaret Fuller? Why not let the dead bury their dead in silence and oblivion? Simply because they will not do it, but persist in dragging them to the highest places and leaving their rude monuments in the sight of all men.

If Colonel Higginson or his grand-niece will write a life of Margaret Fuller worth reading, a life that will touch her life with the truth, reverence and humor that it deserves, I will be among the first and the loudest to welcome and praise the same.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols," at least, from mere paste and tin idols. Did they ever set the rivers afire, make the sun stand still, set pigs to dancing, cast out devils or even turn over a hen-coop that the chicken might be free? I fancy Burns would have said of them: "Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre." "Boys, a path," as dear old Whittier sang, and let us once and for all have done with "songs, light as these."

New England is overrun with mediocrity and conceit. In truth, the whole earth is thus; and, taken all in all, looking upon the millions that live for lace as others for ease and pleasure in these days, it sometimes occurs to the overworked that the planet might roll itself up in folds of inanition and Maine laws, or simply yawn in Oscar Wilde knee-breeches, if a weary thinker or two did not pierce it with a living, breathing, stirring thought now and then.

In the same vein it may be worth while to recall the fact that so gentle, confident and calm a person as Mr. Emerson, a half a century ago, under some momentary excitement remarked: "Beware when the gods let loose a thinker on this planet."

W. H. THORNE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF TENNYSON.

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Now that some of the late poet-laureate's intimate friends have spoken and given their impressions of him, we know him better. Their reminiscences and tributes have helped to clear up the mystery which enveloped his life. Formerly he was more or less of a "great unknown." For a long while he had been misrepresented so much that many people had distorted notions about his worth as a man. Now we are beginning to feel acquainted with the real Lord Tennyson. Of late the search-light has been turned on; nevertheless, his character has not been found wanting. Rarely do the ages develop such a remarkable and admirable type of manhood, for he was blessed with common sense as well as with genius.

It is noteworthy that Alfred Tennyson was personally unlike what a reader of his poetry might be led to expect, in that there was nothing delicate and effeminate in his physique or manner. His appearance was such as would attract attention to him anywhere, with his stalwart form slightly stooping, his noble face, his lofty dome-like forehead, his black flowing hair and unkempt beard. The wife of Sir Henry Taylor, who visited Farringford in 1862, wrote: "He really does look like a very grand man. . . . He has all the charm of a little child as well as that of a great man, and that deep voice of his is very music to me." Anne Gilchrist, who met the poet in 1866, describes him as "every inch a king; features are massive, eyes very grave and penetrating, hair long, still very dark and, though getting thin, falls in such a way as to give a peculiar beauty to the mystic head." Again she says: "That which is most characteristic of Tennyson is his bass voice—deep and resonant." "At twelve years beyond man's appointed threescore-and-ten," says Mr. Theodore Watts, "the loud bass of his voice vibrated with no single tremor of age."

His was a countenance which photography could not rob of its majesty. There was a far-off meditative expression in his lustrous hazel eyes that gave him the look of a prophet, and such he was. Millais caught something of this expression in his portrait of the bard. Mrs. Cameron, speaking of the celebrated photograph taken by her in 1865, said it was "a fit representation of Isaiah or of Jeremiah."

The poet dressed carelessly, and when out of doors often wore a wide-brimmed slouch hat. With his cloak and walking-stick he made a picturesque figure, whose air of distinction was heightened by his unconventional attire. From his youth he was a confirmed pedestrian. He took intense delight in walking along the shore of Freshwater Bay, near his Farringford home, especially when the sea was rough. He was fond, too, of the sylvan walks on Blackdown. He was so short-sighted as to require glasses in order to enjoy the splendid views in all directions from Aldworth, yet he was a close observer of nature in all its varied and wondrous aspects. His hearing and sense of smell, by way of compensation for his blurred vision, were exceptionally acute.

It was long the laureate's custom to spend the morning hours in his study, writing or dreaming in an atmosphere laden with the odor and smoke of tobacco, an unlimited number of pipes being always at hand. After lunch he indulged in a bottle of good wine, but he was never an intemperate drinker. One of his occasional pastimes was drawing, copying portraits in pen and ink, which he did cleverly. In his last years, he used the pen but little, owing to failing eyesight.

For many years, Mrs. Tennyson (who has been called his "guardian angel, the sweetest and the tenderest") voluntarily assumed the heavy burden of reading and answering the piles of letters that poured in upon her husband, and thus saved him many precious hours for poetry. Later, Hallam Tennyson, who watched over his father with a tender and thoughtful solicitude, was the poet's secretary and constant companion. "To his wife's perpetual and brooding love and care of him," says Mr. Knowles (in the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893), "and afterwards to his son's equal and measureless devotion, the world owes, under Providence, many years of Tennyson's prolonged life and many of his immortal poems."

Always a voracious reader of poetry (Dante being one of his favorites), Tennyson often turned aside for philosophy and science. He was versed in the history of self-reflection, having closely studied the works of the philosophers of ancient, mediæval and modern times. Astronomy, botany and geology in particular had a strong fascination for him. Bayard Taylor, while visiting the laureate, in June, 1857, was struck "with the variety of his knowledge." "Not a little flower on the downs," he says in *At Home and*



*Abroad*, "which the sheep had spared, escaped his notice, and the geology of the coast, both terrestrial and submarine, was perfectly familiar to him." Innumerable passages in his writings reveal the scholar's acquaintance with many fields of knowledge and speculation.

Lord Tennyson was indeed the favorite of fortune. Noble birth and rank, wealth, manliness, a handsome presence, happy family relations, and, above all, genius, which extorts the heartfelt homage of a nation—these distinguished him beyond his contemporaries. In another thing was he peculiarly fortunate. It has been given to but few poets to live, as the laureate did, in the very spots where they were most at home. His environment was such as perfectly suited his temperament.

He sought and found the abodes of his heart's choice. He made them his own. They possessed thereafter a poetic atmosphere. They were situated amid lovely scenery. In his surroundings on the Isle of Wight and in Sussex, there was a suggestion of the grand in nature rather calculated to charm than to intoxicate the senses. The two homes have been so often described and depicted that no detailed account of them is needed here. None of the stately mansions of England have become more familiar in recent years to the eyes of readers than Farringford and Aldworth. They were adapted completely to their owner's tastes and needs. It is pleasant to know that he found full opportunity for the gratification of his love of flowers and wooded landscape.

Tennyson always shunned publicity, living in a world apart, removed from the gaze of the profane crowd. He seldom went into society, preferring rural retirement to social converse in public gatherings. As poet and man, he gained by this voluntary seclusion. Like Wordsworth, he drew inspiration from loneliness. His joy was to mingle with the world of nature. The woods and skies, the streams and billows, were his comrades. How much they contributed to his poetic greatness cannot be estimated. He was, however, a recluse with his eyes open, who watched the currents of events and tendencies around him.

He saw, too, a great deal of the outside world. His solitude was broken by occasional trips abroad, and by frequent tours through the countries of England and Wales. During his entire career, after leaving college in 1831, it may be said that he inevitably gravitated to London to stay a few weeks or months and

refresh himself with boon companions. Scotland and the neighboring isles seem to have exercised a strange power over him. No attempt is made here to record all the wanderings of this much-traveled man.

In 1830, Alfred Tennyson visited the French Pyrenees with Arthur Hallam; in 1861 with Arthur Hugh Clough; Ireland, in 1848 and 1878; Italy, in 1851, with his wife, and again in 1879; Portugal, in 1859, with his friend, Prof. Palgrave; Norway, in 1872, where he had journeyed before, led thither by reading Bayard Taylor's *Northern Travel*; Weimar and Dresden, in 1865; France and Switzerland, in 1869, with Frederick Locker. In 1883, he voyaged with Mr. Gladstone to Copenhagen, meeting at King Christian's court the Princess of Wales and the sovereigns of Greece and Russia. He visited the Channel Islands in 1887 and during the summer of 1892.

"In the spring of 1891 he was cruising in the Mediterranean," and the same year he was in Devonshire. Only a few months before his death he visited Jersey, Guernsey and London, and the venerable minstrel was preparing to return to Farringford for the winter when the final summons came in October, 1892. So the spirit of roving clung to him even to the end of his earthly pilgrimage.

The letters of Edward Fitzgerald afford some clues to Tennyson's whereabouts during his early manhood, when his movements were not so closely watched and recorded in the newspapers. "I have just come from Leamington," he writes, June 7, 1840 (*Letters and Literary Remains*, I, p. 57); "while there I met Alfred by chance; we made two or three pleasant excursions together; to Stratford-upon-Avon and Kenilworth, etc." In October, 1841, he writes: "As to Alfred I have heard nothing of him since May, except that some one saw him going on a packet which he believed was going to Rotterdam." There are references to other journeyings in later years.

The poet made good use of his observations in Great Britain and Europe. He was in the habit, as he confessed in an interesting letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson, of sketching in concise phrases and verses what he saw particularly striking in his travels—to quote his own words—"of chronicling in four or five words or more whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature." Here we have the secret (or part of it) of Tennyson's skill as a phrase-

maker, also of what made him a consummate colorist. Two or three instances may be mentioned. For the local setting and coloring of "Cenone" and "The Lotos-Eaters," he utilized material gathered during his visit to the Pyrenees in the summer of 1830; and descriptive notes of the same scenes are found in Canto LXXI of "In Memoriam." The famed bugle-echoes that he heard on the lakes of Killarney in 1848 inspired the incomparable bugle-song in "The Princess," with its graphic touches and onomatopoeic suggestions.

For many years no strangers were admitted to Farringford Park—such a crowd of tourists had intruded on the owner's privacy against his will—yet he was far from being exclusive or un hospitable. In his circle of friends and acquaintances were many who had been warmly received and entertained at his beautiful homes. Such occasions were esteemed by those thus favored as forever after memorable. From time to time famous men from abroad were guests at Farringford, such as Bayard Taylor in 1857, Garibaldi in 1864, Longfellow in 1868, and Holmes in 1866. Other visitors not well-known, while not infrequently welcome at Aldworth in the afternoon, were not allowed to interrupt the accustomed occupations of the master of the house, who was methodical in his habits. His intellectual undertakings chiefly engrossed his attention, and he was unwilling to see callers when in the mood for composition.

Brusque and taciturn before strangers whose presence annoyed him, Tennyson was easy and spontaneous, often genial and playful with friends and relatives. Prolonged familiarity did not impair his companionableness. Naturally inclined to abstraction he often spoke on speculative subjects such as he treated in his reflective poems. He abhorred gossip.

Anne Gilchrist writes (September 16, 1866): "One feels somehow singularly happy and free from constraint in his presence—a sense of a beneficent, generous, nobly humane nature being combined with his intellectual greatness."—*Life and Writings*, p. 165.

"Affectation was so alien from him that he spoke and acted exactly as he felt and thought everywhere and about everything."—*Nineteenth Century*, January, 1893, Art. on "Aspects of Tennyson," II.

"He had a marvellous fund of good stories," says Mr. James Knowles, "which he loved to recount after dinner and over his



'bottle of port.' In later life he gave up the port, but not the stories."

Miss E. R. Chapman says: "He took evident delight in poking good-humored fun at his friends." His bearing was habitually grave and dignified, but he was not so uncivil as he has been represented.

Undoubtedly the laureate was irritable at times, for sightseers provoked him to just indignation; but to those who had claims upon him he was invariably courteous and considerate. They found themselves under a strange, powerful spell as they listened to the deep-toned music of the master reading and interpreting his own poems; the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "Maud," and "Guinevere" were his favorite selections on such occasions. He was plain and outspoken in expressing his opinions on the topics of discussion. The imprint of sincerity was stamped on all his utterances. Edward Fitzgerald, in his letters to Frederick Tennyson and others, alludes again and again in terms of enthusiastic appreciation, to Alfred's wise and pointed conversation.

Some of the stories about the poet's unmannerliness toward others are manifestly exaggerated or fictitious. "Of his alleged bearishness," says Hon. Roden Noel, in *Atalanta* (January, 1893), "however, I for my part saw nothing. He had no doubt an abrupt, growling, fragmentary way of talking and was often silent."

Another friend (Archdeacon Farrar), who often came into personal contact with Lord Tennyson, thus writes in the *Sunday Magazine* (March, 1893): "He was a perfect gentleman, but his manners were those of a boy in their perfectly unconventional simplicity. He always said exactly what he thought in the words which came uppermost. Only those who did not really know him thought him brusque."

Mrs. W. H. Brookfield said, in *Temple Bar*, February, 1894: "As one of the few surviving friends of his earlier days, I can still remember him in the splendor of his youth and in the dawn of his great reputation. During the many years that have gone by since that time, I can gratefully recall his unvarying friendship toward me and mine. Many months, and sometimes even years, might pass without our meeting, but whenever we were within easy reach again, there was never any change in Alfred Tennyson's kindly welcome to my husband and myself. He took up the

thread of former days, and even sometimes of former conversations, exactly as if we had continued to see each other without any break at all. . . . He was consistently loyal toward those whom he had once accepted as his friends."

Being himself extraordinarily sensitive to praise and criticism, he was generous in his estimates of contemporary poets. It was not his wont to retaliate. He thought silence the best answer to bitter attacks. He regretted his satirical reply to Bulwer's spleenful strictures on "School-miss Alfred." "One trait in the laureate," says Anne Gilchrist, "was marked—he would never criticise literary contemporaries." Once asked what he thought of Browning, he considerably remarked: "I would rather not say." Swinburne improved many opportunities to say depreciatory things about Tennyson, who had ardently praised "Atalanta" in this fashion: "That young fellow has caught the true spirit of the old Greek poets. He thinks their thoughts, speaks their language, and sings with their music." One who knew the laureate intimately pays him this just tribute: "No one was ever more free from professional jealousy, nor ever rejoiced more in a good piece of work done by another, and no one was more ready to help another to do it better." In view of the quarrels and rivalries so common among authors, it is much to Tennyson's credit that his relations with men of letters were so cordial and harmonious.

In his intercourse with men the laureate was modest in putting forward his own claims to greatness. His individuality was marked, yet he was not possessed of the overweening vanity that sometimes accompanies genius. He was large-hearted enough to number among his intimates people of widely varying beliefs and of no belief. He could appreciate the good in agnostics and in Roman Catholics. His fine poem, "Akbar's Dream," represents his own attitude toward sectarian feuds and differences. His tolerance is displayed in the lines to the memory of W. G. Ward:

"Farewell, whose like on earth I shall not find,  
Whose Faith and works were bells of full accord,  
My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,  
Most generous of all ultramontanes, Ward;  
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,  
How loyal in the following of thy Lord."

Since Lord Tennyson's death, many stories have appeared in print illustrating his gentle and humane spirit. He almost

idolized his mother, whom he praised in "Isabel" and in a notable passage in "The Princess." He was passionately attached to his brothers and sisters, who always found him warm-hearted and sympathetic. His devotion to his wife and children was beautiful. But, to go outside of the family household, his natural magnanimity showed itself in his treatment of others. Such tender-heartedness as his is rare among men; it was his birthright from his mother, whose susceptible disposition was imposed upon by the unfeeling wretches of Somersby.

His sympathy for Bulgaria and Montenegro; his protest against Russian persecution of the Jews; his interest in the Gordon Boys' Home, and his efforts in behalf of the Royal Pension, and his generosity to struggling authors—these are but a few of Tennyson's graceful courtesies and services to humanity.

On the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, in the summer of 1891, a volume of Tennyson's poems was given her for her good works in the hospitals, by representatives of the nurses of England, and in it the poet wrote his autograph, with an original stanza:

"Take, lady, what your loyal nurses give:

Their full 'God bless you' with this book of song;

And may the life which heart you live

With him you love be cloudless and be long."

Alfred Tennyson was emphatically more than a coiner of felicitous sayings, or a weaver of verbal melody, or a matchless word-painter, or a maker of works entitled to a place among the masterpieces of literature. A man of stainless reputation, his deeds and words were almost invariably on the side of righteousness. His career was free from the excesses which disgraced the lives of Marlowe and Byron. He is rather to be ranged with the Spensers and Miltons, the Wordsworths and Brownings, as a believer in religion and revelation, a defender of faith and reverence. A man of genius, he was still an exemplar of purity and humility. His life itself was a poem, and there was more of grandeur in himself than in any of his writings. If not an ideal life for a poet, his certainly approached it. He was not without faults and shortcomings, but as a man, a patriot, a Christian, he was ever actuated by high principles.

*Chicago.*

EUGENE PARSONS.



## THE LATHROPS AND THE CONVENTS.

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A STORY OF COURAGE: ANNALS OF THE GEORGETOWN CONVENT OF THE VISITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. FROM THE MANUSCRIPT RECORDS. BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP AND ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP. BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 1894.

It gives me great pleasure to say the best word in my power of this beautiful book: beautiful in its subjects, beautiful in its treatment and beautiful in its mechanical presentation.

No man or woman ever made the convent. It is the divinest part of the Church of God. All Protestantism never has made and never can make a nun. The Episcopalians have some very interesting imitations, very interesting chromo nuns; and the Universalists and the Unitarians have female parsons;—but the latter approach so nearly to the Kate Field and Frances Willard types of termagant women, who believe in saving the world by sewer gas and temperance pledges, that we hardly expect nuns or convents out of such materials. The convent, like Dante, in another sphere, is one of the star-crowned, luminous summits of existence peculiar to absolute Roman Catholicism. It is the sacred heart of Christendom.

If the slanders of “escaped nuns” and of ex-priests, that is, of recreant and disobedient priests like Chiniquy, Hyacinthe and Martin Luther, should at last prove true; when, in the glow of the Judgment Day, all souls and all hearts shall be revealed, and we should have at last to admit that convents have always been the compliant rendezvous of sensual, bleary-eyed, rollicking priests in search of human indulgences, I do not want to know it or believe it while I live in this sin-cursed world. I wish still to be in the position of a husband who believes his own wife chaste though the fingers of eternal suspicion all stab him with jealousy, and though he has every reason to know that the wives of his nearest neighbors are by no means spotless.

Convents have received me with tenderest, affectionate hospitality, but I have never allowed myself to dream that there was any personal feeling in their stainless and cheerful attentions, but have always felt confident that their attention to me was because they

thought they saw in me something that could be of service to the eternal holinesses they themselves were pledged to.

They are to me the snow-crowned, highest mountains of the soul, aglow with the radiant sun-tints of dawn. Human language is powerless to convey to Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop the joy I feel over this book of theirs. It is so evenly and lovingly done.

George Parsons Lathrop and his wife are excellent types of the modest, gifted, refined and always respectable classes of New England people. I have had dear friends among these people for more than thirty years. I do not know of any people on earth more loyally true to all that they consider dutiful in domestic and commercial relationships.

Ever since I founded the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and years before, I have been saying of these people that the only thing they needed to make them angels of heaven was true religion and a true loyalty thereto. I have persisted that they had no religion: that their so-called Unitarianism was simply a pleasant club-life, with an æsthetic music attachment, and I have severely insisted that lack of true religion was the bane and curse and weakness of their literature. Mr. Hale's recent articles in the *Forum* are a sad verification of my persistent assertion.

George Parsons Lathrop was no better than the rest of them, and had not and has not half as much literary genius or power as some of his New England predecessors and contemporaries have had and still have. But, God be praised, he and his good wife, herself the daughter of the greatest literary man this land has produced, have both of them been led to the light of true religion; and it is not only to commend the beautiful book they have made together, but to say here, most emphatically, that in their present spirit and work they are enviable types of what all New England ought to be, only more so; and when these two converts, joining hands as it were afresh over the new altar of their holy faith, unite to expose and praise the merits of convent life in general and of the Georgetown Convent in particular, I want to say to every Catholic and Protestant within touch of my influence, you ought to buy this book, and read it, and pray over it, and thank God for it, and tell your neighbors about it, and so gradually try to learn and teach what true Catholic religious life means in this God-forsaken, mammonite age.

In the face of goody-goody Catholic sycophants who have become

enamored of the flaunting women, and the improved Protestant social and other methods of saving society, I have over and over again persisted that the Catholic Church and our Catholic women have nothing to learn of these termagant crews; that with its glorious history of salvation, and its glorious consecrations and miracles of divine womanhood, it only needs a proper understanding of itself and proper loyalty to itself and its Master to go on conquering and to conquer by its own old methods of glory and chastity; hence it is intensely gratifying to me to hear these converts blending their voices in the same true gospel of loyalty and love.

Touching the modern methods for the readjustment of society and the relation of monastic life to the real question of saving society, these authors say, page V:

"We think its bearing is simply this: that the great Catholic Christian Orders, forming communities of men or of women under rules of perfect obedience and of absolute, unflinching fulfilment of every precept of Christ, keep alive from age to age the ideal type of association after which society must follow if it wishes to be truly happy or to please God," etc.

Not that all men or women must become monks or nuns,—God forbid,—but that all men and women must unite to live by their spirit of charity and obedience.

Thank God for this and from a New England man and his wife. Why do I emphasize the fact? Would to God you saw all that I see in it of fulfilment and of prophecy, and you would no longer quarrel with me.

Then I want to commend the Lathrops and their book for other reasons. I am perfectly conscious that the average Catholic and the average Protestant cannot accept me or my words.

I have suffered too much for him and I make the lightnings too severe. I cannot help it. It is what you need. It is what you are dying for and do not know that you are dying or dead; but you can accept the Lathrops. Hear them, read them, while they tell the wondrous story in part; only a small part of that history of stainless glory that is the legacy or birthright of every true Catholic soul.

The shadows in the picture of my own life and words are too deep for you; the sunbeams too fierce and full; the prospect of vista on vista of faith and indignant justice all too complicated



for you. Wait till I am dead, if you must; but read the Lathrops. They mean the same thing; the scales have fallen from their New England eyes and the mission of the prophet is not theirs.

What Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop saw and heard at the Georgetown Convent, thousands and tens of thousands of priests and of visiting persons have seen and heard in other convents in this and other lands, these many hundreds of years. But Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop were writers; their moods were receptive, their previous training peculiarly barren of the influences they were now to receive; and they not only were beautifully impressed, but were moved, doubtless of heaven, to write out, in loving carefulness, the story of the founding, the miraculous tending of angels, and the blessed ministry of this one garden of God.

The book is thus a loving record, from the original records, of one of the oldest and most notable of the many notable convents now in this land and in all lands.

Having said so much in praise of the soul and mind of the book, let me say a good word for its execution, and for the publishers.

For many years I have been proclaiming that, the literary sceptre having departed from the practically atheistic New England intellect and life, the publishers of New England and other centers would have to look to other than New Englandisms for their productive and paying sales.

The Houghton and Mifflin house is one of the oldest and most honorable of all the New England publishing houses. And it is with no mean pleasure, but with grateful delight, that I see them of late giving prominence to works such as this of the Lathrops, and in other spheres to the exquisite literary productions of Miss Agnes Repplier.

My joy in this line is two- or three-fold: not alone because I see my own prophecies and teachings concerning the New England market and intellect being realized,—though there is deep pleasure in that—but because such houses as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. know how to print and publish good books, and how to bring them before the world: and in this new book of the Lathrops there is fortunately absent all that mere twaddle and cant of piety that are such a drawback to most popular Catholic books; but there is also absent the cheap and nasty paper, the blurred and faulty printing, the maudlin and laughable, overdone “religious

illustrations," and, in the place of these, intelligent literary writing, good paper, good printing, good binding, and as result, a total book, gotten out by an ultra-Protestant house, of which all Catholics may well be proud.

But Protestant and Catholic alike should read this book for all the reasons named.

If after reading, or before, the Protestant should ask, why all this praise? I tell him frankly the book is not especially brilliant or profound, and my joy is not in any wonderful ability of the authors—for they have it not—but in this: that two typical New England people of the literary class have, with beautiful deliberation, studied the fact of convent life and its bearings upon modern life, have seen the power and glory of it, and have given us a lucid appreciative record of the same.

W. H. THORNE.

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## LIMITS.

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THE how much we shall do seems always a difficult problem to solve. Our impatience sets us on to labors for which we find our powers somewhat unequal. We are apt to find fault with our conditions, complain of our inabilities, grow restless under necessary restraints. The "feud of want and have" makes apparent too frequently its discouraging contests; we seem to be so much in possibility, so little in reality. Tranquil self-possession, patient persistence in doubtful undertakings, are lessons learned late, if at all, and in the end we are perhaps secretly troubled by some perception of loss of power rather than gain as the resultant of life's many-colored experiences, some fading away of loveliness in earth and sky, some sense that its glory has passed like the sunset's magnificent pageantry from the region in which our hours are spent and our wishes realized.

The child revolts against the authority which love imposes for his best behoof and furtherance; the little emperor sits gayly on his throne and has small fear lest his mandate be not obeyed; it is a child's paradise of universal lawlessness, the primitive golden age when summer held the land all the untroubled year, and the wish became its object as a flower grows from its stem. What

happiness if the small monarch knew how to hold firm the reins of his regnancy; but alas, the serpent finds its way into the garden, the land undergoes a saddening transmutation, the cold winds and snows of winter are loosened on their paths of desolation. It is a woful transition to the bondage of tasks and manifold obediences; the widespread denial which must now be faced has a ragged and forbidding aspect; the disagreeable warfare brings with it its attendant hatreds and envies. There is nothing to be done except to accept the inevitable; and submission to limitation very soon restores at least a semblance of the happiness which seemed to have vanished forever.

It is an irreversible fact of human nature. We cannot be all without being each. The inductive philosophers surely have a large share of reason on their side; if we would move the world we must have somewhere to stand; we must have a fundament of real data to build our skyward edifices upon. The student sits in the center of the promised land; from the summit on which he has fixed his dwelling, he sees outspread in limitless landscape all human knowledge and achievement; he burns with a noble avarice to make all these wonders his own; with one majestic motion he would sweep into the treasury of his mind the riches time has grown gray in accumulating; but it may not be. Success ripens slowly on the tree of cause and effect. On the mount of vision he may not even fix his abiding place; thought yields only with a sullen grace to the assaults of the seeker: slowly one portal admits to its apartment which proves but the vestibule to nobler rooms beyond; it is useless to fret at the slowness of the pace; in every case the limit is the stepping-stone to the beyond. If this slender performance had not been, the larger succeeding one could not be. Like the ladder of St. Augustine, whose rounds are our sins, stepping upon which we ascend the precipitous steep of our life, liminary knowledge follows liminary knowledge with which we are content, only because the last is inclusive of all its antecedents. We conquer by dividing. Our safety is in submission to the inexorable law. The discovery of the open secret is not so much a sudden sunburst of revelation as the gradual unfolding of mystery within mystery to our growing thought or perception. We can never reach the end of things. Our widest thought presupposes a wider behind it; the circle of our horizon enlarges as we ascend above the surface of the earth. Our broadest generali-



zations are barren abstractions unless known in their vital relation to the process of the world's realizations.

Our perception of the truth seems to begin with a misty oversight of the whole in which the demarkations of differences are shut from the view. It is like chaos or the star vapor out of which the worlds are supposed to congeal. These magnificent and embracing aperçus have an inevitable fascination. Doubtless much of the sturdy objection mysticism urges against the processes of the logical understanding is due to a feeling of littleness and division in their results. We naturally prefer the body intact; the dissevering of the organic relation of things seems like a needless cruelty, or merciless introduction of death, where only life should be; for we all instinctively know that the particular lives only as an element in the universal. But we must beware of the conflict of the shield; the one side is silver, however like a mimic sun, the other responds in golden radiance to the greeting of the sunrise. The telescope resolves the nebula into countless myriads of stars. The law of difference is as rigorous as the law of unity; only mental weariness results from too exclusive habitation in the region of wide-reaching abstractions. The intellect needs the presentation of sense as material to mould into the harmony of its own regulative forms, and after long feeding on the attenuated diet of pure reason, a measure of Nature's wine and corn and oil is both appetizing and wholesome.

We are equally apt to deceive ourselves in the practical sphere. The necessity of promptly attending to the small details of duty is, by no means, so urgent in the common consciousness of mankind as it might be. The yearning for larger fields of action is sufficiently rife in our time. Our poetry is full of aspiration for a freer, grander existence. We call ourselves prosaic and mechanical, and fly to antiquity or the middle age to breathe an atmosphere of heroism loftier than our own. We people the past with sages and warriors, and decry ourselves as the unworthy offspring of a glorious ancestry. A certain section of modern poets and painters seem to imagine they have only to reproduce the antique or mediæval as nearly as may be to emancipate themselves from the misery of a merely trafficking and mercenary era. But surely the present can be ennobled by living nobly in it. The experiment is at least worth trying of finding the beautiful in the little and every-day after we have failed to find it in the strange or the remote.

Perhaps we shall hear the "solvent word" as clearly while in the discharge of the vexatious cares of week-day toil as when we clamor in loud distress against the shut heavens with a discord against which the ears of a God of harmony must needs be closed. Moral, like intellectual growth, is the slow process of unswerving effort; it is not given to every one to leap from moral darkness full armed for victory. We may be sure that we shall not all, like Paul, meet with a blinding revelation from heaven in mid-career of our folly and misdoing. Perhaps it will be as well to learn to live on earth before flitting irrevocably to climes celestial; and we may plausibly suspect that a royal road to goodness has been discovered as little as one to knowledge.

History repeats the same lesson. It seems impossible for more than one idea to dominate a national polity at one time; whole epochs and climes are devoted to the elaboration of some one profound reality, or indispensable instrument of civilization. It is all Greece now, all Rome thereafter; and during the subsequent interregnum, the feudal system and chivalry and the enthusiasm of the Crusades traversed with irresistible potency the whole expanse of European civilization. Neither history nor nature deals with generalities; the patient artist moulds with equal care each separate rose into individual perfection—each separate nation into individual vigor. The world-spirit is satisfied with doing one thing at a time; with remorseless determination it crushes under the iron tread of war what people soever presume to withstand its unconquerable march. The wise counsels of conservatism, the sallies of patriotism, the ardor of youth, are vain to resist the imminent danger; the spirit of universal history speaks and the nations divide around its path like waves around the body of a swimmer. The lightning of the nations leaps from pinnacle to pinnacle; like a beacon it flames from the mountain-top of the superb achievement of some people to be transferred thence into younger guardianship; and the lesser nationalities dwelling within the circle of its irradiation must content them with such measure of the divine splendor as reaches them. History is a torch-dance; from nation to nation is handed the flambeau of influence, of power, of opulence, of enthusiasm. We shall not improve on the method of Providence in history. The oracle of limitation speaks to us from everywhere; even the clouds of the summer sky scatter themselves in separate exquisite islets across the deep blue ocean above them.

All occupations of men show the working of the same law. Ambition invariably outruns the likelihood of its achievement. We spread out for the picture of our life a limitless amplitude of canvas, and discover we are able only to paint our portrait in a single attitude in one obscure corner. The philosophic statesman, believing himself to hold firm-grasped the reins of the state's courses, proposes to reach, with admirable swiftness, the far-shining fields where freedom is goddess of the year, and plays the Lady Bountiful in an unceasing succession of flowers and fruits as in the famed gardens of Alcinous, where

" The fruit  
Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time  
Nor summer, but is yielded all the year."

But, between aspiration and achievement, the inevitable gulf intervenes; the expedient is attainable, the wholly just

" Lies unreached as yet  
Between the hands and on the knees of gods."

I have enough of faith in the heart of the critic being in the right place to believe that he would gladly go from work to work with an ever-variant hymn of praise and thanksgiving; but the principles of his craft present their authoritative claims, and he is perforce led into the straight and narrow way of deciding not according to the largeness of his wishes, but according to the *quantum* of achievement. The teacher, led by a disinterested zeal for the pupil's welfare, strives to exhaust each subject before proceeding to the next; but the amount acquired refuses any measure other than the learner's capacity, and if that receptacle be overfilled, the necessary reluctance ensues and the exhaustibility of science, like the perfectibility of the race, remains a notion for solitary walks through the new-clad meadows of the fresh-retained spring, or tranquil musings by the winter fireside. We might go through the catalogue with a full assurance of sameness of results.

Is the age wrong in its persistent demand for individuality? No doubt there is danger of going astray in our continual search for the new and surprising; but a dull monotony of labors is surely no passport to the mythical delights of paradise. The scientific adoration of facts is to be fully justified; the limited field of observation rewards by increased clearness and definite-



ness; we may discover marvels and loveliness without traveling to the fixed stars or some pretentious planet nearer home. The romantic spirit urges strong claims to our admiration; the tracking of the soul to its remotest fastnesses of shadowy beliefs and scarce-felt emotions is sport sufficiently fascinating; the infinite variety of details, the patient elaboration of minute and subtle effects, the conjuncture of diverse and manifold elements, in a large and majestic harmony, deserve recognition and reverence.

We run, as it were, to the infinite on so many paths and in so many directions. Our desires are limitless, our hopes know no boundaries, our aspirations refuse confinement; and, indeed, we should be but sorry creatures, ephemeral denizens of a world of transitory and tenuous phantasms and dreams, were we otherwise. We feel ourselves the inheritors of the ages; the unapparent future is ours as much as the conquered past; the now is the seed of the one as is the blossom and fruit of the other. Most marvellous tree of time, which is, throughout its superb expanse of foliage, both root and blossom and seed—most marvellous tree which consummates in its eternity all the misty successes now hushed in oblivious silence—all the radiant play of life in the mid-noon of day—all the prophetic glories which shine along the sunset sky. We should be but sorry creatures were we pinioned in our little tasks and slender deeds. Our nature is dual; on the one side boundless, undetermined, free; on the other, hedged in by laws and necessities, irksome and galling; our wisdom consists in establishing an equilibrium between these opposing phrases, to discover that golden mean which the sage centuries ago discoursed of, that moderation which contains within itself the immoderate, that active which is at the same time inactive.

Our life is thus a series of surprises. We lose ourselves in what to us seems mean and trivial only to find ourselves again enriched by one more experience. The old Proteus remains under his multitudinous disguises. It is a divine search resultant in a divine finding. Instead of dwelling forever in a region of wishes and shadows, we emerge into a realization which is ourselves. We cannot go so far from home as not to discover the old familiar there before us. One by one in the firmament of our life the stars of deeds arise and shine; slowly the silver lustre sweeps across the dark blue concave; in the midst is set the moon in mild beaming majesty, sweet queen of the night; till the air is washed

with resplendence and, self-centered in incommunicable loveliness, possessed of a tranquil energy, dignified by an active wisdom, strong in a peaceful potency, the soul pursues its unending career of achievement and growth and beneficence.

LOUIS J. BLOCK.

*Chicago, Ill.*

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## MOTHER OF GOD.

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AT noon, on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1894, I was sitting in the parlor of the house of my friend, Miss Caroline D. Swan, in Gardiner, Maine, reading Carlyle's paper upon the *Niebelungen Lied* (*Westminster Review*, 1831), when the bell of the little Catholic church rang the Angelus, and, as I halted for prayer, and halted again at the motion of a mental questioning upon coming to the words, "Mother of God," a certain new interpretation of the idea of the divine motherhood—that is, new to me—came over my mind; and, thinking that the difficulty or questioning often experienced by myself in using this expression may also have come to other minds, and that the thought which gave me repose may also be a help to such, I was moved to write this brief article.

In the morning of the day I had attended Mass at the church named, and had felt some impatience as the good priest tried to explain, or rather to emphasize, the importance of the nature and consent of the Blessed Virgin to the great and eternal fact of the Divine Incarnation. Then I had spent the morning in conversation with friends, in reading and vastly meditating once more upon Carlyle's *résumé* of the French Revolution, later, in a brisk walk, and finally had settled to Carlyle again, as aforesaid, when the Angelus rang.

Without doubt this ringing of the Angelus is one of the loveliest relics of the days when whole nations fell to prayers at its ringing, and not as with us in America in the nineteenth century, when only a few stray Sisters and the more devout Catholic devotees kneel at the sound, and the great multitudes, even of Catholics, go on with their various avocations, pleasures, or crimes, without heeding the repetition of the angels' call.

Doubtless also the nature of the Blessed Virgin, matured through

three thousand years of consecrated Hebrew maidenhood, and the consent of the Blessed Virgin, caught in the flame-cloud of a divine passion against a thousand inner questionings, all had worlds to do with the perfection of that Divine Incarnation by whose immortal sweetness and light the wide world is being won to God. Nevertheless, while full of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin, I had, as a man of Protestant training, time and again felt an inner protest against this crowning glory of all her titles, viz., "Mother of God."

From my earliest entrance into the Catholic Church I had found beautiful pleasure in that loving honor which all true Catholics feel and give to the Blessed Virgin, and I had with unutterable fondness prayed to her, using all the exalted terms of honor usually applied to her. I could say "Queen of angels, Queen of saints, Queen of martyrs, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Heaven, Mother of Redemption, Mother of the Blessed Saviour," and yet, though fully admitting the Divinity of the Saviour, and hence seeing the apparent inconsistency of my questioning, I never could use the expression "Mother of God," or hear it used, without an inner protest of my reason, or what seemed to be my reason.

Cut to the quick, the heart of my objection or questioning was seemingly a rationalistic or a philosophical one, viz., that, as the Divinity or Divine Sonship of our Lord was eternally co-existent with the Divine Fatherhood—that is, an immortal phase of the Triune Deity—it, in the nature of things, never had or could have human motherhood; hence, that of the Blessed Virgin, granting all the exalted honors and titles given her, must, in the nature of things, have been simply mother of the humanity of our Lord, therefore, was not, and could not have been the "Mother of God." It was, however, reserved for the blessed Angelus of this Feast day of the Assumption—perhaps aided by the morning discourse, with which I was confessedly impatient—to reveal to me the truth that all my previous notions of mother or motherhood had been, strictly speaking, that is philosophically speaking, unphilosophical and erroneous.

In a word, I had been in the habit of viewing the term motherhood and especially the expression "Mother of God," as involving a creative act or relationship; and, as *prima facie*, the Divine Sonship was uncreate and eternal as the Divine Fatherhood, there could not have been any motherhood, in a creative sense—above all, there could not have been any human motherhood of God, or



"Mother of God." And the revelation that came to me at the hour named, was that in the *real* nature of things—that is, to a deeper and truer philosophical view—the act of motherhood never had been creative, was not now, and never could be in any instance; least of all, in the instance in question. Hence my apparently rationalistic opposition to the expression "Mother of God," from that moment, not only ceased, but I saw, clear as noon-day, clear as the tones of the Angelus bell, clear as the cloudless air of Heaven, clear as the chastity of the Blessed Virgin herself, that my objection in this case, as in other points now and then of Catholic worship and dogma, was based on the baseless error of my own ill-taught, prejudiced, Protestant conception.

In the very nature of things the act of motherhood in all cases, and not less so in the case of the Blessed Virgin, always has been, was then, and must forever remain an act of nourishing care of a life-germ already create or existent; a receptivity, a loving tending, and a media of blessing and evolving of something eternally existent, or of something created by the fatherhood of God or man. In a word, motherhood is not creative, but a toning, tuning, coloring, shaping, educating, and bringing to the light of day the treasure of existence committed to its care; hence, "Mother of God"—that is, of the uncreate, eternal Sonship of God—is as simple as mother of the life-germ committed to her care by the lowliest mother that breathes.

I have not consulted any Catholic theologian upon this point. I am not writing dogma; I am simply narrating an experience for the benefit of souls that may at any time be afflicted with a condition similar to my own. Of course I assume the truth of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and the entire truth of the miraculous Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I am well aware that Catholics, as a rule, whether educated or uneducated, are not perplexed with such questionings; but, being well-grounded in the rudiments of their faith, are very generally free from the many doubtings that afflict the Protestant world. If, however, Catholic priests or Catholic laymen expect to have any influence upon the thinking Protestant masses of the nineteenth century, they must be prepared to enter into these questionings, to admit the sincerity and the intelligence of many people who have them, and to proceed with deliberate and studious exactness to answer the same.

I am fully convinced that every doubt, above all, that every denial of the Catholic truth of Christianity, has arisen in the first instance either from natural ignorance of the truth, or from moral obliquity and some sinful wandering from the truth. But we must all take the world as we find it, and make the best of it that we can.

W. H. THORNE.

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## CHRISTMAS: A PASTORAL.

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"AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME COUNTRY SHEPHERDS WATCHING,  
AND KEEPING THE NIGHT-WATCHES OVER THEIR FLOCK."

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On yonder cliff that buttresses the town,  
Amid those ancient olive trees that crown  
Its sumit proudly, says tradition, slept  
The cottage of a swain who daily kept  
A flock this side Beth-Sahur. Christmas morn—  
So called of Him who on that day was born—  
Before the fire new kindling in the grate,  
Embracing, stood the shepherd and his mate.

### RACHEL:

O Nathan! Nathan! Thou art come at last;  
How anxious I have been these hours past!  
Our darling sung to sleep, my prayers told,  
Before the smouldering backlog, in the cold,  
I watched. I thought each sound thy footstep nigh,  
And through the lattice peered with hopeful eye,  
Until at length, with care and sleep oppressed,  
My head unbidden sunk upon my breast.  
I dreamt a dream, that well-nigh drove me wild:  
A soldier burst the door; and snatched my child  
From off my nursing breast; and in a trice,  
With bloody poniard pierced its body twice;  
And dashed it on the floor! I shrieked—or tried—  
And woke!—My baby slept and smiled.—I cried  
In ecstasy; and kissed his angel face.  
Then out into the night I ran, a trace

Of thee to find.—No sign!—My blood ran chill  
With fear!—So long!—It surely boded ill!—  
But all the dreadful phantoms took to flight,  
When Dello bounded, barking, into sight.

NATHAN :

It grieves me, Rachel, to have caused thee pain ;  
Although my stay to both is marvellous gain.  
Thy pardon, dearest, thou wilt not withhold,  
The reason of my long delay when told.

RACHEL :

But thou hast hungered long ! Come, break thy fast—  
I would that I could join in thy repast.

NATHAN :

A drink.—I have not hungered, strange to say ;  
Nor feel I hunger now,—but Dello may.—  
Enough.—Come, sit we here before the grate.  
I have a strange adventure to relate.

When the last glow, by day departing shed  
On snow-capped Mount Herodion, had fled ;  
And they were come who keep the cote by night ;  
I saw a lamb had strayed—a sorry plight !—  
The one thou nursed at home and held so dear,  
That time its dam was smothered in the mere.

My two companions leaving with the flocks,  
Brave Dello at my side, the neighboring rocks  
I climbed ; and searched the well-known sheltered dales,  
Wherein it is our wont, when wintry gales  
Across the unprotected moorland sweep,  
For grazing more secure to herd the sheep.

Full long I sought, but sought so long in vain ;  
And turned slow step, unwilling, back again.  
That moment, from the deep of dark ravine  
Rose Dello's baying. What his call could mean,  
I doubted not ; and following the sound,  
Beside the dog, the shivering lamb I found.  
I placed it on my shoulders, and returned,  
With lightsome heart, to where the watchfire burned.



RACHEL :

My pardon, then, thou needest not, my dear :  
My pet is safe; and thou, my love, art here.

NATHAN :

Upon their goat-skins, near the flaming pile,  
The two men sat; and, better to beguile  
The creeping hours, until the morning sun  
Should wake the world, declare their vigil done,  
In song and story-telling they contest ;  
Both good ; but each ambitious to be best.  
Their lazy dogs, out-sprawling at their feet,  
Lay soundly sleeping in the genial heat.

At length, the talk to graver topic turns ;  
And Benjamin, whose youthful bosom burns  
With hatred of the Roman yoke, waxed warm :—  
Too young and inexperienced, the harm  
Of rebel speech to reckon yet. “ Alas ! ”  
He cried, “ That in our day it come to pass  
That we, once free, the chosen race of God,  
Should cringe beneath the gentile Cæsar’s rod !  
He now would have us numbered ! Are we sheep ?  
Or are we sons of Machabee, asleep ?  
Old Bethlehem is full to overflow  
With valiant David’s progeny, who go  
To sign them Roman slaves ! A curse blight me,  
If on that census-roll my name you see ! ”

His fiery words suggest another theme,  
Which from the sequel shall most happy seem :  
Of the Messiah, promised as the seed  
Of Abraham, the One foretold to lead  
His chosen people from this narrow land,  
And like our kings of old, with warrior band,  
Subdue the world. God speed that blessed day !

Then Simeon : “ Some patriot doctors say  
The birth of the Messiah must be near.  
A few have even dared to name the year.

Some shake their heads. And some, on other side,  
Reck all this superstition; and deride.  
But though the wise will ever disagree,  
I still believe the best, somehow, will be."

Whereto thus Benjamin: "You both, no doubt,  
Have heard the rumor that has winged about  
Through all Judea's hills, that Zachary,  
A saintly priest, declared in prophecy,  
The son, to whom his spouse gave recent birth,  
In her old age, was come upon the earth  
As the precursor of the Orient,  
For Sion's glory shortly to be sent.  
And I, for one, believe; and hopeful pray  
The Lord may grant me grace to see His day.  
I only ask to live till this right hand  
Can strike one blow to free my native land."

His prayer re-echoed by us other two,  
I rose, with thought of thee, and bade adieu.  
I turned me to depart—when suddenly!—  
An angel stood before us! Dread to see!  
His eyes were lightnings, and his face a sun;  
His garments, driven snow! Prostrate upon  
The ground we fell, and lay half dead of fright,  
And blinded by the glory flashed in sight.  
But while we feared, the spirit spake and said:  
"Lay fear aside; let joy replace your dread.  
I bring good tidings to all tribes of earth:  
For Christ, the Lord, by miracle of birth,  
Is born in David's city. This shall be  
To you a sign: the Infant you shall see,  
In swaddling clothes, within a manger laid,  
Beside His mother, Mary, spotless maid."

When this was said, we heard angelic choir,  
With tabor, flute and cymbal, harp and lyre,  
Make loud accompaniment, melodious noise,  
In perfect harmony with choral voice:—

To God be glory given,  
Who reigns in highest heaven!

And peace to men who do God's will on earth ;  
 For in this hallowed night,  
 The Sovran Prince of light,  
 The Son of God, takes flesh by wondrous birth ;  
 That Eden's primal grace again,  
 Atoning Adam's sin, He may restore to men.  
 Eternal hymn of praise  
 Let all creation raise  
 To Christ Our King ; and her immaculate,  
 Who by her Son hath been  
 Elected heaven's queen,  
 One day to be installed in that estate !—  
 Hosanna to the Trinity,  
 Humanity espousing to Divinity !

The music ceased ; but the triumphant close  
 From rock to rock, reverberating, goes  
 In thousand echoes up the winding glen,  
 And slow recedes, till quiet reigns again.

Some time we lay as in a trance, when hark !  
 Beside me, close, a piteous whining bark ;  
 And starting from my stupor, there I found  
 Poor Dello, trembling, crouched upon the ground ;  
 The terrified expression on his face  
 Imploring me to leave that awful place.

E'en then 'twas long before we spake a word,  
 Bewildered of the wisdom seen and heard.  
 But breaking silence, I proposed to them  
 That we make haste to seek in Bethlehem  
 The truth we heard, of this, our new-born King,  
 To pay our homages, and grateful bring  
 Some offering, though small. The twain consent :  
 And then to chose a gift our thoughts we bent.

Selected each, what seemed most suitable :  
 Two lamb-skins they, of softest, whitest wool ;  
 While I, to give the best I had, felt bound,  
 And chose the lamb that I had lost and found.

RACHEL :

Well said, dear Nathan ! That which thou hast done  
 But shows our hearts, instinctive, beat as one.



Thou knewest I would consent. Rejoiced I am,  
Thou deemed a worthy gift, my favorite lamb.

NATHAN:

And thus we went. 'Twas past the noon of night.  
The winds were hushed. The moon, in splendor dight,  
With myriad stars, her regal retinue,  
Was high advanced through heaven's unclouded blue,  
And over Bethlehem, for deep amaze  
Stood fixed, and bent in reverential gaze.  
The hills about seemed nearer in the glow,  
And Bethlehem, a silver shining bow.

With throbbing hearts we hastened toward the hill,  
And up the steep ascent we toiled, until  
The path we found that winds up through the dell,  
Where Nazarites of old were wont to dwell.  
The road pursued was lone, the hour was late;  
But shortest pathway to the city gate  
Was that we sought, and all we thought of then;  
And undismayed approached the dismal glen.  
Our souls were full of thoughts, our words but few  
As round into the darksome place we drew,  
When, as about a jutting spur we turned,  
A stable-cave, in which a dim light burned.

Within—the Babe! Upon a wisp of straw!—  
The poorest might have better—Christ we saw!  
Though like another child, the Infant lay,  
The place so ill-befitting natal day,  
We knew it was our God, and firm believed;  
Our hearts assuring we were not deceived;  
We felt, our minds illumined from above,  
'Twas but another miracle of love.  
Beside, His virgin mother, Mary—thus  
The angel herald taught her name to us—  
In tears rejoiced. A man of reverend mien,  
With silvering beard, in silence viewed the scene.

Before the Child-Messiah down we knelt,  
By turns, I wept for joy, and sorrow felt  
My soul to drown: new loathing for my sins;  
And joy that now the reign of Christ begins,

And joy to think that we, poor, sinful men,  
Had been remembered thus of Heaven. Then,  
Methought I saw a bleeding cross arise  
Before me. Tears of pity filled mine eyes  
For him, unlucky wight, who died thereon.  
But as I wept, I heard the voice of One  
Who whispered in my soul, "A sign is given:  
The Babe shall crimson it that man be shriven."

We laid our mean oblations at His feet,  
And stood, yet loth, with purpose to retreat.  
Lo! When we turned our faces to the door,  
The walls—we had not noticed it before—  
Had been dissolved to fragrant, rosy clouds,  
To tinkling strings behind the billowy shrouds,  
Angels softly, sweetly sung. In places,  
Infant cherubs peeped with laughing faces.

To tarry longer, glad we would have been,  
And drink the honey-sweetness of that scene;  
But duty called my friends; I feared for you;  
And from that holy presence we withdrew.

He ceased. And both, a moment, silent wait,  
And musing, gaze into the blazing grate,  
Whose roaring, crackling flame, with golden gleam,  
Lit up the chamber, gilded every beam,  
And threw upon the farther shining wall  
Fantastic dancing silhouettes, darkly tall.  
"How good is God!" Their grateful bosoms heave,  
Their hearts are pure, and quickly they believe.

Then, as by lightning flash on pitchy night,  
The traveler views the plain from mountain height;  
So they, by flash prophetic, startled, see  
The broad dominions of the King to be.  
Enraptured by the sight, their souls afire,  
The shepherd seized his harp, his spouse her lyre,  
Anon the cozy cottage joyful rang,  
As they, with glowing eyes, alternate sang:

NATHAN:

Impatient, Lord, we waited Thee!

Our hearts have thirsted for this day!

Again Thy people will be free !  
And Rome herself will own Thy sway.

RACHEL :

Thou comest, Lord, a helpless child,  
From awful throne of power above ;  
Assumest form so sweetly mild,  
To win our hearts to Thee by love.

NATHAN :

Thy rule acknowledged, war will cease ;  
The reign of gold and might will end ;  
Thy law will grant the slave release ;  
In Thee the poor will find a friend.

RACHEL :

And woman, too, will lift her head,  
Since Eve's transgression bowed in shame ;  
New charter of her rights is read  
In Mother of God's auspicious name.

NATHAN :

Awake, Jerusalem ! Behold !  
He comes, the Captain, who will sway,  
As all Thy prophets have foretold,  
The rod, on David's throne for aye !

RACHEL :

Nor sun nor moon need lend thee light,  
To cheer thee with their feeble ray ;  
A Star appears, whose shining bright  
Will make thee everlasting day !

NATHAN :

Its light will reach to every land,  
Will bring all nations to thy gate ;  
The world made free will kiss thy hand ;  
And future ages call thee great !



## LIFE OF BISMARCK.

## CHAPTER XVII.—BISMARCK AS DIPLOMAT.

DURING his parliamentary career, Herr Bismarck won a reputation for unflinching loyalty to the Crown, and for a conservatism at once mediæval and antediluvian. In truth he was a chip of the old block out of which all the tyrants of the ages had been hewn; and when the rejuvenated Diet of the old German Confederation met at Frankfort, in May, 1851, he appeared there as Privy Councillor of Legation, and was made Secretary to the Prussian member, Herr von Rochow; a subordinate position, but with every chance to learn and to profit by his learning.

This Diet was in a weak way the so-called administrative council of the German States, a sort of diplomatic, continued, æsthetic tea; a stag-party of gossiping, wiseacre diplomats. On appearing in this body, Herr Bismarck was called by the newspapers the "diplomatic suckling," a fellow of astounding impudence and of corresponding ignorance. On the other hand, Bismarck remarked that the Diet was made up of a drowsy, insipid set of creatures, endurable only when he appeared among them like so much pepper. He had never passed his final State examination, and was in every sense an exception to the civil service exactions of Prussia. But "the mon's the gowd for a' that."

In the matter of actual official military rank, Herr Bismarck was, up to this time, only a lieutenant of militia; and his one decoration, so far, was a medal awarded him for saving his groom from drowning a few years before. His chief at Berlin, Herr von Manteuffel, had instructed Herr Bismarck to use his eyes; note all facts of importance and report them fully. Hence it happened that long before the Diet or the newspapers had taken the true status of the man from Prussia, he had taken all their portraits and forwarded them to Berlin, with many notes as to the bearings of the measures under debate: a quick, clear-seeing and swift acting man with an utter contempt for decorated and padded fools.

Count Thun, of the Austrian embassy, was of "bumptious appearance, with a touch of the Vienna *roué* about him." Baron Nellenburg, also of the Austrian embassy, "was a clever publicist . . . sentimental, falls to weeping readily at the theatre, . . . drinks

more than he can stand, and is said to have had a family misfortune." Decidedly a physiognomist and a gossip—this man from Prussia. Baron Brennen, "a tall, handsome man of about forty . . . is said to have had some influence in Italy in shaping the Austrian policy there, . . . an ultramontane, which does not keep him from paying homage to the fair sex, or from descending in his endeavors in this respect to the middle ranks of society here. . . . Towards us he preserves an aristocratic reserve." Hence we do not approve of him—hate him, in fact.

To his wife he wrote: "Frankfort is terribly dull; I have been spoiled with so much affectation around me." His conviction from the first was that Austria was trying by fiddle-faddle diplomacy to play Prussia out of her just claims in the German federation. In time he proved that his convictions were true, and then proceeded to alter that state of things. His political practice was as sharp as his principles were unprincipled. But he was dealing with polite knaves and had already resolved to beat them at their own game.

To Herr Wagener, editor of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, he described the representatives of the minor German states as "mostly mere caricatures of periwig diplomatists," and added that "with us Prussians each man sings his own song, slanders the others, and writes special reports to Berlin. . . . But if ever I come to stand on my own legs here, I shall either cleanse my field of weeds or go home again more than suddenly." The world now knows the result.

He had a fair opinion of Herr Manteuffel, but preferred not to put that in writing. He met the famous Metternich and thought much the same of him as Carlyle had thought of Coleridge—"a sort of ruffled and snuffy person with infinite vaporous talk in him."

Clearly "the gods had once more let loose a thinker in this world." Let us be fair in touching the facts of his life. He was not baser than his associates in office; he was simply infinitely smarter in his baseness than they were. He was also in one way far honest than they; but he soon learned to dissemble more ably than the shrewdest of them; yet compared with the ordinary standards of statesmanship, his principles were better than those of his opponents, and his intellectual greatness has justly won for him the admiration of the world. We hardly look for saints in his line.

When Herr Rochow was transferred to St. Petersburg in July, 1851, Herr von Bismarck succeeded him as chief of the Prussian Embassy at Frankfort, and the retiring Rochow frankly admitted that the new man was, if anything, too gifted for the place, and already deserved higher work to do; in truth, he was simply learning how to do the higher work that awaited him.

About this time Herr Bismarck was introduced to William, Prince of Prussia, who was hardly prepared to admit that so fresh and inexperienced a man was in his right place at the head of Prussian diplomacy at Frankfort, but still was naturally impressed with Bismarck's force of character and loyalty. It is difficult for red-tape men to understand that strong and impulsive heads can be cool if need be.

During the years from 1851 to 1859, Herr Bismarck continued to represent Prussia at Frankfort, went now to Vienna, now to Paris on state business and to see the world. From all points his epistles let daylight in upon what he saw, but above all he himself was finishing his education and gaining experience that fitted him for his future career.

When in December, 1851, Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic, committed his famous *coup d'état*, and a year later when he got himself proclaimed Emperor, Bismarck was acting for Count Thun as President of the German Diet, and in this instance as in others of the same period he advised such conservative action as would not for the time put France in opposition to Prussia. Prussian drill and ammunition were not yet ready to meet that attitude, and Bismarck was never a fool in these lower ranges of statesmanship.

During the European agitation over the Crimean war, 1853-1856, Bismarck, though not identifying Prussia's interests with Russia, maintained a similar attitude of neutrality to the conflicting powers that he did twenty years later in the Turko-Russian war, holding always, first, that Germany proper and Prussia in particular had no vital interests in the so-called Eastern Question; and, second, that it was wise to keep on good terms with the Czar as Prussia's nearest northeastern neighbor. But if either France or Russia should touch Prussia's interests or honor, then Bismarck was always ready for the fray.

He was furious when in April, 1854, Prussia against his convictions concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria,



as it seemed to be a menace toward a friendly power. Germany, he then said, has very little interest in the mouth of the Danube, but ten thousand times more in the Adriatic sea.

Thirty years later, when, in 1885-1886, a German Prince was on the throne of United Bulgaria and Eastern Roumania, and, all the factors being changed, he adhered, though very cautiously and under protest, to the Austro-German side of the controversy at the risk of rending the happy understanding between Russia and Germany. A generation ago he was seeking to humiliate Austria, and having long since accomplished that he was later her staunchest friend. The Austro-Prussian alliance of 1854 was not against his national prejudices or final plans, but it seemed to him premature because it looked like a thwarting of his own dreams.

In the spring of 1854, Bismarck acquired possession of an old desk which had been sold by Freiherr von Prokesch, his Austrian colleague. In the pigeon-holes of the secretaire was found a mass of correspondence between its previous owner and his secret newspaper agents with respect to an anti-Prussian manipulation of the German press, together with the drafts of vehement articles whose authors had hitherto been sought for in the Democratic camp, and which, though containing personal insults to the King of Prussia, had appeared when Baron Prokesch was accredited at Berlin.

Bismarck sagaciously advised his Government only to publish so much of this information as would inspire Prokesch with a feeling of harrowing insecurity, and make the other states admire the patience and long-suffering of Prussia. Better an awkward foe, he wisely thought, than a dissembling friend; and this incident and the use he made of it is very typical of his whole career.

Though still occupying a secondary place, that is, under Manteuffel, Bismarck was frequently summoned to Berlin in those years, and was often in close conference with the King. His career as a diplomat had been eminently and unexpectedly successful. He had met all the best representatives of the German States, and had convinced himself and his king that he was abler than the ablest of them. He had not only established his unflinching loyalty to king and crown, but had convinced the king against his prejudices that he, Bismarck, had, in the wild, strong head of him deep and sober plans for enhancing and enlarging the king's realm. He had gone further than this, and had proven to his majesty that he, this raw, impetuous duelist of the old days, had ability—

with time, and other adjuncts—to carry out these plans and execute his schemes of Prussian advancement.

He had, moreover, proven to the king that he possessed that rarest of all gifts in a leader—the cautious knowledge of how not to take too great an advantage of a fortuitous accident which seemed to put a natural foe in Prussia's own power.

In a word, he had demonstrated intellectual gifts far above the average of the best men in Germany, and at the same time—in common with his loyalty—a cautiousness of action which marked him as the greatest diplomat as well as the greatest political thinker of the age. In a word, his position for the future was secure, and his limitless fortune practically made; and it is all the more painful to note that lack of the highest moral qualities finally lost him all, and more than all, that these early and brilliant and far-reaching intellectual gifts won for him.

But, by the eternal laws of righteousness do the kings, statesmen and politicians of this world stand or fall, and that, no matter how great their intellectual gifts, or how they flout the eternal laws of God.

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#### CHAPTER XVIII.—BISMARCK AS A STATESMAN.

FROM 1846, when King Christian VIII, of Denmark, had proclaimed that Schleswig, with a good part of Holstein, were a permanent part of the Danish monarchy, to the Treaty of London, May, 1853, which secured to the Danish Crown the "monarchy entire," as defined, to 1866, at Sadowa, when the whole business was changed for good and all, the Schleswig-Holstein question had agitated Northern Germany particularly. In June, 1858, Bismarck expressed his opinion that France and England would not, though favoring Denmark, antagonize Prussia and Germany to any extent on that account. But he was firm in his conviction that in this, as in other European questions, Austria's jealousy of Prussia, and the subtle and unfair methods Austria pursued in asserting this, were the first evils and enemy Prussia had to meet and settle with. The contents of the Prokesch desk, and many other straws, showing the drift of the stream, had brought him to this, and he was simply training for the fight.

This feeling was so marked, and at the same time so little shared by the King or the Prince of Prussia, that when "Champagne Fritz "

—as his loving people called him—grew week-headed, and stepped down and out, and Prince William was appointed Regent in October, 1858, Bismarck had some anxiety as to the security of his own position, and he wrote his sister, November 12, 1858, “when I can no longer play the parts of gentleman and diplomat at the same time . . . I shall retire under the guns of Schoenhausen and watch how they govern Prussia.” A month later, he wrote his sister, “nothing more is said about my removal or dismissal.” The next year, March, 1859, he was appointed Minister to St. Petersburg, and the Franco-Austrian war of that year and Austria’s added humiliation were brought about without his serious opposition or aid; but it was all in the line of his deep-laid plans. He believed then that Prussia’s first business was to make Prussia strong, regardless of Austria, and that united Germany would have to come in that new line, no matter who was crushed or offended. I think that, aside from his Prussian sympathies and his own interests, his diplomatic career had taught him that Austria neither had the genius nor the strong arm for German leadership.

Bismarck remained in his position as ambassador to St. Petersburg from 1859 to 1862. While there, he made the Czar his fast friend; had many a delightful *tete-a-tete* with the Empress Dowager; went often into Russian society; found great delight in bear hunts; studied Gortschakoff in his own haunts and ways; and, besides, looked after the interests of the 40,000 German residents in Russia, like the sturdy, intrepid man he always was.

In May, 1862, Herr von Bismarck was appointed ambassador to Paris, where he won the admiration of Napoleon, and received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from the man he was soon utterly to destroy. There he thought the Empress still one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, “spite of St. Petersburg,” and he always had a keen eye for their attractions.

In July of the same year he was in London for a few days, but was ill at ease in both cities: and in Paris as in London, it was mainly a matter of taking notes for future work. Meanwhile William of Prussia, having become King in January, 1861, and having no end of trouble with the Liberalists and Constitutionalists regarding their rights and his, Herr von Bismarck was called upon to solve the problem: was made Minister of the King’s House and of Foreign affairs in Prussia, September 22, 1862, and under his leadership Prussia’s new music of the future was soon to be heard all round the world.



The burning question for the Prussian monarchy in the years 1861-1862 was, how to raise the money needed to strengthen the Prussian army and put it on a footing to justify Bismarck's claim that it was the "life-nerve of the nation." The representatives of the people, in their constitutional capacity, were inclined to think that rhetoric, red-tape bureaucracy and not the army, constituted the life-nerve of Prussia. The deputies in the lower chamber accordingly rejected the war budget, and immediately it became a question of the supremacy between the new king with his new minister and the rhetoric and constitutionalism not only of Prussia but of all Germany and Western Europe as well.

While at Frankfort Bismarck had written to his wife that rather than practice much longer the non-committal life of a diplomat he would return to Schöenhausen, again enter the Prussian parliament and engage in the old royalist warfare there. He hardly dreamed then that so soon he would appear in that parliament as the representative minister of the coming king.

In the present crisis, the Upper Chamber having approved the budget, and the King and his minister being fixed that the money must be raised, Herr Bismarck, in the name of the King, dissolved the Lower House after a series of bitter wranglings with its members, and the Government proceeded to raise the needed cash in spite of the representatives of the people. It was a modified English Revolution over again. The German press and most of the modern world condemned the act. But wisdom is always justified of her children. The King and his minister were profuse in their regrets and explanations to their "beloved people;" but a thing that had to be done, had to be done; and the future must decide who was right and who was wrong. Constitutionalism from that hour was dead in Germany, never to rise again till a greater than Bismarck should lay him even with the ground.

Next year, January, 1863, Herr Bismarck protested with great bitterness against an address which the deputies presented to the King, accusing him of having violated the constitution; and so he kept himself in perpetual hot water with the "spirit of the age."

The same year came the Polish insurrection, and Prussia's secret treaty with Russia, the two nations virtually joining hands to crush the combustible tendencies of Poland, even if it were necessary to hack Poland to pieces, in utter butchery; and again Liberal Germany and Europe protested against the bold and brutal work of

this new man. Russia's friendship was secured however, the Prussian army was made strong, and none too soon, for

#### THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN TROUBLE

was at hand. For many years, and notably since 1852, the leading question in northwestern Germany had been whether Schleswig and Holstein should become permanently German or Danish. The treaty of London, 1852, settled this as well as a treaty can settle anything. The Danish monarchy, including Schleswig-Holstein, was to remain intact, but under certain special constitutional provisions especially protecting the German population.

In 1863 it became a question as to whether the Duke of Glucksburg should be maintained in his position as King of Denmark entire, or whether Germany should support the pretensions and efforts of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, who claimed to be the true Duke of Holstein. It is a long and intricate story in its details: here it must be briefly told. The German Diet nominally discouraged Prince Frederick, and voted to support the Danish monarchy entire, as previously understood.

At heart, however, Bismarck and Prussia wanted all that changed. But Prussia alone dared not oppose ancient treaties and the German Diet together. Hence Prussia cajoled Austria, and Austria and Prussia together proposed to send German troops into Schleswig, just to indicate that they, too, must keep faith with their German fellow citizens. The Diet refused this shrewd proposal, and again Prussia cajoled Austria, and the two together agreed to act independent of the Diet, and themselves to look after Schleswig-Holstein affairs. Accordingly, Prussian and Austrian troops were sent to Schleswig, and there came the incipient Schleswig-Holstein war between Denmark on the one side and Prussia and Austria on the other. It was an unequal contest. The Danes, though brave, were soon vanquished, and by the Treaty of Vienna, August 1, 1864, Denmark ceded to the conquerors Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg.

In truth, Holstein had been always German, and Schleswig was originally plucked out of the waste north lands, to be a North German mark or march land between the Germans and the Danes. So that while this new work of Bismarck's was against recent treaties and against the German Diet, which he had always despised, it was still in accordance with ancient German rights; but

now came the question, what to do with the spoils; and this brought into European affairs Bismarck's dream of statesmanship, viz., Austria versus Prussia, and which should be the leader in the ages to come. Plainly, Bismarck is getting along. Since Prussia and Austria, by an appeal to arms, had conquered Schleswig and Holstein for Germany, Prussia, that is, Bismarck, was of the opinion that the troops of the German Bund were no longer needed in Holstein, and, in fact, had no business there. But how to divide and govern the duchies remained a vexing question. Austria now favored the elevation of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, and the Bund also favored this project. Prussia concluded, however, that the entire business was now between Austria and Prussia; that the old German Diet and its actions were as good as *nil*. Then came the Gastein Convention, which gave Lauenburg to Prussia out and out, and also put the administration of Schleswig in Prussia's hands, leaving to Austria the administration of Holstein.

It was a strange mixture, but perhaps the best possible solution of the momentary problem. It was the best Bismarck could expect of his war venture hand-in-hand with Austria, and against the new constitutional world of reform. It was wit and war conquering the red tape of the century, and it will do it all along the lines before modern ideas are clear.

Austria, now in Holstein, again encouraged the pretensions of Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, much to Prussia's annoyance. Prussia proposed the mutual occupation of Schleswig and Holstein by Austrian and Prussian troops, but Austria refused. Austria now becoming fully awake to the designs of Bismarck, warned the European powers against Prussian ambition. Bismarck grew indignant, and was now ready for war. The Austrian governor of Holstein permitted to go unquelled in Holstein a popular anti-Prussian demonstration, and by this time Bismarck had persuaded the King that the crisis between Prussian and Austrian rivalry had come, and that the only solution was by blood, and so was brought about

#### THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Meanwhile, Prussia had concluded a treaty of friendship with Italy, and Austria had appealed to the Bund to settle and stop Prussia's outrageous conduct. The Bund declared that the forces



of the German States should be mobilized against Prussia, and Bismarck's and Moltke's day had come.

Bismarck tried to secure the alliance of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Saxony, as against the action of the Diet, but they held with the Bund, including Austria, red-tape and the past, and it was Bismarck and Moltke's armies against the German world.

The day after Herr Bismarck received the refusal of Hanover, Hesse-Cassel and Saxony, to join hands with Prussia, Moltke's troops had possession of their capitals, while their frightened armies flew southward to join their Austrian allies. At last, Bismarck's statesmanship had full sway; but to Moltke, not to Bismarck, belongs the story and the glory of the Austro-Prussian war. See paper on "Moltke," in *GLOBE*, No. 7, Vol. II.

It was June 14, 1866, that the German Bund declared for a mobilization of German troops against the aggressions of Prussia, and by the evening of the third of July, that is, inside of twenty days, the great and final battle of Sadowa had been fought and won, King William himself leading the Prussian cavalry in their final charge against the Austrian forces; and Prussia had Austria at her feet, and the whole of Germany in her hands. The emperor of France had tried to meddle in the game, but his hands were securely placed behind him.

By the Peace of Prague, Prussia annexed Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Frankfort and Schleswig-Holstein. All the German States north of the River Main were compelled to form a North German confederation under the leadership of Prussia and her ways, and Austria was not only crushed but excluded from the old German brotherhood.

Bismarck was now fifty-one years old, and was crowned with more glory than any one man can readily bear. Prussian troops went back to Berlin amid the acclamations of all the German nations. Even the conquered yielded their admiration. The new statesman had played a bold, successful game and had won. He had opened a way for his enemy's pawn to become a king in order to capture the king. He had destroyed his enemy's knights and broken his guard, exposed his queen and made one of the quickest checkmates of modern times. He had proven himself a greater man even than the first Napoleon; was master at every turn, and on the new chessboard of European diplomacy and statesmanship already saw that he had things his own way. One man after

another was to be humiliated, one victory after another won for himself and Prussia, until this tyrant of mental intrigue should attack the very throne of God, and then find himself dashed, like many another demon, into the humiliated darkness he deserved.

On the 24th of February, 1867, the constituent Diet of the new Confederation, elected by universal suffrage, met in Berlin—no longer at Frankfort—to make the crooked places straight and the rough places plain. The members of the new Diet, though admitting Herr Bismarck's wisdom in the past, now believed that the time for "free institutions," constitutionalism and eloquence, had come in Germany as well as elsewhere in the western world, and hence new troubles between Bismarck and Parliament were under way.

W. H. THORNE.

## A WOMAN'S VIEW OF DANTE.

THE Mediæval Church preserved learning and literature during the Dark Ages, so-called, and for this the world owes her a debt of gratitude. Dante was the first poet of the Renaissance. He embodied in his great poem, "on which both heaven and earth had laid their hands," all the science and philosophy of the past, as well as the faith of the church of the Middle Ages, making it the great work of art of modern times. Some one has said there are "cycles in history, and to each of them there is its own hieroglyphic literature. The 'Divine Comedy' was the book of its age as 'Faust' is of ours." But is not a great world-poem, such as Dante's, a possession for all time? Is he not, indeed, "high priest in the sanctuary, where religion is married to immortal verse?" His own age failed to fully comprehend him. Still, with whole libraries of commentaries on him, as aids, each student must study for himself, as not without toil does the great poet surrender his treasures. His is the pen, so potent that it brings the dead to life again; his, the spiritual perception that has full vision of the truth. His creed,

"In one God I believe,  
Sole and eternal, who moveth all the heavens  
With love and desire, Himself unmoved,"

is still the faith of Christendom.

"There never was a great poet," says Coleridge, "who was not also a great philosopher." Dante's philosophy never hurts his poetry. "Married to truth," he says, "the soul is mistress, but otherwise, a slave."

Plato prophesied, at the end of the Banquet, that his enemies would not find the internal meaning of his ideas. Neither will a light, or purely objective reading of the Divine Comedy disclose what is hidden in its symbolism.

Dante proclaimed spiritual truths of such magnitude, that they sound forth into a future more remote than thought can prophesy; for while the human soul remains with the contest between good and evil as its chief problem, its everlasting struggle, will it not turn again and yet again to listen to the voice of him who has best portrayed its descent into hell, its purgatorial chastenings, and its ascent heavenward? All souls do not find their nutriment in the theologian's creed, or the philosopher's system; some turn instinctively to the great poets for a picture of the realities. And who among poets, great in ethical wisdom, shall take the precedence of the lone exile from his native city into spiritual regions. While there is much which is simply historic in Dante, there yet was never written a book more susceptible of an interior meaning. He suggests this at the outset, when he declares, that he who hath an undistempered intellect will discern the hidden meaning of his verse. That the Divine Comedy is of a mixed character, is not a satisfactory answer to the query, as to why such a poem, so filled with lurid pictures of tragic suffering, should be entitled a comedy.

A writer who could inscribe over the very gate of hell,

"Justice incited my sublime Creator,  
Created me, Divine Omnipotence,  
The highest wisdom, and the primal love,"

must have felt that all a soul endures in its earth wanderings, all its unlucky leaps, its bruises, its downright falls dignified by such names as suffering, sin and sorrow, are, indeed, but comic, in comparison with the fact that, out of all these, it may at last emerge pure, and disposed to mount unto the stars. The life of Jesus touches the heart with such a potent spell, because it was real. He suffered like unto us, and so we call Him Brother, and a sympathetic cord unites the human to the Divine. So Dante went down deep into those kingdoms of heaven and hell, which it has



been declared have also an existence in the human soul; went down into the depths of his own personal experiences, and portrayed how the inner life progresses eternally; what its aphelion is, away from God and turned to darkness, and what its perihelion, when wearing the divine. "The desire and will are turned, even as a wheel that is equally moved. The love which moves the sun and other stars." Everywhere throughout the poem, the reader feels that this thing, whatever its significance may be, has evidently been realized to the writer. Verily, he has been in these states from the time he loses himself in the wood, where, sooner or later, all souls are bewildered, to the glorious end symbolized under a vision of the Triune God. Because of this impression of reality, because the poet so makes himself felt in the consciousness of the reader, the impression grows and deepens that Dante has solved life's problem, and will help his reader to unravel its mysteries. Much as we find of the personal Dante in these writings—although there we find, for the first time in literature, a biography of a real being, and no mere character, as seen from the outside by other people—yet we see more than the history of one soul, for herein is a type of the universal human soul, and man has again found an inspired seer, able to tell him "all things whatsoever he did." Dante's mystic, unfathomable story shows that Christianity has also its poem, which, in depicting the struggles of the human soul in its efforts to achieve moral freedom, does not fall below the stately dignity, the translucent repose of the old Greek tragedies. For there is, when rightly viewed, nothing harassing to the feelings in all this imagery of woe. Even in the hell, one listens for a voice, out of the stillness, to whisper:

"Be still, and know that I am God."

There is always such a strict relation between the crime and the punishment, that there can be no sense of resentment in the mind of the reader against the primal love which ordained for every violation of law its fitting penalty. As one follows Dante up all the steep terraces of the purgatorial mount until he reaches the terrestrial paradise and bids adieu to Virgil—mere human science—and finally is drawn upward by the influence of Beatrice—or divine theology—until all the heavens are explored, and the vision of the Ineffable Himself appears, one feels that one has seen what is and what shall be, and can say with the Persian poet:

"I sent my soul through the invisible,  
Some letter of the after-life to spell,  
And, after many days, my soul returned and said,  
'Behold *myself* am *heaven* and *hell*.'"

To Dante, the inner life and the divine vision were the chief realities. Boccaccio says, taken by the sweetness of knowing the truth of the things concealed in heaven, and not finding other pleasure dearer to him in life, he left all other worldly ease and gave himself to this alone; and, that no part of philosophy might remain unseen by him, he plunged, with acute intellect, into the deepest recesses of philosophy, and so far succeeded in his designs, that, caring nothing for heat, or cold, or watchings, or faintings, or any other bodily discomforts, by assiduous study he came to know of the divine essence and of the other separate intelligences all that the human intelligence can comprehend.

The spokesman of the Middle Ages, who felt the "scorn of scorn, the hate of hate," and who had just cause so to feel, the ardor of whose belief never cooled, the loneliness of whose individuality was always apparent, who knew in truth how it is "sorrow that marries the soul to God"—this "world-voice" took as the chief idea to be worked out in his wonderful system—the Freedom of the Will. He calls it the greatest gift that, in "his largeness, God creating made." Love he depicts as the central life-principle of all things, love for others being the first movement of the soul out of itself, and, therefore, its first advance toward

"Infinite goodness that hath such ample arms  
That it receives whatever turns to it."

To a mind so alive to the fact that time is only a little piece of eternity, and that the soul is living now in the midst of the eternities past and to come, how easy it was to pass out of the shams of the material world into the realities of the unseen world of spirits. In the generalization of his own especial experiences for his reader's benefit, he is nowhere more thought-compelling than when he describes the "people dolorous" who have foregone the good of intellect, or truth; and when he places the living in the Inferno, who, though they still eat and drink, and put on clothes, are yet truly *dead*, what thoughts arise in the reader's mind regarding the state of his own soul with, it may be, its spiritual powers unnurtured, "dead in trespasses and sin." Right living consists

in keeping the will constantly in harmony with the divine will of Him who is the Father and Lord over all. In the *Inferno* the fate of those is depicted whose will is in rebellion to that of God ; in the *Purgatorio*, those whose will is gradually undergoing a purifying transformation, while in the *Paradiso*, the will has become at one with God's will. It is only from the heights of the *Paradiso* that the three worlds can be comprehended, in their relation to each other and to us. With the sad-faced Dante, who is our guide, as Virgil was his, we enter the solemn gate of this lower world, and find that the punishment of sin is consequent upon man's moral freedom. It is no extraneous thing forced on him from without, but the inevitable return of his own deed to himself. The sounds of wailing, even in the Ante-Hell, are dreadful :

" Here lamentations, sighs and strident howls,  
Resounding through the air without a star—  
Whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat,  
Differing tongues and horrid utterances,  
And words of anguish and the tones of rage,  
High and hoarse voices, and with them a sound  
Of hands, a tumult made which circulates  
Aye in that air, without a season dyed,  
Like to the sand when as the whirlwind blows." (*Inf.* 111, 22-30.)

In the *Inferno*, each sin is punished under external symbols, which are marvellously chosen to represent the sinful state. The wrathful are immersed in boiling mud, the violent in blood, flatterers in filth, while thieves are constantly transformed into serpents, and hypocrites move slowly and wearily about, wrapped in gilded cloaks lined with lead. Evil counsellors who, in sinning, have misused noblest faculties, were swathed in flames, and discord-breeders became mournful, mangled shades. Falsifiers were gathered in a pit, dreadful as leprous diseases of various kinds could make it. Thus, it is seen, and not "through a glass darkly," but luminously, that the seven mortal sins themselves comprise the punishment of the *Inferno*. Dante's conception of how the *Inferno* and purgatorial mount are formed, is strikingly original. He follows Virgil in the use of such figures as centaurs, harpies, furies, and gargon, giving to each, however, his own peculiar symbolism. To Virgil, he is also indebted for that remarkable figure of Charon, the flaming-eyed ferryman. The sources which influenced Dante, such as the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, and sixth



of the *Æneid*, Scipio's Vision, and the popular legends of his time, are all interesting reading, taking them in connection with the great poem. Out of the region of fire and blood and frozen tears, where each soul was seen given up to some one of the myriad forms of selfishness which make for itself a most appalling fate, Dante emerges at last into the light of stars in purgatory, where the free will of man can also relieve itself from its fate by its own act. The place where the "human spirit doth purge itself" is situated on the highest mountain of the world; its crown the terrestrial paradise; its base the haunt of souls who were late in repenting. The seven terraces of purgatory are each dedicated to the purification of the seven deadly sins, and this is effected by the practice of the grace contrary to the sin. Dante's guide explains, as he enters purgatory, that "in search of liberty he journeys;" so the spirits, also, are engaged there—no longer tempted—in working out their freedom from sin. What the "Inferno lacks and purgatory possesses, is the vision of the ideal." It is this which incites the activity through which alone defect can be cancelled, and the effort to actualize it is rewarded by its clearer revelations.

The dreams of Dante during the purifying experiences of the purgatory are significant of the importance in spiritual development of both the active and contemplative life. The importance of action is also emphasized by the warden:

"What is this, ye laggard spirits?  
What negligence, what standing still is this?  
Run to the mountain, to strip off the slough  
That lets not God be manifest in you."

Through the purifying processes of purgatorial chastenings the soul rises above all ceremonials and outward observances to a true spiritual communion. All the punishments of the seven terraces have been endured unconstrained. As Rosetti suggests, willingly the wrathful have kept within their smoke; the lascivious within their fire; the slothful race on in seeming discourtesy to a guest; the avaricious cut short pleasant discourse; the gluttonous sought once and again the trees of emptiness; but the last ladder is scaled, and the indefectible soul, having with great joy obtained freedom, stands on the borders of its redeemed, its reconquered inheritance, the Eden and the heaven, whence it shall go out no more. Virgilius says to Dante:

"The temporal fire and the eternal son  
 Thou hast seen, and to a place art come  
 Where of myself no farther I discern.  
 By intellect and art I here have brought thee;  
 Take thine own pleasure for thy guide henceforth;  
 Beyond the steep ways and the narrow art thou.  
 Behold the sun that shines upon thy forehead!  
 Behold the grass that flowers, and the shrubs,  
 Which of itself alone this land produces!  
 Expect no more, or word, or sign, from me.  
 Free and upright and sound is thy free will,  
 And error were it, not to do its bidding—  
 Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre."

No longer led by human science, Dante now goes forth into a range of spiritual experience so unfamiliar that he says:

"The sea I sail has never yet been passed."

He is met by a heavenly pilot. Beatrice or divine science, heavenly blessedness or wisdom, draws him upward from sphere to sphere by the fixed gaze in her eyes and her resplendent smile, as he himself explains in the "Convito." Beatrice is that ideal beauty, which is the splendor of the good, drawing by its attractions and kindling a love for absolute goodness. Beatrice says to Dante:

"Goodness divine, which from itself doth spurn  
 All envy; burning in itself, so sparkles  
 That the eternal beauties it infolds."

In the *Paradiso* the theme is the relation of the mystic church to its head, and also the fruitions of the soul that has ceaselessly aspired. This abode of peace is no mere *place*, but an eternal state or condition, open to all who, driven by a divine discontent, have learned through frequent failures still to believe that it is not "what man *does* that exalts him, but what man *would* do;" or, as Goethe has it—"aspiration measures man and decides his destiny." As Dante, conversing with Beatrice, passes through the different heavens he learns, as he did in the lower worlds, the spiritual condition of the souls dwelling in each who have "sweet life in different degree." And what majestic imagery is that wherein the poet pictures his passage from the terrestrial paradise into the region of elemental fire, from which he is borne on from moon, and planets, and blessed sun and starry heavens, until *primum mobile*

is reached and the final ascent into the empyrian, where he beholds the heavenly hosts. Beatrice leaves him in care of holy St. Bernard, who invokes for him the aid of the Blessed Virgin. He beholds the mystery of the Trinity and prays—

“O Light Supreme, that doth so far uplift  
From the conceits of mortals, to my mind  
Of what Thou didst appear re-lend a little  
And make my tongue of so great puissance  
That but a single sparkle of Thy glory  
It may bequeath unto the future people.”

This prayer was answered. Dante was inspired to write the world's great poem of faith. It contains the everlasting truth and was written from the depths of a sincere heart—hence its immortality is assured. There is a story that when the army of Syracuse was once taken prisoner, all those were freed from slavery and sent home who could recite the verses of Euripides. In the battle of life few things so liberate the soul from the chains of its imprisonment in the narrowing experiences of its struggle with material things, as a deep communion with the great poets. Of these none surpasses in liberating power the Italian pioneer into unseen worlds. Plato banishes the poets from his ideal republic—sending Homer forth with benedictions, pouring oil on his head and crowning him with wool as a divine person indeed—but still dismissing him because the young could not discern the meaning of his allegory. From our real republic let Dante never be banished.

*Orleans, Ill.*

BELLE P. DRURY.'

## BISHOP SPALDING ON THE RACK.

THE following came to my notice in the *New World*, of Chicago:  
“BISHOP KEANE CRITICISES BISHOP SPALDING'S ARTICLE.—BISHOP SPALDING REPLIES.

“In an interview at Washington Bishop Keane criticised Bishop Spalding of Peoria for an article which recently appeared in the *North American Review*, in which Bishop Spalding ascribed the growth of the A. P. A. partly to discontent over the appointment of Mgr. Satolli as Ablegate to this country. Bishop Spal-



ding to-day made the following explanation of his position: 'I have read Bishop Keane's criticism of my article in the *North American Review*, and as it has not been disowned I must suppose it to be authentic. The important question is whether what I have published is true. A thing may be unfortunately true, and this is doubtless the Bishop's meaning when he calls my article unfortunate. He says also that it is untimely, but I fail to see how this epithet can be applied in any right sense to the honest and dispassionate discussion of a subject which now attracts general attention and is not without importance. If my moderate expression of views on a question which is actually before the public and which is of concern to both the Church and the country is to be condemned as unfortunate and ill-timed, then rational discussion among Catholics is no longer to be thought of and a Catholic university is but a pretense. If what is said of Cardinal Gibbons is true the best I can do, I suppose, is to regret that he should have to regret to express his regret to the Pope. Regrets, however, are idle, and the manly and American thing to do is to confront me with arguments and not to attempt to frighten me with groanings.'

I had seen this discussion in the Chicago daily papers, but paid no attention to it, thinking it only another of those scandals on which newspapers thrive. There seems, however, to be no doubt as to the bottom facts, viz., that his Grace, Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli and Bishop Keane had taken serious exception to Bishop Spalding's article in the *North American Review*; and as these gentlemen all seem to be getting out of their own spheres into the sphere of public discussion and debate, the editor of the *GLOBE* feels that he may as well "mingle in the game."

In the first place it may be well for these eminent churchmen to understand and consider the fact that they are hired by the *North American Review*, to write articles for its pages solely for the purpose of booming said publication, and that, all things considered, perhaps their pens might be used in other directions with more honor and credit to themselves and with quite as much efficiency in the cause of truth and justice.

In the second place, I look upon the suggestion of Bishop Spalding, to the effect that A. P. A.-ism had been ignited, fanned or augmented by the appointment of Mgr. Satolli as the special representative of his Holiness the Pope in this country, not only as unfortunate, ill-considered and false to the facts, but as another painful evidence that Catholic ecclesiastics, as a rule, know very little of the popular tides of Protestant feeling in this country. I

do not mean by this to suggest that the average popular Protestant feeling is in favor of A. P. A.-ism; but A. P. A.-ism itself is only one of those outcroppings of pestilent American crankiness which, all the way from Henry Georgeism to the latest temperance street parades in Chicago and elsewhere, wants to save the world by some street band or sleight-of-hand humbuggery instead of by simple and honest obedience to the teachings of Christ and his church; and I look upon the ecclesiastic who, to my mind, practically leaves the holy of holies of his own profession, in order to make a record for himself on the temperance question, or the single tax question, or any side-show of Protestant clap-trap, as being quite as unfortunate in his sense and judgment of Christian truth and duty as is the ecclesiastic who gets up another tempest in a teapot over an exaggerated notion and a false interpretation of A. P. A.-ism.

On the other hand, I am always delighted with the frankness to be found in Bishop Spalding's writings and sayings; and if some of his brethren of the purple would take lessons of him in sincerity, rather than undertake to give him lessons in prudence, it might be well for their present and future reputations.

In the third place, I am moved to say, that as far as I can judge from my travels and talks with men and women, the American people generally had taken rather kindly to Bishop Satolli and his various rulings in this country up to the time of his ruling on the Liquor question in Cleveland, Ohio. But that in this latter instance, while he doubtless won the sympathy of the temperance elements of the country, and so made himself and the church more popular with the Wanamaker & Co. hypocrite crews, who want to chain the American government and the American conscience to a series of slavish falsehoods and temperance legislation, said ruling not only put Mgr. Satolli, but the church itself, as far as he has power to do that, in opposition to the common sense of the nation and in antagonism with the primal principles of Christian truth and Christian liberty.

In the fourth place, I am moved to say, that if the Holy Father himself, or Mgr. Satolli, or Bishop Keane, who appears to be the general trumpeter for, and defender of, the Italian bishop, expects to win or convert the American people with taffy, they are the most deceived ecclesiastics on the face of the earth. If the church of the Lord Jesus Christ is good for anything in this world, it is

to preach the truth and hold the human soul in obedience thereto. I need hardly suggest that Mgr. Satolli has not lived long enough in this country to understand its politics or its moral or other relations; and, as far as I am able to judge, he might readily have found better advisors than the men of his own cloth, whose names are so closely and constantly connected with his own.

For my own part, I am here to assure all these gentlemen, as well as all other readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, that in the world of letters, and really in the universe of moral and spiritual order, ecclesiastical positions, titles and wealth do not weigh a feather-weight; but that here, under God, truth and liberty, even though pressed with poverty and death, are the real, eternal forces of salvation; that in the world of letters, and really of moral life, falsehood and cowardice and all mere pretension and show are damnation to the end of time, and no matter how highly honored or decorated.

Let Mgr. Satolli keep within his own proper sphere of action; let Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Spalding preach their own literary sermons in their own way; and let all sycophants of the faith, who think they cannot be better employed than in barking the praises of these excellent men, all remember that there is a criterion of pure reason and of pure character in this earth, and that unfortunately leading churchmen are not always in harmony with the same.

Did I not, after the maturest consideration, think that the time had come to say these things, I should not say them, and I am quite conscious that it is not to my interest to say them. As it is, I mean only kindness to all concerned; but we are plainly approaching times of great upheaval in this land, and it behooves every Catholic to know where he stands, and why he stands there, for the day of judgment is at hand. Conflict and divisions, even in the church, are at hand.

God forbid that I should be the means of increasing any of the forces of friction already existing between the various national and other divisions of the Catholic Church in this country; but it is a little remarkable, that Bishop Spalding, who is American by birth, and a convert, and one of the brightest and best men in the American Catholic Church, should be singled out by Bishop Keane and others as the one person worthy of their regrets, etc.

Of course, Bishop Spalding is longer and more at home in the



Church than I am, and he must know that these tentative attacks are more serious than, on the face of them, they appear.

Readers of the *GLOBE* need not be told that I am no especial admirer of the American secular character, but it gives me pleasure to state here that the many American-born Catholic priests I have met—ranging all the way from twenty-seven to seventy years of age—are without exception among the truest, sweetest, brightest, and sincerest representatives of Christ's priesthood and ministry that I ever hope to find in all this world, and it seems to me to indicate that the American character, when saturated with the true faith of the true church, is destined to be one of the loveliest and strongest forces for God in all this sinning world.

I am just as sorry to state, but feel that it is as well to state—in some sense, feel bound to state—that I have been assured by young American priests, that native-born Americans are, as a rule, discouraged in their aspirations toward the vocation of the priesthood, so that more opportunities may be open here for men of foreign birth. Readers of *THE GLOBE* know well, that my sympathies, being foreign by birth—and having imbibed, by study, a deep admiration for the various mental and moral products of the old world—are not, as a rule, on the side of American self-assertion; but it will take a native-born American priesthood—as wide in its charity as the land we live in, and the heavens that canopy our homes, and as quick and sincere and gifted and consecrated in its priestly life as was the Lord Himself—to convince this land of judgment and truth, and lead it to the true church of God.

God's own welcome to every true man that comes here, from any part of God's own world, is my one and only word regarding foreigners; no man on earth despises our anti-foreign laws as I despise them; but let us have no underhanded or other prejudices in this matter. The field is the world, and our American part of this field is at present one of the most conceited, self-assertive, poorly-taught, skeptical, scientific, material, worldly, but bright and independent portions of this world; and the old methods of pounding and frightening people into obedience or faith, and the far weaker methods of disguised worldly hypocrisy and duplicity, will not work in this land. Nor will taffy work, nor will temperance take the place of the Atonement, nor will the Faribault system take the place of parochial schools; nor will anything do in this land but the sincerest and the most cultured consecration to Christ and His

church alone; and that will do, and there must be no hedging of living issues, no boycotting of friends, and no double dealing at all. History is full of pits, into which mere intriguing and wily ecclesiastics and their lackeys have fallen, and, by the Eternal, they shall fall into the same pits again.

I noticed, a generation ago, when a minister of the gospel in the Presbyterian Church, that the preachers who were forever putting their noses into other people's business, regretting that men smarter than themselves should be so independent, etc., and who were so everlastingly anxious about the orthodoxy of other preachers, were, without exception, the men of poorest intellect, of subtlest hypocrisy, and of least use in the church at large; and, for one, I am immensely indebted to Bishop Spalding for asserting in the Catholic Church that one man—one bishop, priest, or what not—has the same liberty that any other man or bishop has. Let it be well understood that the Catholic Church stands for open truth, and a clean democracy, and its mastery over the earth is near at hand; but a pox on your slavish sycophancy—your damnable hypocrisy.

I am reminded here of an expression made to me a year or two ago by one of the brightest young priests I have ever met. "Why, Mr. Thorne," he said, speaking of such priests and ecclesiastics as set themselves up as standards of thought and life, and act as if they alone had all the liberty in the church, "these men are more Catholic than the Pope himself!"

Now, the meaning of this little diversion is that ecclesiastics whose names are constantly in the newspapers, and whose execrable pictures are constantly on the outside and inside pages of so-called Catholic religious publications, and who are supposed to be masters of the church in this and other lands, *are not masters at all*, but, as one of the ablest Catholic professors in one of our largest Catholic universities wrote me in the month of September, 1894, that they are "SERVANTS OF THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD."

In conclusion, I can only say that I accept the utterance of this distinguished professor as one of the needed watchwords of the priesthood of the Catholic Church in America in these critical times; and as a final suggestion I am moved to say that I think it about time to cease discussing the question as to whether American Catholics are loyal to the American Constitution and govern-

ment, and to consider the deeper question, whether they are to any sufficient extent loyal to the constitution and character and government of the Lord Jesus Christ?

Respectfully submitted by

W. H. THORNE.

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## PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMAGES.

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THE persistence with which the practice of pilgrimages continues to exist in the modern church, the facility with which it adapts itself to the conditions of our day, and the extension which it has taken of late years, make it a matter of no inconsiderable importance and may well induce us to regard the question attentively. There was a time when the notion that a pilgrimage was utterly a thing of the past found ready acceptance, and though there were pilgrims and pilgrimages then as ever before, still with that facility which good works, and most of all good works of supererogation, have of undemonstratively concealing themselves, people in general may have been excusably ignorant of their existence. Now, however, the world has awakened to a real belief in their presence, owing to their late increase. The Pantheon incident, of which the true story still remains to be told, is perhaps to be thanked for this; certain it is that the presence of eight thousand French workingmen around the Throne of the Fisherman was a fact which caused long-continued commenting in the secular press, so that comparatively little surprise was felt at the gigantic numbers of the Spanish pilgrimage last spring, which consisted of fifteen thousand workingmen and some thousands of persons belonging to the upper and middle classes. Clearly the modern pilgrimage has entered into the large category of facts which may be called wonted but extraordinary.

The distance separating the recent American pilgrimage to Lourdes from what is considered the prototype of pilgrimages, namely the annual journey of the Jews to Jerusalem, and the adoption of the custom throughout the intervening centuries in such varied conditions of place and character, are clear indications of the intrinsic importance of the practice.



The origin of pilgrimages, like that of the majority of great and ancient facts, is unknown. The learned wish to consider the above-mentioned Jewish journey to Jerusalem as their prototype, but it would seem to be no more than an analogous practice. It was undertaken in fulfilment of a strict religious injunction and as a ritual observance paid to the honored center of religion; still it is quite clear that the chief motive prompting it was devotion to holy sites, and this is also the ultimate scope of pilgrimages. Other analogous practices adduced are the journey of the wise men to Bethlehem, and, as more remotely connected, the apostolic journeyings of the preachers of the New Testament.

But the origin of pilgrimages as such was probably in the era of the Constantinian peace, at least as regards the general practice, and the first holy places so visited seem to have been the temples erected in Palestine by Constantine and his mother Saint Helena.\*

Their continual performance during the Middle Ages is too well known to need detailing here; suffice it to say that they were as common and at least as profitable as the secular tours of the nineteenth century. It is a signal tribute to the sincerity of the pilgrims that scandals were few and that a pilgrimage generally signified an increase of fervor. Occasionally, however, it was otherwise, and hence the mediæval spiritual aphorism: *qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur*: Great travellers seldom grow holy, a sort of ascetic *rolling stones gather no moss*. Their frequency gave them much importance, and of this last, their being a cause as well as the occasion, the Crusades affords a notable proof. But very naturally, especially in consideration of the violent state of Europe, exception was made for the weaker sex, and women pilgrims were discountenanced, notwithstanding which the number of pilgrims was so great that the designation *pilgrim* was identical with that of *traveller*, both being expressed by the same word PEREGRINUS.

Naturally considerable attention and reverence were bestowed upon such as set out upon their arduous devotional journeys. The Jesuit father Giovanni Stefano Menochie, in his "*Stuore*" (Padua, MDCCI) one of the most curious yet accurate books ever written, treats of the pious courtesy of washing the feet of pilgrims, premising that there was never a nation or people so barbarous as not to have regarded pilgrims and foreigners in some degree of sacred-

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\* Padre Agabito: *Notizie di Terra Santa*.

ness (p. 305, Vol. II). He cites the words of the 8th book of Horace's *Odyssey* :

Loco fratris est Nospes, et supplex  
Viro, cui cor velpaululum sapit,

and those of the 7th book of the same :

. . . . . a Jove sunt omnes  
Peregrini, et mendici.

The custom of washing the feet of pilgrims he shows to have passed from classic times down through the entire mediæval period. In the sixteenth century Saint Philip Neri instituted at Rome the great Hospitium or hospice and hospital adjoining, called the *Trinita dei Pellegrini*, capable of entertaining many hundreds of pilgrims. Here their feet were washed by the cardinals, prelates and nobles of Rome. The institution flourished with all its customs until the invasion of 1870.

At all times the number of these pilgrim homes was very great in Rome, because this city was the chief center of pilgrimages, as containing the relics and memories of several apostles and innumerable saints, so that its very soil was held as sacred.

It is interesting to find that the British races were among the foremost in point of zeal for these pilgrimages, more especially to the Eternal City, showing a degree of zeal far in advance of their proportionate number and importance among the civilized nations of the time. Between 715 and 725 King Ina formed an Anglo-Saxon establishment near the Vatican Basilica, and another sovereign of the same race increased and amplified it so that it existed with church, cemetery, college and pilgrim house until the decay of Anglo-Saxon nationality after the Norman Conquest. King John made over its ruined remains to Pope Innocent III, who erected there the famous Hospital of Santo Spirito in 1204. The very ground is now destined to destruction for the cutting of the new Tiber embankment. But the national piety soon felt the need of a new establishment in Rome, and so we find the church of San Pantaleo, still standing in the Piazza of that name, occupied as an English collegiate church under Honorius III (1216-1227). Not long afterwards a pilgrims' home dedicated to Saint Edmund, King and Martyr, arose in the Trastevere region near the Basilica of Saint Chrysogonus, and its remains are partly visible at the present day. The discovery that the body of an English-woman had been devoured by wolves outside the Lateran gate

determined the English to erect another Hospice, so as to afford sufficient accommodation to the crowds of pilgrims continually crossing land and sea to pray before the shrine of the Apostles. Stowe in his *Chronicle* gives the names of the founders, who were mostly London merchants, and the new Hospice arose in the Via Monser rato and continued to entertain pilgrims gratuitously till the change of religion, when the buildings and revenues were devoted to the foundation of the existing English College.\*

With the expansion of Catholicity among the English-speaking peoples it is but suitable that a resumption should be made of the ancient custom of pilgrimages, and the renewal of the time-honored devotion is a happy omen as well as a meritorious action.

Studying the spirit of the pilgrimages of the past, we always find that they had a predominant motive of penance and a mystic intention in reference to their resemblance to the passage of the soul through life to eternity. Both can be realized with immense utility to modern spiritual life. We have the penitential duty of repairing the partial apostasy of our brethren in addition to the burden of our own misdeeds. And the symbolism of thought and action which is in a pilgrimage affords an occasion for sacred prayer and contemplation which is unique in our hurried modern life. If the old practice is being rehewed, and the occurrence of the American and Canadian pilgrimages to Europe so soon after the largest English pilgrimage since the Reformation would seem to make this certain, there is little doubt but that the renewal will be carried out in a way worthy of the greatest modern nationalities.

*Rome, Italy.*

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

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\* The Hospice near the Vatican was favored by Alfred and Canute, and for its sustentation was instituted the Peter's pence or Romescot. Not less than eight Saxon sovereigns lived there: Caeadwalla, Ina, Offa, Coenred, another Offa, Siric, Burhred, Eardulf, Ethelwulf, and Canute himself, as well as Queens Frythogith and Ethelburga of Wessex.



## A CHICAGO COWARD.

THE writer of the following letter signs himself my "friend." My remarks, following his friendly epistle, will show to what extent I think him worthy of my friendship or even of my contempt.

OCTOBER 6, 1894.

MR. WM. HENRY THORNE.

*Dear Sir:*—I have been a reader of THE GLOBE for some time. Now and then, I have instinctively objected to certain of your theories and opinions; but never before have I been so impressed with the peculiarity of your magazine as after reading the September number. This number seems steeped in opposition. In the first article I was struck with the extreme style of criticism, but thought at first that this was possibly one of your pet themes. One might pass a paragraph of that style without comment, but to read page after page of the same extreme and pessimistic style results in the opinion that the author will bear investigation. What can he mean? What is his object? Does he mistake opposition for eccentricity? condemnation for criticism? raillery for fair judgment? I have the honor of addressing you for the purpose of saying that manifestly your character and reputation do not lie in the same plane. Apparently, you expect to earn the reputation of being eccentric by stabbing blindly at all our literary lights. More apparently, you are willing to resort to any measures to increase your subscription roll. The GLOBE may be spicy and thought-provoking, but I think it a poor way to set people thinking. The results to yourself will manifestly be bad. You criticise Mr. Holland—I beg pardon—you rant at him: you endeavor to present him to the public as a man incapable of associating with the thoughts which he pretends to father; when, as a matter of fact, your opinion is nothing more than the reflection of your own impotence. You have picked out a few sentences of his, taken advantage of ambiguity of language, and distorted them; have held not only those particular sentences but his entire writings and himself up to ridicule. You say that in the period referred to by Mr. Holland, lived Sophocles, Socrates, Plato and Zoroaster and others; that it was improbable that vice and immorality could

exist under the light of such brilliant intellect. Your logic staggers me. It's superb. You should be immortalized. You follow this by literally wallowing in your own literary mire. You add insult to injury by saying "Personally, Mr. Holland is a delightful gentleman." Your reader feels that you have slapped him in the face then and there. Praise from your pen seems but a flag of truce, injudiciously and inopportunately held forward to divert your victim's attention, while you husband your strength for another desperate attack. What perfidy! what rot! Manifestly, you believe the world is on a lower plane of morality than ever before; that the moral development has been the converse of the advance of civilization; that the spiritual power of the Church is nominal and only the temporal power actual; that Christianity has impeded civilization; that the coming of Christ was a calamity rather than a blessing. Your pessimism beggars description.

A lawyer, oftentimes, selects certain portions of testimony and builds upon it a plausible argument; when, had he taken the evidence in its entirety, his own inability would have crushed him. As it is, he makes a great noise, piles up a heap of verbiage before the jury and gloats over his eloquence. That doesn't make him a lawyer. The ignorant may admire him for his noise and raillery, but he is not a lawyer until his arguments command the respect and thought of able counsel, until they are something more than bubbles to be dissipated by the prick of a single point of truth. Likewise, you may rail and rant, pull and tear, but it requires a vast deal more than this to entitle you to be classed with those whom you seek to defile and villify. Fools often condemn themselves. I think you did in this. "Strong men need strong men to understand them." I admit this and appropriate it as evidence against your brazen presumption.

Your bravado and imbecility is further evidenced in the way you string up Emerson, Carlyle *et al* and endeavor to use their silence as conclusive assent to the truth of your obviously insane opinions. You would not have dared to thus address them while they lived.

Then again, you not only insult Mr. Holland, but you include thousands of intelligent people. "Of Mr. Holland, I speak with great diffidence, because so many excellent people, of a certain quasi-chromo culture at least, seem to like him." This is too much. Justice, thou hast been damned forever, and the editor of the

GLOBE has gone crazy. What presumption! You attempt to judge by such deductions? Mr. Holland is an impostor or what not; hence his friends are impostors likewise. You say, Mr. Holland never injured you, and you would not wrong him—Junius Brutus Thorne—"You do not love him less, but truth and literature more." Absurd! There is a preponderance of evidence in this one article that you have become a stranger to truth, and as for literature, your interest consists solely of trying to climb the ladder of fortune, whose rungs are made of mockery, derision and childlike fault-finding.

Let us go a little farther, pass all the rubbish we can without losing all sense of honor and justice. I will not go into the details of every article, though they afford great opportunity; for to do so would be a task of many days' duration. However, I must say a word for Mr. Stead. A criminal of the deepest dye could not be presented in a worse light than you present this man. You sketch him in language that would make a harlot wince. You say, Stead is posing. You furnish no evidence, save your own arbitrary opinion. You are imposing and you, unconsciously, present a preponderance of evidence against yourself. You endeavor to smother him in vituperation. I doubt not but that he would consider you as a viper, deserving only to be crushed by physical force; that it would be a stigma upon language to answer you. I believe that you have ejected all sincerity, sound judgment and sense from your editorial character. I will not go into detail, but merely say that you make certain allegations on the authority of Dame Rumor—you, a lover of truth and literature, and hold that sufficient to condemn. I can find nothing in Mr. Stead's description of the evils of Chicago to justify your condemnation of him or of Chicago. Chicago is a *fac-simile* of New York, London, Paris, San Francisco and, I doubt not, Boston. Evidently you think that by villifying literary and political lights, spitting in the faces of intelligent people and throwing mud upon America's greatest city, that you will earn the name of a great thinker and, what you desire more, increase the subscription to your magazine. I admit that financial gain is an important feature in your business; but I do not think that a man should sacrifice his individuality, his conscience and his honor for a few paltry dollars. Between Mr. Stead's sincerity and yours there is such a vast difference as to render you disqualified to judge.



As you say of Mr. Holland, so I say of you, "Personally, you may be a delightful gentleman," but I despise your pessimism and mockery. I am a resident and supporter and a believer in Chicago. I am a lawyer. I am not seeking literary fame, as you can see, but I love justice and fair play.

YOUR FRIEND.

I have given the words of this pettifogger in full, first, that the readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW* may have such benefit as can be derived from the very earnest utterance of an intelligent but half-taught, skulking coward; second, in order to answer this coward's vituperations and prove, even to his own stulted conscience and intellect, what an utter fool he really is.

I am glad to say that I have not the remotest idea who he is. I have reason to suspect that he is a person of some importance, but I wish him distinctly to understand that I do not hold any man as my friend who would or could write such a communication to me or to any human being without signing his own name thereto; further, that I hold him or any man who could or would send such a communication to any other man without signing his own name thereto as an insignificant and contemptible coward, utterly unworthy of my notice, except as the notice of him gives me the opportunity of pointing out to him and to others the blindness of his vision, the ignorance of his soul, and the utter cowardice of his entire being, and of expressing my regret that the city of Chicago, bad and blind and filthy as it is, has in it a "lawyer" with so little sense and so little manhood.

In the first place, I am amazed that any man—even a Chicago lawyer—could have read the *GLOBE* for any length of time without learning more from its pages, alike regarding myself and my teachings, or that any reader of the *GLOBE* could still be such a skulking hypocrite and coward. Certainly our nineteen centuries of Christian civilization, plus Stead *et al*, do not seem to have advanced the intellect or the morals or the manhood of the Chicago lawyer, if this man is a fair sample of his class.

In the dark ages of Sophocles & Co., about which Mr. Holland discourses so blindly, they would have made a cowboy or a kitchen scrub of this Chicago lawyer; but in these days, and in Chicago, any fool or fishwoman can play the rôle of a professional artist, lady, gentleman, lawyer or clown. Chicago is a great city—sure—

and this pettifogger is a brilliant example of the advantages of Christian Stead & Co.'s Social Purity, W. C. T. U. and A. P. A. civilization. Why should I bother with him, except to say in the next place that it was my privilege to know and talk with both Emerson and Carlyle, and I have reason to believe that both of them had such esteem for me as old men (as they were when I knew them) can have for a younger man who truly and deeply loves them and honors them.

In regard to this man's base and cowardly insinuation, that my "character and reputation do not lie in the same plane," I simply defy the impudent coward to prove his assertion, and this challenge to him is also to any back-door defamer of the character of men better than themselves.

I wish to make it plain and emphatic that I challenge this cowardly anonymous defamer of my character to prove the truth of his insinuations, and I dare him or any man on earth to make such insinuations publicly or over his own name.

I do this because I know that other evil and cowardly tongues have been engaged in the vile business to which this brilliant Chicago "lawyer" has devoted his ignorant pen.

I am well aware that there are many lawyers and statesmen in Chicago and elsewhere in these days who take rant for eloquence, cant for character, palaver for patriotism, cowardice for heroism, and every form of brazen assertive ignorance for the advance civilization of the nineteenth century; and I fear there are priests in the same city who would cheat the devil and his angels; but they cannot deceive or frighten the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

I am well aware that as a rule editors do not pay any attention to anonymous communications; and I would not have taken any notice of this had it come to me alone, that is, without other corroborative evidence that various dastardly and cowardly persons East and West have been engaged in an underhand way in the despicable and slanderous work that this Chicago pettifogger is devoting himself to, viz.: in trying to spread reports that my "character and reputation are not on the same plane." Hence my reply is not to answer him alone, but to give the lie to every scoundrel on earth engaged in the same business.

Of course I do not know that this fellow is a lawyer, for any man mean enough to pen such an anonymous letter is base enough to tell a deliberate lie, and unprincipled enough to laugh at his lie.

To me personally it is of no consequence what any lawyer, priest or parson on God's earth thinks of my character.

The only persons, living or dead, familiar with all the history of my life, know that my character is as far above my reputation in every regard as the heavens are above the earth; and at the right hour, God, my heavenly Father, will give me the opportunity of proving this in a way that will give joy to my friends and cover my enemies with shame.

Meanwhile, let any respectable man on God's earth dare to say over his own name what this cowardly scoundrel says in the dark while pretending to be a scholar and an honorable man.

In truth this wretched pettifogger gives himself away, in that he says plainly: "I have the honor of addressing you *for the purpose* of saying that manifestly your character and reputation do not lie in the same plane;" not for the purpose of defending Stead and the truth, but to insult me anonymously, it seems. Thus he uses the language of a gentleman, while practising the conduct of a common cowardly cur. It is the fault and ignorance of the age in which we live. But inasmuch as he has made this statement *positive*, I now have the honor of telling him that he is a contemptible liar. I wish him to take this as if it were said to his face, and I fancy that his hired typewriter and the friends to whom he may have committed the secret of his skulking heroism will learn of this charge and honor him all the more if he still continues to hide his shameless face and his unworthy name.

In the next place I assert that I treated Mr. Holland's book fairly; that there was no ambiguity in the sentences quoted by me, except as anything may be ambiguous to a Chicago lawyer; that I never did "distort" Mr. Holland's writings or the writings of any man; that I never have intimated that "vice and immorality" did not exist in the days of Plato and Co.; that I am not a pessimist in any sense, but know, of a truth, that the coming of Christ into this world meant the salvation of all good and true men, and the certain damnation of all such skulking cowards and liars as the author of this pettifogging, back-door effusion of scoundrelism to me; and I do not dream that Christianity has impeded civilization, but am sure that the *GLOBE* and this man's wicked opposition to it are both in evidence that Christ and Christianity are daily sharpening the contest between the false and the true everywhere, even in Chicago.



There is just one expression in this pettifogger's insulting letter which leads me to suppose that he may be a Catholic. If so, I wish all the more to emphasize the fact that he is a base, despicable and ignorant coward, and to say that his case is only another proof, among several that have come to me in Chicago, that there are many Catholics and Protestants there and elsewhere to-day—some of them in high positions and professions—compared with whom Judas Iscariot was an honorable, conscientious man and a gentleman.

Unfortunately, this keen-witted Chicago lawyer had not sense and sight enough left in his purblind madness to perceive that when I wrote of speaking with "great diffidence," etc., it was not of Mr. Holland but of Mr. Howells that I was writing. But it is all the same to a Chicago lawyer. He probably does not know the Holland criticised or the works of Holland or Howells, and he certainly had not wit enough to distinguish the change from one to the other in my criticism.

Still he may be a brilliant lawyer and a regular Dial-pated *literati* in the famous city of hogs, slush and wind; and I here publicly and more plainly than ever assure this upstart ignorant coward, that he and the likes of him who are posing, by millions in this land, and by thousands in Chicago, as intelligent and cultured gentlemen, are simply insufferable and ignorant boors. I mean to insult them. I am here to teach them that they are the children of conceited ignorance and the devil, and must either repent, learn from their betters, and obey the Lord, not merely chatter about Him, or go to the devil, and stay for a very long while.

In the next place I am delighted to find a Chicago lawyer fool enough and base enough to defend Mr. Mountebank Stead; but if this pettifogger attacks me—though he hides his name—he must speak the truth or be plainly classed among despicable liars.

Touching his unsigned cowardly insult regarding the finances of the GLOBE, I am ready to wager him any amount that the GLOBE has earned more honest money the last five years than he has ever earned; and I reaffirm that all my allegations in regard to Stead and Stead's work are capable of plainest proof, historically, morally and every way, and that when this pettifogger asserts that my allegations are made on the authority of "Dame Rumor" he does not speak the truth, and knows or ought to know

that he is deliberately lying, as the coward always lies—behind the door, in curtained darkness; in anonymous cowardice, and in basest evidence of the marvelous effects of Stead and Co.'s Christianity upon the pettifogging, false and shallow soul of a Chicago gentleman.

If Mr. Stead or his pettifogging Chicago defender desires to practice openly the game of 'crushing me by physical force,' they know my address, and though now long past middle life I certainly shall not run from such gentlemen as they profess to be.

From the standpoint of manly honor the writer of this anonymous insult is simply a contemptible coward; from the standpoint of gentlemanly courtesy he is simply a pig-sticking boor; from the standpoint of Christian civilization he is simply a back-door hypocrite, and from the standpoint of literary culture or criticism he is simply an unmitigated fool.

In parting, I will give him a word of unfeed advice. Let him confine himself to his own profession.

In Chicago especially there are many ignorant people who have money and property and family quarrels, etc., etc. They do not want civilization, or intelligent advice, or Christian instruction, or literary culture. They want such shuffling, sharp practice, misstatement and apparently brilliant gifts as this pettifogger has, in order to deceive and get the better of friends or foes still more ignorant than themselves.

Such a man as this Chicago lawyer shines in such circles of ignorance; and I doubt not that in his own social circle, where a boor cannot be distinguished from a gentleman, he may also be a light of social leadership; in a word, such parts as his are available and well paid in the circles of fools—and his professional position will help him to maintain a reputation for smartness; but let him avoid literary criticism. It is an open, world-wide field, and the moment a man walks therein he proves himself a fool or a gentleman by the first few strokes of his pen.

I have been writing literary criticism for twenty years. Any well-informed bookman knows my name and reputation in that line. I do not wonder that certain Chicago lawyers and editors are unfamiliar with my claims, or may choose to ignore them; but in all these years I have never before been accused of dealing unfairly with an author.

That I am severe at times, I grant with regret; but add immediately, that the trash so often palmed off as literature compels me to be severe.

But this ignorant and cowardly Chicago lawyer will say that these harsh expressions are merely my "impotent" opinions.

Let me remind him that my opinions in literary criticism are worth precisely the same as the expert opinions of a physician in his own chosen specialty, or the opinion of a judge in his own court of law; but how can I expect a fool Chicago lawyer to admit or understand such things?

He is naturally a Judas, a Catiline, at best a Benedict Arnold; let him seek his own kind; let him conspire in silence to damn his betters; let him stab in the dark and hide his coward hands; but in the name of all that is true and decent in literature, and in the name of all that is manly and honorable in the old word "friend," let this skulking coward never again pretend to criticise a literary critic or sign himself as the friend of any honorable man.

W. H. THORNE.

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## IS HOME LIFE WOMAN'S LIMIT?

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CERTAIN sensational dailies having recently devoted entire pages to letters in reply to the query, "Is home life woman's limit?" which is deemed a problem thus to be solved and, I suppose, prepared for the future action of legislative bodies in framing new laws, I am impelled to cast my mite of thought, thus elicited, before the readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

The ambiguity of the question as proposed, and the actual absurdity of the supposition involved, namely that ever active intelligent souls can find limits in time and place, or be bound to a single sphere of activity, I pass over. Nothing, in these letters arranged under headlines to capture attention, has surprised me so much as the superficial treatment of the subject itself. Nature is not interrogated. No concession even is made to God as the rightful Master over the work of his own hand. No analysis of home life; no brief setting forth its duties and responsibilities, its relative importance as compared with professional, commercial and political life, no attempt to show that a capacity inferior to woman's



would suffice for the position is made. It is taken for granted that all these things are too thoroughly understood by everybody to need explanation; yet, with other assertions, views and complaints, the most belligerent woman's rights defender seems to concede that marriage, parentage and home life is of all the most natural and desirable state. They view marriage, however, principally as a natural inclination of the sexes and a means of support for woman, and finding that in real life it is, in this respect, often a failure, and that for various reasons many women are deprived of its ideal advantages, the demand that as an act of justice the sexes ought to be placed legally on a level in business and political affairs is reiterated.

Shall we consent in materialistic fashion, that as bees understand and are guided by instinct alone in the process of hiving and the construction of the cell in which to deposit their honey, so men and women should also be guided in affairs of such social importance by the instincts of nature? Let us here say that the *supernatural* has actually entered into the life of the world and has a distinct and continuous history not to be denied.

That a mother should be also a virgin is neither natural nor unnatural. It is supernatural. That a man should be crucified and die, and after three days raise himself from the tomb, and go amongst men organizing an agency to act in his name and by his power, until the final consummation of the ages, is likewise neither natural nor unnatural. It is supernatural; and the proof of these facts is found in incontrovertible history. Now if Bible readers will ponder over the first recorded miracle of Jesus Christ they may perhaps discover that it is a significant symbol of the elevation of humanity, the germination of a chaste generation and a supernatural civilization, through self-conquest in the bosom of the family. Water bubbling from the earth spontaneously changed into wine. Wine requiring the crushing of the fruit and fermentation, a chemical process by which new qualities are evolved. Beautiful similitude of the sacrament of matrimony divinely exalted above the natural marriage. "We are the children of saints: and we must not be joined together like heathens that know not God," said Tobias to Sara, when he had been instructed by the Angel Raphael how to obtain the blessing by which "sound children" might be born to them.

Revelation discloses to man the real cause and order of the uni-

verse in its principles; and faith enables him to appreciate it intelligently. The unbeliever, drifting along, led by imagination, may fancy with President Jordan that women are "female men" and the only differential that of sex; they may also suppose that with malice aforethought the male constituted himself by some hocus-pocus of statecraft not easily understood lord and master over woman and fixed her sphere in accordance with his will, and that the injustice is to be corrected only by a counter craft of legislation. Cast aside revelation and one is inclosed in a truly "pent-up Utica" whose horizon is extremely narrow. They are caged. The illimitable is shut out from them: and it is not surprising, if in this condition, women keep up a restless movement which they mistake for progress, and grumble, complain and stamp, impatiently demanding what they conceive to be their "rights." Perhaps their iterated and reiterated opinions and sentiments, though of trifling value in themselves, may have brought in our age, many to a deeper, truer consideration of life, its origin and purpose. Let us hope so, and that they may thread their way through the confusion of ideas to a clear conception of the supernatural—that which is so distinct from the nature in which we were created, that we can lay no claim whatever to it on account of nature, and must receive it by faith in revelation.

Christ made known an object and aim, the attainment of which is possible only in Him, one worthy of unflagging energy of men, to be the paramount business of life in which every other business should be merged. But, alas, the revolt against Christian civilization known as Protestantism, in placing the idea of state and national policy in the lead as in pagan nations, and the doctrines of Christianity as taught by divine communion in subserviency to it, entailed, with the loss of the very meaning of the word supernatural, the idea of home life, and of the elevated position of woman made lady and queen in her own domain. A vague tradition, surviving in non-Catholic circles, awakens aspirations in conflict with the renaissance of pagan thought introduced by the protest that broke up unity of doctrine into fragments of sectional, diverse and contradictory opinions, each of which is of equal authority and value. In the confusion thus produced revealed truth is necessarily submerged. Break out one section of the globe of truth—and this suffices to make a sectarian, though he retain all the rest—and man's mind cannot bridge the space. The revelation through

Moses assures us that man is created in the image of God, but a supplemental teaching is necessary to make the principle clear to the human understanding. God, we are taught, is Three in One—an absurd proposition to many who still call themselves Christians. Can we not, however, discover an image of this in ourselves? Verily; and in human intelligence itself which cannot otherwise be constituted. Man is the thinker; his thought confronts him as begotten by him; both are distinct, yet from each proceeds one identical spirit: and these three are one indivisible soul. This is only one of the striking similitudes of God to be found in the constitution of the human nature. So, too, is the Christian family by the bonds of indissoluble marriage a unity with diversity of operations declared by nature, not arbitrarily by the will of a man or set of men. The home is the nest where nestlings are nurtured into manhood; where all the faculties of his complex being should at least quicken into healthy activity. His physical constitution requires intelligent care; the affections of his heart, and the faculties of his mind and soul, are to be disciplined into the perfection required to fulfil his measure of usefulness in the world.

Many families organized under one head in civil relationship constitute a nation whose citizens, being individual and no two of them precisely alike, are formed in the family nest which society confides principally to woman. She has in charge the important business of forming the fathers and mothers, the kings, presidents, statesmen, all the host who will serve the body politic in any capacity, and by their ballots rule, in generations yet to come. *The limits of home life!* Who shall trace its boundaries save the Infinite? The position of a statesman, or of a military leader, is most honorable since a field for the play of virtues, talents and acquirements of a superior order is herein offered, but the one occupying a position of distinction can only be regarded as honorable or dishonorable according to the efficiency, or inefficiency, with which he discharges the duties incumbent upon him. Thus honor or dishonor belongs to woman just in proportion to the fidelity with which she fulfils the duties within her limits. Shall we judge *her* work by the fathers and husbands, the business men and politicians of the world? Shall we expect her to do better work than she has done in the home heretofore, when her attention is divided between that and the field of politics and business?



A man possesses native talents. They are God-given; but their use, like the virtues, depends very materially on the special training and discipline of home life.

Far be it from me to contend that the work of the wife and mother is not an arduous one. Daily private life furnishes in the sight of heaven too many real martyrdoms for that. But when I consider what is known by revelation, and that the heart of man naturally thrills with the noble emotion of sublimity in view; for instance, of the obedient action of "The Light Brigade," portrayed by the poet:

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,  
All in the Valley of Death rode the Six Hundred.  
'Forward the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns!' he said—  
Into the Valley of Death rode the Six Hundred."

I ask, why we are not also thrilled, yet more intensely, with the same emotion when we see women for an object yet more noble and well understood, in obedience also to a sacred vow, sacrifice themselves with an absolute self-renunciation to the home life.

To furnish citizens for the kingdom of Jesus Christ is the first and most noble intention of Christian marriage; and a Christian state policy should conduce to this same end. But, unity broken, this consideration cannot enter into politics, and rarely, indeed, is fitness for parentage and home life taken into account by those entering that state, and especially is this true of those who, while desiring the material advantages it offers, still clamor after additional cares. Without doubt much of the present confusion of ideas about social rights and wrongs is due to the suppression of the Catholic teaching concerning *vocation*. That all persons have a real vocation for marriage is not true. And without a vocation no one should presume to assume its responsibilities. Christianity introduced into every phase of social life the heroic principle. The code of the kingdom of Jesus Christ resting securely on the commandments of nature restored by Moses, is the law of beatitude, a supernatural code, contained in the Sermon on the Mount. On faith in this code, the enlightened civilization of Europe was being slowly developed, when the revolt of Luther and Henry VIII. against the existing laws of marriage, home life and authorized Christian teaching arrested it.

Heresy, that is the willful denial of revealed truth, declared natural marriage a universal vocation. Virginity, or celibacy as

some choose to name it, was deemed by them an unnatural instead of an heroic and supernatural state of life. Heresy repudiates the Virgin Mother and the virginity of God her Son, at least as far as an example to be followed. Led by such effeminate teachers rising generations were mystified, and the facts of history became more and more distorted and meaningless. Is home life woman's limit? The thousands and tens of thousands, yea, the millions and hundreds of millions of virgins, male and female, in every age of our era, who, honoring the state of marriage and acknowledging the sweetness of home life regulated by Christian principles, have voluntarily sacrificed its consolations to follow a pathway more heroic in the service of God and his creatures, declare unmistakably the contrary. These multitudes followed in chastity of thought and action the celibacy of Jesus from choice; and with all this sacrifice and patient endurance led happy lives. We have such in the world to-day, but their example, colored by prejudice and misrepresentation, is nearly lost on non-Catholics. No inclination induces them to search into it. They prefer to ignore the strange vocation and keep on in their rut, marrying and getting divorces, neglecting home duties, sacrificing before birth the fruit of marriage and clamoring after new fields of labor. Alas! alas! while it is the Creator of the individual who creates the individual vocation, who adapts the person to accomplish his life-work, a true vocation is often abandoned and marriage entered into because of the customs of society, only to be a failure all round, simply because of ignorance. Why should any one marry without proper preparation? A cadet is not accepted until his vocation is proven, not only by his desire to become a soldier, but also by an examination and test of physical qualification. The Catholic who yearns to embrace religious life is only permitted to make vows after a trying test of two or more years. But marriage nowadays is taken up with a reckless thoughtlessness, with no proper training, with no understanding of its onerous duties. Generations of incompetent fathers and mothers, unable to fulfil the requirements of home life, have entailed upon our age a condition which heroic faith reduced to practice can alone rectify.

Besides the religious vocation, and the vocation for Christian marriage, there is also a vocation for single life in the world. It seems to me that there are numerous examples of both sexes who are so drawn to some specialty of science, or business, or art, as to

be unfitted for the burdens of matrimony. Let professional women, and military women, and all those who want to dive into men's affairs, keep then to their calling; but let them remain virgins, and make no pretense of fulfilling the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood. In the mystification of sectarianism very many have lost primal intelligence, in which, when intact, the first commandment of the decalogue merely proposed finds rational assent without formal reasoning. Owing to this loss they are unable to comprehend the order and harmony of a social superstructure built on the basis of a divine revelation, or the home life which had no existence previous to the advent of Christ on earth, the characteristics of which can nowhere be found in legitimate ancient history, which had truly a family life and vestals and sibyls, but nothing like the sacramental union in which the infinite love of Christ for His Church, and its return by the church, is imitated in the mutual love, forbearance and fidelity of husband and wife.

ELIZABETH A. ADAMS.

*Rockford, Ill.*

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## LAY GENIUS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

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THERE is a feeling abroad that lay Catholic people have to think and act just as the priests tell them to think and act; that lay Catholics are priest-ridden, that they have little or no liberty of thought and action; above all, that there is no sphere of exalted intellectual, moral or spiritual work open to them or for the lay element in the Catholic Church.

As regards religious belief and practice I freely admit that the Catholic priesthood is looked upon as the all-sufficient guide of Catholic Christians, and I gladly confess my belief that were absolute obedience to the priesthood in these lines more willingly and generously given it would be for the universal good of the Church and the world.

Protestantism and infidelity are so used to a sort of amateur, contradictory and foolish freedom of thought, speculation, utterance and half-taught debate on these lines, that it is difficult, if not impossible, for them to understand that Catholic truth and Catho-



lic observance of religious duties being a perfect unity, about which all true Catholics are agreed, there is no tendency toward or need of, freedom, license, or divisions therein; hence, that what the Protestant and infidel look upon as Catholic bondage, every good Catholic knows to be the priceless possession of his faith,—the gift of God,—and hence the ground of the one true religious rest of the human soul.

In the other direction named there seems at first sight to be some points of danger. The various orders of the priesthood in the Catholic Church and the various orders of sanctified womanhood—all making a perfect phalanx of Catholic activity and power—appear so fully to cover the ground of intellectual, moral and spiritual influence, and, withal, to absorb so much of the better genius of all good Catholic souls—that there seems, at first sight, to be no high order of Catholic energy left outside of these communities, and really no sphere in which to use such energy, did it in fact really exist.

I propose to point out a few instances that disprove this assumption, and that show plainly how exceptional lay genius and ordinary intellectual and moral gifts find spheres of beautiful influence in the Catholic Church; and how, after a little, bishops, priests, and the various religious orders of Catholic womanhood grow proud of such co-workers, give them the right hand of fellowship, and help them in their arduous and very often lonely positions in this world.

Time would fail me were I to go into the history of the Church, and point out how, from the earliest days till this hour, the apostles themselves, and, after them, the hierarchy and priesthood of all times and nations have welcomed lay helpers in their own spheres, and above all have encouraged them in the utterance of such intellectual, moral, supernatural, political, artistic, scientific or other genius as Almighty God had given them.

This, however, could be done, and a splendid showing be made through eighteen hundred years for the accomplishments of the lay elements in the Church, and for the welcome and honor given them by the shining generations of the Catholic priesthood.

The task I have proposed to myself is a much shorter one, and the few instances to be named are familiar enough to the average world not to need especial data to prove them.

The first truly great world-poet, after Homer, was born of a

people, and in a country, that had been dominated absolutely by the Catholic priesthood about nine hundred years. In truth, it is one of the most remarkable facts of all history, one of the sublimest contradictions of modern notions of Protestant liberty, and its good effects upon the intellectuality of the race, as well as one of the supremest refutations of the slander that Catholic religion is not free, that the Church tends to crush out genius and freedom,—in a word, it is the sublimest testimony alike to the greatness, the beauty, the art, and the genius of the Church for good,—that it took the rotten and rotting society and civilization of old Rome, and after three hundred years of battle for Christ, and then, after nine hundred years of absolute dominion, evolved, taught, disciplined, encouraged and at last crowned and glorified, the one unique universal Christian poet of all the Christian ages.

Dante was the child of twelve hundred years of Catholic Christianity; and for thought, for art, for power, and a splendid immortality, he leads the armies of human genius since Homer, in his pagan blindness, sang the valor, art and faith of all the pagan years. Dante was a Catholic layman—love-sick, full of trouble, agitated, hunted, suspected, often misunderstood—by no means a universal favorite among the hierarchy of his day,—but the faith and genius the Church gave him found expression, patronage, a sphere, admirers, bread and wine, and now, after six hundred years of victory, he has the most cultured priests and poets and preachers, and scholars of all lines in this our land of boasted liberty—aye, in all lands where light and culture are the watchwords of the soul,—everywhere, all men and all classes of men, for interpreters, ready to love and honor him—this chief singer, and leader, and inspiring memory, of a land, and a people, we now pretend to despise.

Heavens, when I hear crude American moneyed men, and cheap newspaper editors, cry out against the Italians, as people of inferior culture and civilization to our own, and remember that these people have given us Raphael, Michael Angelo and Dante, the three supreme artists of all modern ages, I am impatient to have this crude Americanism held face downward under the torrents of Niagara till all such crass ignorance has been washed out of its unkempt head.

I gladly admit that the Catholic Church guards the portals of intellectual and moral truth as Protestantism cannot do. I frankly

admit, that its watchdog orders of priesthood are apt to make it difficult at times for a good man to utter his truth in this world; but God only knows how many crazy, half-taught and ill-inspired cranks have been prevented from inflicting their folly upon the world by just this watchdog policy of the Church. In a word, as I have put it before, the Church will not be fooled with, but when it finds that a layman has a truth to utter,—a burden laid upon his shoulders or his soul by Almighty God,—the Church, as far as I know, has always taken that man or that woman by the hand and aided in the work such soul was called to perform.

So will it be; so must it be to the end of time.

Copernicus, the Polish astronomer, and one of the most gifted and brilliant scientists of all time, was a Catholic layman, aided and encouraged in his investigations by the leading ecclesiastics of his day.

Galileo, the famous and unfortunate, was encouraged in his genuine scientific studies, and was only discouraged and condemned when he invaded the realm of philosophical theology, and tried to support his new theory of the earth's motion by the Scriptures.

Columbus, the world-renowned re-discoverer, and first successful European colonizer, of this vast new continent of America, was a most devout Catholic layman, and, as all the world knows, was encouraged in his heroic endurance of misfortune, and now and again kept from despair, by the blessed ministration of a Catholic monastery.

Joan of Arc, the heaven-inspired saviour of France, was a Catholic shepherd-girl, sustained in her daring by the authorities of the Church, and condemned only by those whom the Church had already practically condemned. And here, in comparatively modern times, as often before in her history, the Church recognized the supernatural gifts of a common peasant maiden.

But let us leave the sphere of science and the marvelous, and come nearer to our own days.

Bismarck, the worldly-wise, shrewd, boastful captain of modern European destinies, was faced, argued with, denounced, outwitted, and finally conquered, by the brilliant intellectual gifts and the splendid persistent faith of a Catholic layman. The German and Polish-German archbishops, bishops and priests of the Church, when persecuted by this greatest and most unprincipled tyrant of



modern times, suffered and died at his hands, but they could not withstand and defeat him; but Herr Windthorst, a simple, unpretentious little German Catholic lawyer, fought this master of European diplomacy, this new victor of modern nations, this most highly honored and exalted prince of the powers of darkness, and finally vanquished him, glory be to God! It is needless to add that the Church, from the Pope and its highest councils down through all grades of its priesthood and lay membership, encouraged and sustained this most remarkable and never-to-be-forgotten slayer of the greatest Philistine of all the modern centuries.

In truth, let us come to our own homes and firesides. Orestes Brownson—founder of the once famous Brownson's *Review*—did more to popularize Catholic truth, and to win respect for it among the intelligent classes of Americans, than any half-dozen bishops or archbishops of his day and generation.

Like all great souls, especially those who among Catholics work in the sphere of science or serious literature—which so often verges on the realms of theology—he was alike encouraged and discouraged by the ecclesiastics of his time; but he found his own sphere, adhered to it, and, though by no means always right, or logical in his conclusions, he was in harmony with fundamental Catholic truth, and has easily won first place among the American Catholic moral and literary forces of the last generation.

Indeed, who doubts that in our own day Professor Maurice Francis Egan, the lovely poet and story-teller of Notre Dame, is wielding a greater influence for Catholic truth than any dozen ecclesiastics of these very days and hours?

What is true of the laymen of genius in the Catholic Church is also true, and always has been true, of her gifted women—I mean gifted women outside the almost celestial orders of her convents.

Almost, indeed quite, within reach of the smoky, crude, obtrusive self-assertiveness of the termagant women of Chicago, the names of Elizabeth Adams and Miss Eliza Allen Starr flash across our loving memory as revealing pictures of modest but brilliant Catholic women, each of them wielding a magic influence for Catholic truth and culture, of which influence any priest in Chicago might well be proud.

I will not speak of myself and my own *Review*. I am but a child in the Church; yet I have lived more, thought more and suffered more, to find and utter Catholic truth than have all of

these; and I know that the *GLOBE REVIEW*, as testified to by hundreds of priestly subscribers, is doing a work for Catholic truth, in this day, which the whitest angels of the Church will not one day be ashamed to honor; and when I am dead and gone, and men forget my independence and see only the power of truth, of God-given truth, there is in the words I am called to utter, I do not doubt that here and there many a loyal and loving Catholic soul will have a kind thought for me.

I do not hesitate to say that outside the accepted dogmas and morals of the Church, about which we are all agreed as by light of heaven and gifts divine, there is more liberty and a broader place, space and sphere of work for laymen and women in the Catholic Church, of this and the future ages, than can be found in connection with any or with all other religious denominations in the world.

God forbid that I should disparage the exalted position or influence of the priesthood and hierarchy of the Church. In truth, though a layman among Catholics, I gave up the ministry over a Congregational Church only six months before entering the rest of the true fold—and all my sympathies are with the priestly profession. But my eyes are not blind to the facts of history, or to the doors of heroic ministry, open to loyal Catholic souls who are not of the priesthood, or the sisterhoods of the Church.

Human nature has not changed these last three thousand years—not to any extent; and the demands of the human soul, and of nations of human souls, are very much to-day what they were when the shepherd-king David sang songs in the Hebrew ear that made the dronings of the priests seem duller than a rainy day. All through the ages it has been the same and it ever will be the same.

The Hebrew priesthood was ordained of God,—but very few of the words and influences of her priests have come down to future ages. Then, as now, they did the routine drudgery of the morals of the soul. But the Hebrew poet-prophets, like Isaiah, and her poet-kings, like David, and her philosophic rulers, like Solomon,—in a word, the laymen of genius, of free manhood, consecrated to truth and culture,—were the truly inspired teachers of her religion to the intelligence of her people,—and they were the chosen vehicles of heaven to hand down the eternal messages of religious truth to our modern world.

The same story is true of Greece and of Rome. Their orders of

priesthood were as exclusive and honored in their exaltation and in their sense of divine superintendence and direction as the most exclusive priesthood of our own day. But Homer and Plato and Socrates and Sophocles and Virgil and Cicero became the vehicles of heaven to give literary and popular expression to the faiths and morals of the Greek and Roman nations, and it is from the works of Greek and Latin as from the works of Hebrew laymen that modern nations gain the embalmed story of the soul-struggles, hopes, faiths, doubts and victories of the aspiring millions of those ancient times.

This fact is just as literally true of all our Christian ages. St. Augustine and St. Thomas are the great theological lights of the Church, through whom modern priests not so gifted intellectually or not so absolutely consecrated to the work of finding the truth of God in its more primal sources, now find theological guidance; and these learned men, with others of similar calibre of head and heart, will ever remain as the chief guides of students for the priesthood. But the masses of the future world will also be informed,—and what was true of old is true now, viz., that religious truth needs and demands a literary and a poetic as well as a theological statement.

Let me repeat: the history of the world proves this fact, that religious truth, faith and belief need and demand a literary or a poetic as well as a theological statement; further, that the priests of Christianity, like the priests of other and older religions, have not to any extent ever made this literary or poetic statement of the faith of their day; further, that laymen—literary men and poets of the soul—have always made such popular statement of the religious faith existing at the hour, that they are doing it to-day and will continue to do it to the end of time.

It took God Almighty and his divine Church twelve hundred years to make a man who could make an adequate literary and poetic statement of the faith of Christendom; Dante was that man.

In his literary and popular utterances the priest is too often so full of pose, of rhetoric, of embellishment, of manners, that it is difficult to follow his thought because one becomes embarrassed by or vexed with this tinsel and elaboration of garmenting; indeed it often seems doubtful if the rhetorician himself has not lost the thread of his thought in the flying clouds of its adornment. In



a word, the priest as a rule is not at home in literary and poetic expression, while the literary man or a true poet sails the seas of profoundest thought and of lightest ærial poetry as easily as a swallow cuts the air. And this is the art that finally captures the souls of men in all lines of thought.

In our own day the true faith of Catholics will be made clear to the masses of thinking people by the new literary forces now engaged in publishing works in sympathy with Catholic faith, but not stating that faith in the theological formulas of the Church. And here is the sphere where the literary Catholic layman, and the lay Catholic poet, at once in touch with the lay Catholic world and at home in the faith, stands side by side with the most gifted ecclesiastics God and the Church have ever made and honored, and in every sense the peer of the best and most exalted of these.

Possibly I am here asserting a truth that will meet with opposition, and that, like all great truths and the utterances of them, will have to fight and win its way. Certainly there is a feeling among many priestly teachers that they alone are the chosen ministers of God for the utterance of his divine messages to this world.

Let me point them to the lay stars that stud the eternal heavens of the past ages, and assure them, in good plain English, that, "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever will be, world without end;" and woe be to that bigoted priest or man who, from jealousy, false pride, or any low and unworthy motive, dares to put his tongue or hand or pen in the way of that Catholic layman or woman who, having a message of God's truth to deliver, is delivering that message with clean lips and a hallowed soul.

W. H. THORNE.

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## AUBREY DE VERE

Is the third son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere of Curragh Chase, County of Limerick, and was born in 1814 and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. A fitting spot, too, for a poet to be born is that stately mansion near Adare standing on the margin of a woodskirted lake. His mother was sister to the late Lord Montague; and Aubrey de Vere's writings make the fact abundantly

evident that he and his two brothers—the late Sir Vere de Vere and Sir Stephen de Vere, the present baronet—are converts to the Catholic faith. A volume of his religious poems has been called the most exquisite combination of poetry and piety to be found in the literature of any country, and as going far to vindicate to poetry the grand title of handmaid of religion.

He has written many volumes of poems and dramas—"Alexander the Great," "St. Thomas of Canterbury," "Legends of St. Patrick," etc. His "May Carols" form a poet's month of Mary, where he has laid his sweetest and fairest flowers upon the altar of the Madonna.

Classical inspiration naturally exercised its influence most powerfully on so cultivated a scholar as De Vere, but in his maturity this influence happily gives way to the inspirations drawn from the love of country, love of God's truth and God's church, and from the living interests of the world around us and above us.

The daughter of Coleridge says, "I have lived among poets a great deal, but a more entire poet, one more of a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful and so gracious; sportive and joyful, yet with a depth of sincerity in his nature ever present. His mind is like his face, which seems to be all eyes and forehead; not that it is disproportioned in size, but that the eyes and forehead alone fix the attention and seem to constitute the face."

He has consecrated his great gifts to the honor of God in His church and in His faithful Irish people; and with gratitude and reverence we proclaim our belief that, in the loftiness of his themes, in his unselfish and untiring devotion to his art, and in his superiority to all ignoble thought and unworthy diction which might catch more readily the ear of the unskilled and unstudious listener, and in that joyous perseverance which is itself the proof and crown of a divine vocation—Aubrey de Vere is a true poet divinely called.

The above, regarding the life and work of Aubrey de Vere, is from a European magazine. His great poems and his prose works have all been reviewed. There was a short notice in a Western magazine some twenty years ago of his "Alexander The Great," which ends in this wise: "It has been said that De Vere

has very little of the native wit and humor so characteristic of his countrymen; and as far as his writings show it appears to be correct. He can afford to be without these; we have a superabundance of wit and humor, much more than we can laugh at, and he is but a light creature who wishes to laugh and dance away his time—face to face with this world as it now is. De Vere has seen and felt, as every follower of Christ must see and feel, the beauty of sorrow; and he has the power in his portrayal of suffering and desolation to awaken in the heart a pathos a thousand times more precious and pregnant for good than wit and humor. He has given us in this dramatic poem a work as deep and beautiful in thought, as heroic, as sustained and consistent with itself and the time and region in which the characters lived, and purer than any drama in the English tongue whose subject is taken from profane history. If Aubrey de Vere is somewhat like the Fra Angelico who could not or would not paint demons—if he shuns the consideration and exhibition of that which is ugly and base in man, if his dwelling is on the heights ‘where love begins,’ and though the ordinary reader may not be able to read, see, or appreciate the exalted beauty of his writings—he has, or will have, a fit audience of the gifted, the pure, the loving and the brave, which must grow larger day by day and year by year for many generations yet to come.”

His last work that we have seen is “*Mediæval Records and Sonnets*” (Macmillan & Co., London, 1893), which is, we believe, for sale in this country.

It contains “Columbus at Seville,” “Legends of The Cid,” “Robert Bruce’s Heart,” “St. Francis and Perfect Joy,” “Death of Copernicus,” and many others; also, some forty sonnets on Mediæval Art, Tennyson, Browning, Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, etc.

“Columbus at Seville” is the one most suited to this time and country. The great Discoverer is on his death-bed, and from his own lips and knowledge we have some terrible pictures of the cruelties inflicted by the Spaniards on the natives; and also a fine picture of Queen Isabella, who had just then died. All the poems in this volume are of the highest excellence. We give a few choice selections:



## CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Thy ninety years on earth have passed away ;  
 At last thou retest 'mid that heavenly clime  
 Where Act is Rest, and age perpetual prime ;  
 Thy noblest, holiest work begins this day.  
 Begins, not ends ! Best Work is Prayer ; and they  
 Who plead, absolved from bonds of Space and Time,  
 With lordliest labor work that work sublime,  
 Order our planet with benignest sway.  
 So work, great Spirit ! Thy toils, foregone each year,  
 Bear fruit on earth ! Thousands but praise thee now :  
 Those laureates soon will bend a brighting brow  
 O'er tomes of thine ; on each may drop a tear  
 For friends that o'er blind oceans pushed their prow  
 Self-cheated of a guiding light so clear.

## FATHER DAMIEN.

Lives there not, still replaced as time goes by,  
 Some man who wears the wide earth's crown of woe,  
 Pain's Victim Priest, a shadow cast below  
 Of Him, that Victim Priest enthroned on high ?  
 Mounts not that man elect his Calvary  
 Like Christ by choice not doom ? If this be so  
 The world's blind prophets ill the graces know  
 Men reap from that perennial agony !  
 Damien ! No name like thine exalts old story !  
 Dread Leper Saint, pray well for me and mine  
 Both here and harbored in eternal glory ;  
 For this is sure—that living woes like thine  
 Are knit so closely with Christ's Death Divine  
 They draw from it some power expiatory.

## THE POET.

None sang of Love more nobly ; few as well ;  
 Of Friendship none with pathos so profound ;  
 Of Duty sternliest proved when myrtle-crowned ;  
 Of English grove and rivulet, mead and dell ;  
 Great Arthur's Legend he alone dared tell,  
 Milton and Dryden feared to tread that ground ;  
 For him alone o'er Camelot's fairy bound  
 The horns of Elf-land blew their magic spell.  
 Since Shakespeare and since Wordsworth none hath sung  
 So well his England's greatness ; none hath given  
 Reproof more fearless or advice more sage ;  
 None trulier taught how near to earth is heaven ;  
 With what vast concords Nature's harp is strung ;  
 How base false pride ; factions fanatic rage.

The last is on Tennyson. Aubrey de Vere wrote a sonnet long, long ago, which a celebrated English poet calls the finest in the English language. But enough has been given above, from this greatest Catholic Christian poet, to make any true lover of poetry desire to read his works for himself. B. I. DURWARD.

*Milwaukee, Wis.*

## GLOBE NOTES.

SINCE the last issue of the *GLOBE* I have been greatly amused now and then over the patronizing expressions of certain people to this effect: "And you have a bishop among your writers in the last *GLOBE*, Mr. Thorne."

Under such pressure I feel very carnal. Some years ago, after I had written a notice of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" for one of the Philadelphia newspapers, that posing old loafer met me on Chestnut Street one day, and in the most obsequious of tones intimated that it might be a good thing for me to attach myself to his interests, so to speak, in the literary world.

In my notice I had spoken of him as the titan, the hard-mouthed mechanic, wasting his life in the hurling of words; but never in all his alleged poetry had he seemed to me so utterly grotesque and mechanical and plebeian as he seemed that day. I felt very much like saying to him "Go to the d—l with your untaught conceit;" and from that day I ceased to have any respect for the "good gray poet."

I touch the old incident with newer comment only to say that precisely as I felt towards Whitman years ago, so have I felt recently towards those virtuous souls who imagine that I or this *REVIEW* can be especially honored or exalted by the writings of any bishop or archbishop on the face of the earth.

"I like a priest, I like a cowl,  
I love a prophet of the soul,  
And on mine eyes monastic aisles  
Fall like the grace of pensive smiles."

Yea, even more, far more sacredly; and I fully recognize the value and honor connected with every humblest and most exalted position in the gift of the church. I recognize fully the need of these exalted positions; admit, as a child, the reverence due them, and the obedience, in their own sphere, that must be given to occupants of these positions. But the world of literature knows no bishops or archbishops, save those who have been crowned and glorified by the consensus of the intellectual and literary standards of the human race; and I, of all men, have been freed by heaven of any and all sycophancy that could, by any possibility, be flattered by the attention of men in high position, be they

kings, or princes, or priests, or bishops, or cardinals, on the Eternal throne.

I was glad to receive and to publish Bishop Howley's article in the last GLOBE REVIEW—coming to me, as it did, with true and manly recognition of the power of the GLOBE for good in the Catholic world; not because it was written by a bishop, but because it was well and ably written, full of ripe scholarship, saturated with genuine fairness of view, and, above all, because almost new in modern respectable American literature, it proclaimed and defended a great truth of history that has not only been neglected by the mechanic and prejudiced historians and their schoolboy *claqueurs*, but also because it proclaimed a truth of history that has been distorted and wrenched into falsehood by so many writers of modern times.

Had not Bishop Howley's paper treated of some such theme, and in some such manner, and had it not been more ably written than most of the recent effusions of prominent churchmen about whose mere mediocre productions such an hullabaloo is constantly made in the slavish Catholic weeklies that seem hired for the very purpose of daubing the poor fame of men with untempered mortar; in a word, had not Bishop Howley's paper been altogether superior to the average literary productions of the bishops of our day, it never would have been accepted by or published in the GLOBE REVIEW. And any writer, priest, bishop, or what not, who does not consider it a greater honor to himself to have an article of his appear in this magazine than it is to the GLOBE or its editor to publish such article, need not send the matter to me; for, in the first place, it is plain that the attitude of his mind toward the literary and thinking world is not such as to enable him to write an article worthy of these pages.

Bishop Spalding's recent paper in the *North American Review* was as tame as it was unfortunate and ill-advised. Cardinal Gibbons's more recent article on "Christian Unity" was still tamer, but of excellent spirit; and Mgr. Satolli's article on "Italian Parochial Schools," published in the same *Review*, was sapless and profitless enough to have been written by any mediocre priest just entering his clerical career. Not one of these papers would have appeared on its own merits in any standard review in our language. The *North American* simply bought the fame of these gentlemen for its own uses, and if they go out of their chosen sphere



on such errands, they must take the consequences. The *GLOBE* will not puff or praise them. Their own sphere is supposed to be the highest God has given or can give to men; and I advise them to stay in it; or, if they must dabble in literature, let them work and think till they have prepared something worthy of the love and fame their own true positions have won for them.

Of course, the hireling Catholic weeklies will not say this. They have not brains or courage enough to say it. Of course, the hide-bound Catholic magazines will not say it. They do not practise that sort of penance. And when I hear of Father Tom, Dick and Harry trotting over our Western towns giving temperance lectures, etc., I can but laugh at the silly music these men are substituting for the Gregorian harmonies and the love of God.

I practice temperance myself, but I have seen pretty hard drinkers that had more true religion than many of these single-tax and temperance-reform lecturers presume to practise, no matter what they profess or pretend. I know that this is severe, but I am prepared to prove my assertions.

In view of these expressions of independence and self-appreciation, I do not expect the sycophants, the lackeys, the poodle dogs or the hypocrite heresy-hunters of the church to believe even that my expressions of love, reverence, faith and obedience are sincere, much less do I expect them to believe that I am the most modest and sensitive and shrinking of all men. They think that they have all the faith, all the reverence, all the orthodoxy, all the modesty there is in the world. "They are more Catholic and orthodox than the Pope," and the habit of their own lives is apt to be so false and slavish that they cannot associate independence with humility any more than they can associate poverty with power; nevertheless, in all the ablest men of the race these latter characteristics have gone hand in hand, and are to-day the double twin masters of the world.

I ask no position, I claim no honor; I am the least, of all the willing children of the Church, unworthy to be called a priest, a prophet, a teacher of Christ—that is, from my own inner and settled feeling; but come to me with your false notions of faith, of reverence, and without charity; come to me in this mood and harp on my independence, and presume that I am honored because a bishop had written for the *GLOBE*, and I tell you, out of a still deeper consciousness of power, given to me hand in hand with this

inner and quieter consciousness—come to me, I say, with your heads filled with hypocritical notions of the exalted honors due to ecclesiastical persons *outside of their own vocation*, and I tell you that I, too, have power and honor and position, compared with which theirs is but the gilded garments of external formality; that I, too, have already scattered and will scatter rays of heaven's own light along the sacredest aisles of the human soul; have already kindled and will still kindle flames of consecrated truth and life upon your very altars, cleaner, brighter, sharper and more powerful for good and inspiration than anything that has happened in this world since Peter got his second sight and the scales of hellish prejudice fell from the eyes of the Apostle Paul.

Now rub your own eyes, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have of late been keenly interested in the tentative sparring for position now going on in this country between the curates or assistant priests and the pastors in charge, also between priests and the bishops and archbishops of the dioceses to which said priests belong.

It is an open secret that hundreds of young priests or curates find the overbearing tyrannies of their superiors, that is, of the pastors of churches over which said curates are co-laborers, simply unendurable. Young priests have said to me, "Why, Mr. Thorne, it is simply outrageous. We are loyal to the Church, but we cannot stand the unreasoning tyranny of individual men."

And the gifted Father Lambert, lately editor of the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, has recently been quoted in various Catholic papers as suggesting that it might be well for young priests and others not so young to pray regularly, "Good Lord deliver us from superiors with dyspeptic stomachs."

The same writer, in a recent notice of the controversy between Bishop Spalding and certain archbishops, did not hesitate to suggest that the alleged opposition of the American archbishops to the sending of Mgr. Satolli to this country was natural enough; for they were "interested parties," the clear meaning being that they were afraid of having their own practically supreme authority interfered with. And when the gad-about and noisy Dr. McGlynn was in Chicago the past autumn, exposing his folly as the mouth-

piece of Henry George, it is worthy of note that the parish priest who put his church at the service of this single-tax reformer was one whose relations with the archbishop of the diocese have long been strained to such an extent that only the extreme wisdom and Christian charity of the archbishop are to be credited with the prevention of an open rupture. Sometimes the spleen is on one side and sometimes it is on the other.

I do not think the trouble is with the dyspeptic stomachs of overbearing priests or bishops or archbishops, but that it is far deeper and more radical than this; and that it is calling in these days for a very radical cure.

During the past three years I have listened to the preachings, and have watched the executive action of many priests as well as of others in higher authority. As a rule, my observation teaches me that the archbishops in this country and also the bishops are not only learned and gifted men, but men of great patience and wisdom in the management of their own charges. But with many priests I have noticed, alike in their preaching and methods of discipline, an arbitrariness, an overweening show of authority, very contrary to the spirit of their Master and mine.

I think the defect is partly due to the system of training which leads them to look upon themselves not as servants and fatherly helpers of God's children, but as masters and rulers over subjects of their own.

A father is not a tyrant. He rules in love if at all. Never is he tyrannical till his love and patience have been despised.

On the other hand, I would not be lecturing priests. None but themselves know the hardness, duplicity, and selfishness of the human hearts under their direction; but should they use less authority and more wisdom and charity the kingdom of Christ would be aided thereby. Moreover, we are in a land of so-called liberty; "like people like priests," all are feeling the impulses of declarative self-independence. In these days children know more than their parents and dictate to them or contradict them without a blush of shame.

I am not saying that our liberty is real; and God forbid that I should seem to defend the crude and ignorant self-assertiveness of the people of these days. But we are in the midst of this age of freedom—and the priests who would win and hold the love and loyalty of their curates or their people must themselves show



a spirit and a habit of gentleness and patience toward their people, and a spirit of love and loyalty for their own superiors in ecclesiastical office. Do not get mad at me, my friends. I am an old man in fact, if not in appearance, and I am sure you will pardon this fatherly counsel. Remember how much of the same kind you give to others.

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Since the issue of the last *GLOBE*, the autocrat of all the Russians and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" have passed to those regions wherein we cease to be critical and speak only good of the dead.

The severest and most ungracious thing said of the late Czar by any of his enemies seems to me to have been the remark of an American newspaper to the effect "that his life had caused the shedding of many more tears than would be occasioned by his death."

On the whole, perhaps the faults, or so-called faults, of his tyranny have been exaggerated. There is no telling to what extent the accident of his son's love for a Jewess, and the accidents of the illegitimate children that grew out of that love, might have embittered the father's heart toward a race whose women have been as remarkable for their beauty as have its men, in the old times, been remarkable for divine wisdom, and in modern ages for mammonite sagacity. At all events, no amount of humanity toward the Jews or of persecution of them can change or thwart the divine plans and prophecies regarding them, and I have all along been satisfied that the late Czar was only a tool in the hands of Providence, working to these ends.

Next to the pacific purposes of the late Emperor William of Germany, that is, after all his own and Bismarck's ends had been gained, it is more than likely that the influence of the late Czar had more to do with keeping the peace of Europe the last twenty years than that of any other or all the other European powers together. I am satisfied, however, that he would have broken the peace of Europe any time in all these years, had he seen his way to lay hands upon the prizes of his life-long ambitions. But the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, plus the pledged sympathy of England with these in case of war, made it unwise to face the old struggle for Constantinople, or even for

further domination in the Danubian provinces, or to force his way through the Persian Gulf or the Mediterranean to the trade of the southern nations. Since this was written, there are signs that the entire European position is altogether changing.

It was well enough for France and Russia to coquette with one another; to show that neither was absolutely isolated in the Old World's affairs; but the late Czar was too good and too wise a man to fight a world-battle for any sentimentality, or to help France in her scheme of revenge against Germany.

It is easy to abuse such a man, but which of his abusers would have done better, all things considered, than he himself performed? All the severities toward Nihilism have been justified by the simple proposition that self-preservation, or the law of necessity, knows no higher law. If an enemy will have your life, give it, grandly, willingly, or shoot him dead.

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What sweeter and different reflections fill the mind in contemplating the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." All readers of the *GLOBE* know that I do not class Dr. Holmes among the great thinkers, the great poets, or the great writers of the century. But he was always one of the best and loveliest of our second-best men. His nature was as genial as spring weather, and as mellow as Indian summer. His wit was of the rarest, natural kind. Had he given his life to any great and deep purpose in literature, poetic or other, he would have been a great writer, and a greater man; but he was the mouthpiece of an age of New-England, Seneca-like Socinianism; a "liberal" in religion, an amateur in philosophy, an expert in medicine and all hygienic reforms—in a word, a good-natured, smiling gentleman, not too conscious of the sins or damnations of this world, or the world to come.

His early efforts in literature were decidedly his best. As he grew older, he grew more self-conscious, more stilted and imitative in his poetry, more inclined to mere good nature in his prose. In a word, the E. E. Hale moonshine was over him, and, when he undertook to do serious work in his old days, as in his "Life of Emerson," he miserably failed.

The dear, kindly, dapper old gentleman, may flights of angels bear him to such place and rest as the kindest of Heaven's sweet laws can possibly allow.

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It has, in truth, been a new era of death-knells. While the good people of the Bay State were mourning the death of the last representative of that group of chosen men who made New England thought and life immortal during the past two generations, the sturdy people of the Keystone State were sorrowing in strong admiration for the taking-away of their great war-governor—one of the last, in his way too, of that noble army of men who, in the last generation, plucked this land from the hands of the demon of sanctioned and legislated bondage, and forced the fight on to the higher ground of freedom, won by the merits of the intelligent human soul. To praise the late Governor Curtin were to praise the great heroic episode of our history—an epoch already crowned and glorified by such martyrs as Lincoln and Sumner, and Grant—all of whom stood and fought for freedom, “when God himself seemed dumb.”

Curtin and the Camerons and McClure—the latter now of the *Philadelphia Times*—were all among those old-time Pennsylvania Democrats who, without any special conscientious scruples regarding slavery, flew to the nation’s rescue when her flag of honor and glory had been insulted by misguided foes. I was a Pennsylvania young man in those years, full of anti-slavery enthusiasm, and it is difficult for me to speak calmly of my admiration for the most intrepid, aggressive governor of all the war-governors of those earnest days. No man has told or can tell Curtin’s glorious story as well as the Hon. A. K. McClure. Long live the memory of Andrew G. Curtin—one of the noblest characters America has ever given to the heroes of universal history.

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While all this mourning was going on in the East, one of the loveliest neighborhoods of Chicago felt a shadow on its waters and in its homes, because the genial, plucky and kindly independent teacher of liberal Protestant orthodoxy had been called to cease his utterances in Central Music Hall and to face those portals whose doorways never outward swing.

As a Catholic and a man who has given his life to sift religious truths and authority to the bottom, I cannot think or speak of Mr. Swing’s teachings and influence as other than retrograding from that deep and true belief and obedience that ought to characterize all Christian souls.

And, of course, I look upon the wholesale and unconditional



eulogies that the newspapers of Chicago heaped upon this man, as the "great theologian," etc., etc., as so much outpouring of ignorant but well-meant sympathy and admiration.

The Chicago newspaper either slops over all in a heap of fulsome eulogy or bites his bitter lips in sullen silence, like a crude, bad boy.

On the other hand, as between Swing and the Presbyterianism that forced him out of its Church, I swear by Swing every time; and all good men say amen to those praises of his charity and gentleness which themselves are a sort of incentive to charity and noble deeds.

In reality, there is no good reason to suppose, however, that Mr. Swing did \$10,000 worth of good per year in Chicago, or, all told, in any part of the world; and the lavish liberals, who spent their easy-gotten wealth so generously on him, might have employed it to better advantage in other ways.

And Dr. McCosh—see the GLOBE, No. 1, for an account of his life-work—had no sooner finished his Calvinistic Philosophy, by dying with it in his hand, than Anton Rubinstein, all things considered, the greatest pianist American audiences have ever listened to—passed through the silent harmonies of death to those angelic symphonies and winged marches of melody by which the soul ascends to its final impulses of joy and its songs of glory. "Bon voyage" is all we have for these.

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The political landslide in favor of the Republicans in November last was just about as sensible as the political landslide in favor of the Democrats in November, 1892. In a word, the results in both cases prove how completely the knave American politician (dictated to by the knave European financier) and the knave American organ-editor, and the fool American voter, are in charge of the ballot-box, and the judgment and conscience of the shifting, half-taught and always plunging American nation.

There was no especial reason for the political landslide of 1892. The Harrison administration had not been a brilliant one, neither on the other hand had it been a very dangerous one. Mr. McKinley and his Congress had bungled the tariff question, but all our Congresses have been doing that from the first to the last. Sherman and his *claquers* had bungled the monetary question, but all our financiers have bungled it for a hundred years. Blaine

had bungled our international policy, and had especially committed himself to the Hawaiian rascality, since and now legalized, but we have had no international statesman since Alexander Hamilton. Wanamaker had bungled the Postal Department, had gotten into a fight with Western Union, wanted to apply his cramping shop-keeping, cheap-line-and-pocket-the-proceeds gag-law of squeezing and sweating trade methods to Mr. Green & Co., and of course on finding a man of his size was whipped out of his boots. But the entire postal department of the United States, instead of looking upon itself as hired by the public to do its business, assumes to be master of the public and passes regulations and postal laws that a sick Indian would be ashamed of, so that even Wanamaker was no sufficient excuse for the downfall of Republicanism in 1892; and as for Harrison himself, he was always as harmless as a country temperance reformer.

But the knave-fool editors of 1892 made the fool voters of 1892 believe that, somehow, Harrison & Co. were to blame for the hard times then already threatening the land; whereas these same knave-fool editors and these same fool voters of both parties—by reason of their spendthrift, reckless and unprincipled methods of life—were very largely to blame then as always for the miseries that came upon the world.

Nevertheless, the millionfold fool voters wanted a change—wanted a victim—wanted a hero—and flew to Cleveland, much as a millionfold flock of common crows fly to a carcass already too decayed for nourishing food.

The same kind of reasoning explains the stupid landslide of last November. The knave-fool organ newspaper editor and the knave-fool political stump-speaker had by this time persuaded the millionfold fool voter that instead of being the saviours promised, Cleveland & Co. had really precipitated the hard times of 1893 and 1894—as if financial crises came in a night, and were not the results of years of wickedness. Hence, and in spite of the fact that Cleveland & Co. did try for a half year to undo the stupid Republican blunders of Sherman & Co., and even though they did pass a sort of bill squinting at tariff reform, which—thank God—the President would not sign; and notwithstanding the fact that under the new Democratic tariff bill trade began to brighten and men to look up again, the millionfold fool American voter simply rushed pell-mell in stupidest phalanxes of unutterable ignorance

to cast his vote for the old total abstinence and tea party administration of Harrison, Wanamaker & Co.

I fancy Mr. Quay of Pennsylvania and other wide-awake Eastern Republicans have put their hands in their pockets many a time since last November, and amid side-splitting laughter and champagne have said again and again, "Gad! what fools these mortals be."

Of course the landslide is liable to go on, sweeping the elections of 1896, but after that, unless the Republican party—as I wrote Mr. Quay years ago—will give up its injurious and lying notions on the tariff and itself become a people's party in favor of free trade, a bimetal standard of money, and take up in earnest the GLOBE's suggestions of a year ago—undertaking to employ the millions of unemployed upon the much-needed national improvements of our roads and ocean and river wharfage—the millionfold fool American voter will soon swing around again and try the extinct Democrats once more.

And God pity the nation which has not a man in it big enough to plan and advocate any great system of national and international policy, manly and grand and practical,—that would at once win the intelligence of America and the admiration of the world.

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On page 16 of the GLOBE, No. 1, published in 1889, and under the head of *Signs of the Times*, curious readers may find this paragraph:—"And what with newspaper reports that Japan and China are rapidly acquiring the ways of European and American civilization there are not wanting indications that some sort of millennium is at hand," etc.

The recent prize-fight between China and Japan is evidence enough that the celestial empires are already in the vestibule of that bloody butchery known as civilized war. The GLOBE has never had but one voice touching the infamy of modern warfare. The GLOBE is glad to learn that its Boston imitator has recently come to the same ground. The GLOBE looks upon the action of the American Government in undertaking to mediate after the Chinese Sullivan was knocked out, with precisely the same sort of respect it would feel for an umpire in the most brutal prize-fight; and it looks upon the millions of miles of telegraphing and newspaper tattle on all that as the chatter of so many apes engaged in the



business of trying to make their own folly respectable. Nevertheless all civilized communities must be gulled, and there must be newspapers to gull them.

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Touching the now famous and so-called issue of Gold Bonds, the GLOBE has the same feeling of contempt that it has for the entire American, Japan and Chinese mediation, treaty or what not. In plain English, the Government of the United States had to borrow another \$50,000,000 to save its credit with European gold-sharks and meet its expenses at home. I call it the most dastardly and despicable business management under the sun. That a nation like ours, with exhaustless fertile lands, with gold mines and silver mines enough to furnish gold and silver for all the world; with resources of revenue and trade enough to enrich all the nations of the earth, should be a borrower at all, is an infernal shame. But as I have said in the GLOBE over and over again, a few Jews carry the nations in their vest pockets. Only we are such blinded asses as to suppose that we are carrying the Jews. In one sense we are carrying them, that is, Uncle Sam, Cleveland, Stevenson & Co.—with the entire voting population of the United States in the Co.—are the abject slaves of a few European bankers and of their tools in New York and Chicago. In a word, the Cleveland government has pawned a few more of its mother's jewels in order to find common and sufficient plumage and paint for its eagle-wings. It is a great bird, this republican democracy of the nineteenth century. Plucked but proud as ever in its bare-faced ignorance of the laws of morals and of trade.

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The next "greatest thing in the world" is or was the Women's Convention that lately met at Cleveland, Ohio. These dear creatures—God pity them!—went to Cleveland, shook their skirts and threw down their bonnets, in favor of Prohibition, government ownership of newspapers, etc., etc., and went back to their sweet-hearts and husbands with feelings of pride unusual even to the female understanding. It is useless to argue with angels, they simply flap their wings in your face, think they have smothered you and go off to flap their wings elsewhere. It is useless to tell them that Maine is the most drunken, irreligious and hypocritical state in the Union. They simply do not believe you and there's

an end of it. It is useless to tell them that whatever the United States Government has undertaken to manage from the days of the Declaration of Independence to Cleveland's last message to Congress, it has bungled and blundered over, undoing to-day what it did yesterday and calling itself a fool for not seeing its own folly. It is useless to tell them that whatever the Government manages to-day is managed with less skill than any ordinary business enterprise in the country. It is useless to tell them that the Government of the United States is the very worst part of the United States, the least moral and the most brainless—their only reply is, "we think the Government ought to manage the newspapers." "We think,"—but you do not think, you untaught, conceited, yelling gangs of skirt and bonnet wearers: you do not think, you cannot think. God never gave you brains to think. Your heads are simply overheated with the crudest and most hellish notions of the nineteenth century, and you were better dead and buried than making female fools of yourselves at Cleveland or elsewhere. Could I have had my way I would have tapped Niagara and turned the heaviest water-main on earth full into the midst of that convention till every woman in it was drowned beyond rescue.

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I must express my sincere thanks to the literary critics all over the country for their kindly and generous notices of my little pet, "Quintets." Of course the book is very dear to me—it is soul of my soul—and being conscious of its defects I am all the more grateful for the charity with which these have been treated. On the other hand the book has genuine and unusual merits—testimony to that fact is already rich and abundant—and these merits, as far as I can judge from the notices that have reached me so far, were more clearly detected and praised by the critics of the *Boston Herald* and the *Boston Advertiser*—two of the oldest and ablest papers in the country—than by any others who have written of the book. But my unexpressible gratitude is due to those cultured asses, with Boston eye-glasses, who wrote the notices of "Quintets" for the *Boston Pilot* and the *Sacred Heart Review* and who wasted their wisdom over my copyright and meters. Keep it up, gentlemen, and by-and-by I will tell you were your own "copyrights" ought to be. Meanwhile locate them in Hades, if you please.

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Six months ago I resigned my professorship in St. Viateur's College in order to devote my whole energy to the management of this REVIEW. I am happy to state that the practical results have fully justified this action.

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It also gives me great pleasure to state that Mr. William Rehn Claxton, for the past twenty years an honored member of the Philadelphia Bar, has purchased a liberal interest in the GLOBE REVIEW, and will hereafter be its ASSOCIATE EDITOR. Mr. Claxton is a typical Philadelphia gentleman of the best class, and I have no doubt that his calm and logical deliberateness will soon be recognized as a happy counterpart of my own impetuous independence. Mr. Claxton is already well known as a writer of rare ability.

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For more than a year I have been planning to make New York City the headquarters of the GLOBE, and I am sure that its best friends in all parts of the world will be glad to learn that I have leased a beautiful office in the new and beautiful Decker Building on Union Square, New York City, and subscribers, advertisers, exchanges and all correspondents will hereafter please address all communications to: THE GLOBE REVIEW, Decker Building, New York City.

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In concluding these GLOBE NOTES let me urge all subscribers who are in arrears to forward their subscriptions promptly without obliging us to send bills. Every reader of the GLOBE knows that it is worth ten times the price paid for it, and every Catholic reader ought to know that it is doing more to advance Catholic truth and Catholic liberty than all the hide-bound Catholic organs together; and if it treads on your toes at times, swear a little if you must, but get your corns cut and resolve to be done with all stuffy hypocrisy. Pardon delay. I am doing my best to give you the ablest word God can utter through the lips of man; and it takes time and forces undreamed of in modern philosophy.

W. H. THORNE.

*Decker Building, New York City.*



# THE GLOBE.

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APRIL, 1895.

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## THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE.

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THE object of the previous chapters upon the Genius of New England, as also of the papers in review of Dr. Holmes' Life of Emerson, and Professor Allen's Life of Jonathan Edwards—which appeared in the earlier numbers of this Review—has been to show, not in a logical, argumentative, dry-as-dust way, but in the GLOBE's own, and often provoking, way, that the liberal and more popular literary lights of New England, from Emerson to Edward E. Hale & Co., have been vastly overestimated, alike as to their intellectual ability, their boasted culture, their moral stamina and their influence for good upon the present generation; above all, that their understanding and teaching of Christian truth have been very imperfect, defective and misleading; hence, as Christian truth is the eternal element in all modern history, and the true test of an author's harmony or lack of harmony with the moral laws and abiding forces of human history—the influence and teaching of these “gentlemen and ladies without a religion and going about seeking a new one,” have, on the whole, been pernicious and that their reputations as leaders of thought, as patrons and patterns of culture, etc., are bound to be short-lived; in fact, that they and their reputations are destined to hasty oblivion. Nevertheless, may their souls rest in peace.

In pursuing this primary object my aim has still further been to show especially that the newer generation of New England writers, now living in New England and in other sections of the country, really represent, in very painful, tragic and destructive ways, the moral wreck of that famed little ship, the Mayflower, from whose human freight so much was expected, and from whose

human freight so much of real value has been derived. Further, that the true future of New England must be looked for and found, if found at all, in her return, speedily and heartily and in absolute obedience, to Christian truth as taught in the one only historic and divine Church of the living God.

The object of the present, concluding paper of this series is to show that, from the earliest days till now, the New England conscience, as it has been called, so far from being the phase of New England life to be ridiculed and explained away, as is the inclination of her newer apologists, has always been the diviner factor in all stages of New England life; that it has always had on its side the ablest souls of New England, and that these, from Jonathan Edwards and Ann Hutchinson to Wendell Phillips, Mrs. Stowe and Phillips Brooks—spite of their many errors—have really fought the great moral and spiritual, or religious battle of New England history; that they, from first to last, have represented and have been the noblest and most beautiful exponents of the best culture in literature, morals, religion, art and politics that New England has ever had or has to-day; and that it is only as her new lights, literary and other, fall into line with the old New England conscience and its work, yield to these, confess their liberal, upstart pride and resolve to obey as children the true interpreter of the educated, inspired conscience of the human race, that said new lights can stand for anything but eternal darkness and despair.

In the earlier papers upon Jonathan Edwards and Waldo Emerson, already referred to, I endeavored to show the clearness and glory of the truth I am here aiming at, by pointing out the majesty and victory of the New England conscience, christianized to martyrdom, in the life, teaching and destiny of Jonathan Edwards—all too poorly and imperfectly understood by his liberal Episcopal biographer (see *THE GLOBE*, No. 2), and no better understood or portrayed in Prof. Walker's recent "*History of Congregationalism*,"—thereby showing the namby-pamby, hide-and-seek, mere poetic playing with truth, and hence failure of the life, seen in the absence of this sterner quality of New England's genius in the life and teachings of Waldo Emerson. Not that Emerson was not a good man, in his way—God forbid that I should judge him or leave any such impression on any human soul—but simply that Emerson, by virtue of his skeptical training and teaching, never understood the properties of the

moral law, never understood any one single human soul, never understood therefore the simplest essential truths of the Christian religion, which alone is capable of educating the conscience of the race and relieving humanity from the pains of hell. In a word, that Emerson was a very poor representative of the New England conscience: a sort of wandering, will-o'-the-wisp, Jack-o'-lantern, fire-fly illusion and thinnest shadow of a chip of Plymouth Rock. And for the earlier phases of New England life the reader is referred to these papers.

In my article upon Hawthorne, also in an earlier number of this Review (No. 7), I endeavored to show that he was the first, greatest and truest representative of literary world-culture that New England ever had or has produced; and that he, alike in the *Scarlet Letter* and the *Marble Faun*, dealt with this New England conscience as a phase of the world-conscience—and this, not only as an artist, but as a Christian soul. And that hence, of course, as in the case of Jonathan Edwards, he was a practical martyr to his art and his convictions, and went out almost alone in darkness, to rise again among the stars.

In view of these earlier papers I do not need to go over that part of the ground again. At bottom it was this ultra and intensified New England conscience that had come to these shores to found a Protestant theocracy, and to make men Christians whether they would or no; it was this New England conscience,—relic, at heart, of the old conscience of the Church that had fed its flames of martyrdom for fifteen hundred years,—this New England conscience, now clinging to the sacred Scriptures and the old doctrine of divine grace in the salvation of the soul; it was this that forced Edwards to preach such doctrine of grace in Northampton as drove him to Princeton, to his *Treatise on the Will* and to his grave.

It was not any mere modern termagantism or dangerous symptoms of socialism or anarchy, as Prof. Walker seems to dream, that forced Ann Hutchinson to tell the old Bay State parsons that the spirit of the devil, not the grace of God, was prompting them to their wretched half-way covenants and the like. It was simply her prophet-like clearer perception of the old doctrine of the Church and the Scriptures that men, if saved at all, were saved by divine grace through the sacraments and not at all by the aid of the devil and their own conceits; and I hold that Jonathan



Edwards and Ann Hutchinson and Roger Williams and Dr. Hooker, by virtue of their adherence to the best conceptions of the New England conscience, alone saved early Puritanism from the wholesale mutual destruction that would have otherwise followed that most bitter and brutal and bigoted manifestation of religious fanaticism in its relentless grasp upon any portion of this fair world.

It was not the New England conscience, but the devil-born manifestation of hellish domineering pride, that prompted the Puritans to persecute Quakers and Episcopalians, and to burn witches, who happened to look askance at their damnable hypocrisy. The same spirit would chain this nation with temperance laws to-day.

So I leave the earlier period of New England life pointing to these earlier papers, which may all some time get together—and to that divine and beautiful Providence, which, under strangest fortunes and misfortunes, evolved Nathaniel Hawthorne and made him the literary artist for the sketching—in undying beauty and power—of all the lineaments of the old generations, of which he was the crown and glory. Through him we pass to our modern days.

In one of his lectures, given in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., during the early stages of our civil war, and after he had been pelted with rotten eggs and goaded to white-heat indignation by the cultured students of Yale College (I was there and know what I am saying), Wendell Phillips, the greatest orator and most cultured gentleman this nation has ever produced, looking his turgid audience calmly in the face and drawing himself up to his supremest height, said, touching Abolitionism, the concrete New England conscience of the hour: "Give New England Plymouth Rock for a fulcrum and she will upheave the continent."

In other words, give New England the law of God for a lever and she will overturn the universe. In still other words, give me the Sermon on the Mount and the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians for a text, and I will argue all devils into deeper and deeper hells of everlasting damnation, and rebuild every broken temple of God on the ruins of modern skepticism and infidelity, and persuade modern New England to repent and believe the gospel.

Plymouth Rock stands for the law of God, the New England conscience and the Sermon on the Mount; and, as a matter

of simple fact, she did upheave this continent with the simple tools here indicated. In a word, it was the New England conscience, charged and sharpened into a million bayonets, that freed our four millions of African slaves, gave this land some real and practical idea of liberty, and saved the nation from absolute moral death and eternal fire. Average Puritanism was silent; Emerson was willing to be silent.

Here let me prove my own affinity with the Plymouth Rock family and my abiding love for it; so shall my brothers and sisters pardon me for all the severe things I have said of the fools, knaves, dudes and thieves of the household, and hereafter we shall better understand one another.

If you stand on the top of Bunker Hill Monument and fling a lasso for Plymouth Rock, you will encircle Salisbury and Gloucester, close to the sea-borders of old Essex; cover Marlborough by the western border of Middlesex; touch Worcester, in the county of the same name; curve a sharp line over Taunton, and the Bridgewaters, in Bristol and Plymouth counties, and catch your loadstone on the home-stretch for Boston. Now, all the towns named, even the counties indicated, are called after the old homestead centers of Southern England, wherein my own forefathers, for hundreds of years, lived and fought their way through Roman conquest and Saxon invasion to Roger Bacon science, to Shakespeare and Tennyson poetries, up to the sweetness and light of Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, in modern times. The forefathers of the Pilgrims were my forefathers. The very names of these old Massachusetts towns are as dear to me as household words. Old Taunton and old Bridgewater, in Old England, are within sea-whistle of my native hills, and I glory in every noble impulse, thought and accomplishment of New England as one glories in the prowess of an elder or younger brother. In truth, it is because of this exalted conception of her birth and genius, that I have been driven to despise such skeleton apologies for her greatness as seem to hold the admiration of her children in these late days.

I agree with old Gov. Winthrop, that something in the New England climate steadily hardened the hearts and heads of the Plymouth Bay people from the first; and, as a matter of fact, I thank God that my blood was allowed to ripen and soften under the humid skies of Southern England for two hundred years after the

Mayflower crept towards these New England shores. But this never has, and never shall prevent me from giving the sharpened-featured and nasal-tongued ancient or modern Yankee his absolute due.

Nevertheless, you cannot persuade or force me to believe that your modern Edward Everett Hale fraternities are anything but herds of unmitigated donkeys braying at the moon; and I shall bring you all to my way of thinking inside of twenty-five years.

The story of the rise of modern Abolitionism and its relation to our late civil war, is all too recent to need going into here. It is one of the marvels of blessed Providence that Phillips and Garrison, the two supremest incarnations of the New England conscience of our times, derived their conscientious inspirations not from New England, or from Puritan parsons—the Puritan parsons, as a rule, were quiet enough regarding slavery—but from Pennsylvanian and English Quakers; in a word, from the representatives of the sect that early New England Puritanism had most bitterly and brutally flouted and despised.

And all I am telling the recreant children of the old Puritans now is, that you cannot cheat Almighty God with eye-glasses, that culture without conscience is the mere sulphurized crust of eternal hell.

I do not pretend to assert that the New England conscience ever was infallible; much less do I mean to hint that the human conscience is a sufficient guide to the true moralities of the human soul; the conscience, like the touch of the hand, may be educated or uneducated, and it is only as the human conscience has been educated by pure Christian truth, and guided by the Divine Church, that it has ever come anywhere near being a sufficient guide for the morality of the human soul.

In the nature of things, Puritanism was but a schism, a rebel and broken branch of the tree of life. In the nature of things, its conscience was as defective as were its crude ideas of art, of music, and of other old æsthetics of Catholic worship. Its so-called conscience was a blinding tyranny in many phases of its early life; but I have taken and am taking this conscience as it was kindled into glory from higher sources in New England's greatest men; and here alone has the New England conscience ever approached anything like reliable guidance for the human soul.

I do not swear absolutely by Wendell Phillips. He was often wrong in deductions made on the basis of his New England con-



science; but Phillips, drunk, or mad, or dead, would always be nearer right in his conscientious judgments, than the best of those cultured crews who rotten-egged him ever could be, even in their Sunday clothes, and after prayers and sermon.

It was the New England conscience, inspired with divine art, that moved Hawthorne to paint the agonies of the *Scarlet Letter*. It was the New England conscience, charged anew with the old flames of Sinai, and the milder light of Calvary and the Sermon on the Mount, that roused Phillips and Garrison to pronounce the American Constitution a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. It was the New England conscience, stirred anew by the heroism and glory of Saint Paul, that fired these men to insist that, as men were brothers, the cruelties of bondage were a hideous comment on their Sunday prayers. It was the New England conscience, inspired by practical Christianity, that forced these men at all hazards and against all odds to demand that, in this so-called land of liberty, every chain should be broken and the oppressed allowed to go free. It was the New England conscience, at last grown indignant at the affront done the American flag, that nerved the whole nation to its military and marching mood for liberty and the Union.

I am not saying there were no blunders. I am not discussing the legality or illegality of secession, or the average treatment of the black man under the old regime and the new; but only this, that with the Old Testament for a beacon, and the New Testament for inspiration, and with Plymouth Rock for a fulcrum, this New England conscience did upheave this continent and gave to this broad land the one great moral upheaval it has ever had. Blunders there were,—lots of them.

In the earlier days this New England conscience, full of schism, heresy, wrong-headedness and hard-heartedness, inflamed with its Protestant pride of founding a New England theocracy on the basis of the Old Testament idea and teaching of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and of forcing all men and women into its barbaric bondage, whipped innocent and saintly Quakers at the cart-tail through its streets, drove out the more cultured and Christian souls of the communion of the Church of England, as unworthy of a place in their narrow-headed temple of cant and nasal hypocrisy; burned poor innocent witches, as I have said, because said witches, being women of perception, saw through the

hollow pretensions of their accursed sham religion, and was ever ready to scourge and condemn all other schismatics in the exact proportion that said other schismatics approached in their belief to the old standards of the Catholic Church; and the very name of Catholic—the only name worthy the teachings and martyrdom of Christ—was as a red rag to a bull to every one of this ultra-conscientious Puritan family.

This is the dark side of the picture never to be forgotten. But it was this same New England conscience, inspired by the New Testament, that did its glorious work with Edwards, Hooker, Roger Williams, Ann Hutchinson, and that shone like star-fire and the art of the gods in Nathaniel Hawthorne. Errors admitted, it was the New England conscience, softened by the Sermon on the Mount to some sort of ambition for the communism of eternal justice and charity, that forced that noble band of men and women to found their little colony at Brook Farm and in other centers. It was half moonshine and half sense; at best, only a poor Protestant attempt at doing what the Catholic Church has been doing in thousands of communities these last eighteen hundred years. It was this same New England conscience, intellectualized and sick of the hollow cant of ruffled-shirt Socinians, that drove Emerson out of the uncertainties of Unitarian parsonship into wandering after Carlyle and some solid basis of thought and life once more.

It was this same New England conscience that drove Thoreau to the woods of loneliness and a mild sort of meditative, unobedient loafing through life as better, higher, and nobler in every way than the sham make-believe life of the poor hypocrite crews of Socinian Boston.

It was the New England conscience, softened and beautified by Old World culture and some true regard for Catholic faith, that inspired the lips and heart of the beautifullest of all the singers of New England song. Longfellow was at least true to himself and to the human impulses and Old World light that moved and blessed him. It was the New England conscience, almost become ineffable and purely Christian through Christ's gospel of love and the ideals of English Quakerism, that nerved the heart and hand and pen of Whittier to sing his sublimest songs. At best they are crude, compared with the work of the world-masters of poetic thought and art; but the slave poems have Plymouth Rock for a fulcrum and they worked mightily toward the one moral upheaval

of the continent already named ; and in "Snow-Bound," the most beautiful and complete of all Whittier's works, it is righteousness and truth and duty and loyalty to the ideals of Christ's own heart that crown the cold song with glory.

As a rule, New England never had conscience or sight enough to admire its greatest men till after they were dead. It pelted Phillips and Garrison with rotten eggs. It deposed Charles Sumner from the pedestal of moral glory on which his own New England conscience had placed him. It never woke to Hawthorne till Hawthorne was asleep in death ; and it paid Emerson less than one thousand dollars a year for utterances that the boys now claim as divine. It is a great Philistine.

As to culture pure and simple, that is, the embodiment of absolute refinement of life and mastery in the realm of letters, I hold that my two especial pets of all New England history—viz., Hawthorne and Phillips—so far surpass all their antecedents, contemporaries and successors that there is simply no comparison between these two and all the others together.

I have spoken of Hawthorne at length, as already mentioned, and it is my unalterable conviction, after a generation of study, that for comprehensiveness of thought, for moral grandeur of conception, for absolute beauty of diction, for wide-reaching scholarship, for easy classic and historic reference and quotation, the printed lectures of Wendell Phillips stand in the fore-front of all New England and all American literature.

And in this galaxy of brilliant men—with a few trifling exceptions—the New England conscience and loyalty to and love of sincerity vanished into thinnest air.

And I tell you again, and again, and again, that the Holmeses, the Lowells—the E. E. Hales, above all—the Aldrichs and the Jameses of New England literature are as the rejected wind-blown foam of the old true-hearted intellectual New England seas.

There is neither true art nor sincerity in them.

In quite another line, and touched and inspired by quite other than New England isms or culture, I see the old New England conscience and culture cropping out again and dominating the life and teaching of Phillips Brooks, the noble and lamented—ablest soul of all the modern New England men—and in Julius Ward, of the Boston *Herald*, and in a thousand attempts toward putting the love of the New Testament into the poor and sickly charitable institutions of modern times.



From the first, the *GLOBE* has held that these can never take the place of simple truth and simple justice between man and man; but they are, in some sense, an expression of truth and charity and justice, and the New England conscience is ever in the advance-guard of all rational and irrational movements of this kind.

To sum up, in conclusion, the New England conscience in its earliest and latest manifestations, though often on the side of error and persecution, was from the first and is to-day the best element of morals and of culture in New England existence, and in every way the sublimest element in the total Protestantism of our American civilization.

Since it became known to my friends and readers that my sympathies were with the Roman Catholic Church, many New England and other so-called liberal people have said to me, "But, Mr. Thorne, how do you explain the fact that the Catholic religion has so little effect upon the actual lives of its disciples?" My reply to the query, first of all, is that I do not admit the fact as claimed: that having to do, as it has, so largely with the uneducated masses, especially in this country, there is no telling what those uneducated masses would become, or be, or do, were it not for the restraining influence of the Church upon their lives.

As a hint of what such masses would be without the Catholic religion you have but to point to the horrors of atheistic free-thinking Anarchists in Germany, Italy, France and among ourselves. I grant with sorrow that such representative Catholics as the leaders of the Knights of Labor—and the practical Catholic scoundrels that have once more made the name of Tammany Hall a by-word and a hissing in the minds of all men—are a disgrace to any civilization or even to any decent barbarism. And everybody knows that their religion must be an infamous hypocrisy; but men of all Protestant persuasions have been and are still being found, who are just as corrupt and for the same reason—viz., that they are as false to their religion as they are to themselves.

In truth, I am inclined to admit that modern Protestantism, led by the New England conscience, and everywhere insisting that a good moral life is of more importance than faith or perpetual devotion, may, in many lines, seem more exemplary than the average moral life of the Catholic world.

I do not say that this is so. All things and all phases of moral, domestic, social and religious life considered, I am sure that it is

not so. And when you consider the fact that Protestantism, and especially New England Protestantism, is made up largely of the very well-to-do and the aristocratic classes, and when you consider the different standards of excellence set up by the Protestant and Catholic peoples, you will find that any comparison, however difficult—if honestly made—will not be unfavorable to the average general morality of the Catholic masses of the world.

The New England conscience wanted to make the Lord's Day of rest and joy, not only blue, but black as thick darkness, with its sombre and moody self-righteousness. The Catholic, taking his example from the Lord himself—and from all philosophical and historic truth regarding the day—is inclined to make it a day of pleasure and joyous rest from the arduous labors of the week;—so we hear of the Sabbath-breaking profanities of Catholic people. But the New England conscience has long since given up its idea of a blue-black Sunday, and soon will take the Catholic's truth on that contested phase of morals.

The New England conscience, having no faith or infallible guide to direct it, is inclined to make Maine laws and temperance pledges take the place of the Sermon on the Mount and the miracle of Cana. And certain Catholic enthusiasts, with more crankiness than culture or Christianity in their make-up, seem inclined to take up with this new gospel of the modern New England conscience; but the brain and moral sense and self-respect of the race are against such twaddle of reform, and the Catholic Church, now, as ever, on the side of liberty for the race, will not be turned away from its altars of eternal love, and eternal reason, and eternal liberty, to worship at the shrine of the half-taught advocates of temperance pledges and Maine laws.

In quite another direction the New England conscience, utterly blinded by its unnatural, rationalistic liberalism—so-called—and, yielding its ancient Christian motives to the impulses of its own hardened and subtle lusts, has given up *in toto* the idea of Christian marriage—treats it only as a fad or a fancy, to be taken on or put off like the latest style of jacket or bonnet—and through this chasm of the soul alone is undoing more of its ancient good, and doing more damnable evil than all the cheap Powderlys and the expensive Tammanyites could do, even if they were openly combining with hell.

It is the glory of the New England conscience, that, spite of its

poor, Protestant and schismatic rebelliousness, it did attempt, in all seriousness, the refounding of a new theocracy of righteousness in this world. It is the especial glory of the New England conscience that, when the conscience of the entire land was seared and asleep over the question of human bondage, it became incarnate in the supremest man of our race, shook off its own and the nation's lethargy, and once more walked through blood, in eternal majesty, until slavery was crushed and the nation, at least nominally, free.

It is the misfortune of the New England conscience that, in its earlier days, it took the sharper passages of the Old Testament, instead of the milder and sweeter passages of the New Testament, for the foundation-stones of its bigoted structure; and hence, instead of being a theocracy of the Divine Incarnation of the love of God in Christ Jesus, it became a stiff-necked, hard-hearted, unjust and persecuting power,—the worst, all told, the world has ever known. It is the misfortune of the New England conscience that it always had a propensity for pulling the mote out of its brother's eye instead of plucking the beam out of its own eye; hence—pardon me, my friends,—but hence,—as you will all see it by and by,—your whole New England structure of thought and life went from bad to worse, from schism to bare-faced heresy, from heresy to open rebellion against the intellectual and moral laws of God and His Church;—went from conceited Cotton Matherism to Emerson Unitarianism, to E. E. Hale moonshine, to spiritism, to every form of crankiness, to Howells and Jamesism, and the flimsiest imitations of art, of criticism, and of faith that have ever been held respectable in this most earnest and serious world.

Thus, in fine, we see that New England has fallen as low in its faith as it has in its moral sense, and in its intellectual culture and integrity.

No man could be prouder than I am of what the moral and intellectual giants of New England have achieved, and no man can despise more heartily than I despise the chromo-conscience and the chromo-culture of the New England of these later days.

W. W. THORNE.



## THE ABOMINATION OF ABBREVIATION.

EVERY one knows, or at all events, every one has heard, that "brevity is the soul of wit," but what is true brevity, and what is true wit, is, perhaps, not so plain, as the constant repetition of the adage might lead one to suppose. Brevity, *per se*, mere shortness of speech, surely does not constitute wit, or else all curt answers would be witty, and no rational or decent man thinks this. No one but a hopelessly ill-mannered boor would think it witty to decline a proffered favor with a blunt negative.

The word, "wit," good old Anglo-Saxon as it is, like many other words, is susceptible of more than one meaning. It may be profound wisdom, or it may be merely superficial cleverness. Whether, in any given case, a person display wit or not, depends entirely upon the circumstances of the case.

The "brevity" of the adage is rather a measure of quality than of quantity, and the "wit" of the adage is a measure of one's intellectual appreciation of any subject. While verbosity is a fault due to a lack of intelligence, or to an undisciplined mind, paucity of words may be due to the same causes.

It is quite as witless not to say enough as it is to say too much; for in both cases the result is the same, *i. e.*, what is said produces uncertainty as to the meaning of the person talking.

The chief value of language consists, of course, in its adaptability to the expression of thought; and, therefore, the man that so uses language as to convey his thought to others with clearness and precision is, always, a truly witty man, whether the subject of his discourse be serious or trivial.

Beauty of language, like all other forms of beauty, consists in completeness. A horse with only one eye, however perfect he might be in other respects, would not be beautiful. He might trot as fast as any other horse with two eyes, and although that would give him a certain value, it would not do away with the ugliness due to the absent eye.

And so it is with language. A very ungrammatical sentence may be as clear as one perfectly constructed, but its clearness would not save it from being hideous.

Beauty is something superadded to usefulness, and, to the man of taste, beauty has an importance no less than use.

Grammatical accuracy is not enough to make language beautiful, any more than merely having one's nakedness clothed is equivalent to being well-dressed.

Any man, with a knowledge of grammar and of the facts of the case, could have described the essential incidents of the trial of Warren Hastings, but how few could have described them as Macauley has done.

Conciseness of statement is always desirable, but conciseness is not poverty of language. To say "How-dy" to any one may let him know with unmistakable clearness that you are inquiring about his physical condition; but, unless the phrase (?) be addressed to an intimate friend, its use is simply an exhibition of vulgarity. Certain abbreviations have become permissible because of their widespread use, but they are very few, and even these are endurable only in familiar speech.

For instance, omitting the vowel, in the adverb of negation, may be permitted in conversation between friends, or in a question addressed to an inferior, but, except in these cases, it is rarely justifiable. Good taste demands that, in whatever one has to say, one should give enough time to his speech to exclude all appearance of undue haste. The man that hurries through his words, thereby declares that he wishes to finish with the person to whom he utters them, in as short a time as possible, and, unless the haste be occasioned by a grave necessity, it is little short of insulting. There are certain words which, to abbreviate under any circumstances, stamps the person guilty of it with an utter want of good taste.

It is not necessary to recall the abomination suggested by the word "gentleman," but there are other words in daily use that are constantly being abbreviated in a way to make sensitive ears ache. Why, in the name of decency, should any one abbreviate such words, for instance, as "telephone," or "photograph?"

How many more fractions of a second are needed to give these words in full than, in one case, to use only the last syllable, and, in the other, to use only the first two syllables?

There is no occasion to specify any more examples of the abomination of abbreviation, because of their very familiarity, but whatever they are, they are all alike incompatible with decency of language.

W. R. CLAXTON.

## HENRY VIII AND EDWARD VI.

DURING the month of November, 1546, the King's health rapidly declined. About that period, he appears to have at times cherished a wish to return to the unity of the Church.\* Most of his Bishops, however, knowing his obstinate and revengeful disposition, and fearful of the penalties that would be visited on their heads should he recover, appear to have temporized and evaded the issue; when, however, he asked the opinion of Gardiner, that sagacious prelate suggested "that he should consult his Parliament and commit his ideas to writing."† From the commencement of his illness, the Seymours, in virtue of their close relationship to the heir apparent, and the absence of any near member of the blood royal, prepared to grasp the reins of power. The scions of a comparatively speaking obscure country family in Wiltshire, they owed their new-found greatness solely to the royal marriage of their sister, and were destitute of the power with which, in that age, extensive manors and family alliances were accompanied. Unscrupulous as they were ambitious, their interests pointed to an alliance with the innovating party, by whose aid they proposed to rise to princely opulence on the ruins of the Church and the ancient aristocracy. Arousing the furious jealousy of Henry by rumors of a proposed alliance between the Earl of Surrey and the Princess Mary, they secured the downfall of the Howards, and on St. Stephen's day obtained an alteration of the royal will, by which, taking advantage of a fit of displeasure caused by the Bishop of Winchester's refusal to assent to an exchange of lands of his bishopric, probably combined with dark hints of overtures on his part for an accommodation with the Bishop of Rome, they procured the removal of his name as executor, thus sweeping from their path incomparably the strongest of the churchmen.

On the day before his death, the King had a protracted interview with his brother-in-law, Lord Hertford, Sir William Paget and Denny. It was affirmed by Edward Denny, Dr. Whyte and others, that he expressed great anxiety as to the state of religion, and impressed on them the directions contained in his will, caus-

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\* Lingard.

† Lingard.



ing them to swear on bended knees that they would never desert the faith of their fathers. Mr. Froude admits that Lord Hertford did not "dare to make public the last conversation he held with the King the day before his death."

And the whole receives curious significance from the absence of the Primate,\* who, foreseeing the issue, was unwilling to further perjure himself and inflict additional discredit on the course to which he was in all probability already secretly committed. The Anglican Dean Hook draws a terrible picture of Henry's last hours.†

Not four hours before his dissolution, "when the cold sweat of death covered his face," the unforgiving tyrant made an effort to sign the death-warrant of the Duke of Norfolk. At the very last his imagination seems to have been excited by some remorse for the multitudes of unfortunate religious whom he had driven from the pious seclusion of the cloister to want and misery, sin and death. He muttered, "Monks and Friars," and finally, exclaiming to one of his most profligate attendants, Bryan,‡ "We have lost all," soon after expired. He died at Westminster, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Friday, 28th of January, 1547.

\* It must be clearly understood that the absence of Cranmer, to which I allude, was the day before the King's death. It may or may not be true "that the Primate was sent for to Croydon a few hours before the fatal event, but only arrived to find Henry speechless."

† Burke.

‡ "This man, Bryan, was once asked by the King to tell him what sort of sin it was to ruin the mother and then the child. Bryan replied that it was a sin like eating a hen first and its chicken afterwards. The King burst forth into loud laughter and said to Bryan, "Well, you certainly are my vicar of hell!" The man had been long ago called the Vicar of Hell on account of his notorious impiety. Henceforth he was also called the King's Vicar of Hell." (Sanders, *De Schis. Angl.*)

This conversation had, no doubt, reference to Henry's supposed relation with Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, Anne Boleyn's mother. This charge was not, as Protestants have tried to prove, invented by Dr. Sanders. It was made twenty years before Sanders' book was written, in the reign of Mary, by Nicholas Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury.

It appears to have also been made in a work which, though now not to be found, certainly did exist: Sir Thomas More's Life, written by Mr. Justice Rastall. Catalogue Arundel, M.S. 152, art. 8, fol. 264, British Museum.

See also "Letters and Papers, Henry VIII," Vol. IV. Introduction, p. cccxxix.

Of Bryan, Le Grand writes (*Histoire du Divorce*): "Il aimait à boire et était fort sujet à mentir."

At Henry's death, the mass, that central pivot of the Catholic faith, remained the legal service of the country, binding the Anglican Church in one unbroken chain from the missions of Gregory and Eleutherius, through the catacombs, to the upper chamber on the eve of the awful tragedy from which the modern world dates her departure.

Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that the events of the late reign had prepared the mind of the public for a change. The divorce, the dissolution of the religious houses, the insurrection, the savage tyranny of the King, the combination of supreme temporal and spiritual authority, first in Wolsey as Chancellor and Legate, and subsequently in the person of Henry at the rupture with the Papacy,—all these circumstances had, in their several measures, shaken the foundations of the ancient landmarks. Yet apart from a small but powerful and noisy minority in London and the eastern counties, the whole body of the nation were at heart Catholic, distrusting the recent separation from the Apostolic See, synchronous as it curiously was with the extinction of their ancient liberties under the strong personal rule of the Tudors, and profoundly shocked at the unfaithful\* and incontinent lives of Cranmer, Barlow and the other innovating prelates and divines.

The practical setting aside of the royal settlement as laid down in the King's will, by the erection of a Protectorate, the elimination of even the mild conservatism of Tunstal† from the council, the fanaticism of the most violent and extreme of the Protestant party, used as a tool for the aggrandizement of the Seymours and Dudleys, with resulting political and religious anarchy, are perhaps more vividly grasped by extracts from the chroniclers of the period than accounts skilfully adjusted by polemics to fit the exigencies of their own theories. At first no change was made, Cranmer and Barlow sang masses of requiem for Henry's soul,

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\* It has been justly said that form and outward demeanor are the clothes of religion. A devout Catholic in those days was just as shocked at the sight of a married Bishop feasting in Lent, as a devout Protestant would be now should he see one of the learned and aimable prelates of his church at the opera in Paris on Sunday.

† Cuthbert Tunstal studied in Oxford, Cambridge and Padua. Prebendary of Lincoln 1514, Master of the Rolls 1516, Bishop of London 1522, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal 1523, translated to Durham 1520, deprived in Edward VIth's reign, restored again under Mary, deprived again by Elizabeth, died at Lambeth Palace, November, 1559.

profaning the sacred mysteries they were in a few weeks' time to ridicule. The old custom was everywhere observed.

"The eighth day of February every parish church within the city of London and the suburbs of the same kept a solemn dirge by Night, with a Herse and two tapers and a knell with all the Bells ringing, and on the morrowe a Masse of Requiem for the soule of King Henry the Eight, which also was this daie observed through all churches in Englande." ("Wriothesley's Chronicle," Camden Society.)

A distinct official indication of change seems to have been first given nine days later, Ash Wednesday, February 23, 1547, when perhaps the most learned and respectable cleric attached to the innovating party, Nicholas Ridley, \* Master of Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, preached before the court, severely rebuking Catholic doctrines and ceremonies. About this time also Barlow, Bishop of St. David's, whose indiscretion had already in the preceding reign assisted to ruin Cromwell, preached a violent and inflammatory discourse in the Protestant interest at Paul's Cross.† This Lent the Archbishop of Canterbury ‡ "did openly eat meat."

The number of clergy tainted with heretical opinions was perhaps larger than has been generally supposed. Even nine years previously there were "three hundred priests and religious persons that had presumed to marry," § and "ill weeds grow apace."

Confident of the protection of the ruling powers and secure of the approbation of the Primate, these ultra-Protestants, whom, to use Mr. Froude's words, "Henry had held sternly in hand, now began to take the bit between their teeth," and, although there was as yet no official sanction, even four days before the King's burial, February 10, 1547, the warden and curate of St. Martin's, in London, had illegally destroyed the images of the saints in the church.

"The Bishops || were now compelled to renew their commissions

\* Bishop Gardiner, to whom modern historians have done tardy justice as a capable, patriotic and broad-minded statesman, is reported to have said "that Ridley was the only really learned man attached to the new opinions." (See Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors;" Fox's "Book of Martyrs;" Gasquet, "Edward VI and the Book of Common Prayer.")

† Froude's "History of England," Vol. IV.

‡ Froude.—But this had long been Cranmer's practice. (See "Chronicle of St. Augustine's, Canterbury.")

§ "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

|| "Quando quidem omnis jurisdictionis auctoritas atque etiam jurisdictio omni



from the throne, acknowledging that they were not successors of the Apostles, but held jurisdiction, ecclesiastical as well as secular, only from the sovereign."

Against this Gardiner strongly protested, but in vain. Nevertheless, outwardly the old order was still maintained, for as late as the end of June, 1547, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with eight of their suffragans, sang pontifical high mass for the repose of the soul of the French King.\*

On the first of July the pseudo-reformers commenced their work in real earnest, for on that day "Thomas Moundaie, parson of St. Leonard's in Fosterlane, and Thomas Hikeman, clearke, were arraigned at the Guildhall for assisting in the escape of one John Fox, parson of St. Mary Magdalene, to the continent, carrying with him the left arm of John Haughton, late prior of the Charterhouse, who had suffered death in the preceding reign for denying the king's supremacy, for which the said Moundaie and Hikeman were condemned of High Treason and had judgement to be hanged, drawn and quartered."†

In the next month, August (1547), "The King's majestie, with the advice of My Lord Protector and other of his Counsel, sent out through this realm of England certain godly injunctions for reformation of the clergy, the true preaching and setting forth of God's Word, and utter abolishing of Idolatrie."‡

"The next step," says Dr. Lingard, "was to establish a royal visitation." Six circuits were mapped out, to each of which visitors, partly clergymen, partly laymen, were appointed, having supreme power ecclesiastical, and entitled to summon before them the bishops, the clergy, and the principal of the laity, and exact from them promises of obedience to the royal injunctions, which, under the pretense of reformation, were so craftily drawn up as to open wide the gate for subsequent change.§ Another curious feature, perhaps not sufficiently insisted on by modern historians, was the complete silencing of the Catholic clergy, by forbidding any one to

*Modo, tam illa qua ecclesiastica dicitur quam secularis a regia Potestate velut a supremo capite ac omnium magistratuum intra regnum nostrum fonte et scaturigine primitus emanaverit.*" (Froude.)

\* "Wriothesley's Chronicle." "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

† "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

‡ Ibid.

§ Lingard.

preach except with the especial license of the Protector or the Primate, who, like Herod and Pontius Pilate, had joined hands in iniquity, and were flooding the country with "a set of noisy declaimers, avant-couriers, as they called themselves, of the crown, first to cry for reform while reform was in the ascendant; first to fly or to apostatize in time of danger." (Froude.)

We have a life-like picture of the antecedents and violent opinions of these men in the autobiography of one of them, Thomas Hancock, published by the Camden Society, in "Narratives of the Reformation," and largely quoted by Dr. Gasquet.\* At the commencement he informs us:

"The last year of the reign of King Henry VIII, I, Thomas Hancock, Master of Arts and Curate of Arnport, Diocese of Winchester, was suspended, by Bishop Gardiner's Chancellor, for breach of The Six Articles."†

"The first year of the reign of King Edward VI, I, the said Thomas, having license of Bishop Cranmer, preached."‡

The ministrations and harangues of this apostate priest, in the Dioceses of Winchester and Salisbury, seem to have been everywhere the occasion of tumults and confusion. Utterly devoid of moral decency, he intruded himself under the shelter of his license into the churches; the priests and people, to use his own words, "being then at mas," and seized the opportunity to rail in terms of the coarsest invective against the holy rites which a profoundly Catholic people had, for ages, associated with the most perfect worship and very presence of the Infinite. Under such terrible provocation the people, on the whole, appear to have behaved well—the clergy and the more educated classes contenting themselves with leaving the church and advising others to do the same. No useful purpose could be served by repeating the gross scoffings of this miserable being. It is sufficient to say that his discourses would, under the circumstances, be regarded with horror at the present day by even moderate Anglicans or devout Presbyterians.

It can hardly be wondered at, that in some parts of the country such insults to the creed of the nation provoked violent retribution, and we learn that "the preacher excited a rising in Corn-

\* "Edward VI and the Book of Common Prayer."

† "Narratives of the Reformation," Camden Society.

‡ "Narratives of the Reformation." On Mary's accession Hancock retired to the continent with his wife!!

wall, and a royal commissioner, named William Body, was murdered in a church. But a priest, who had been concerned in it, was hanged and quartered at Smithfield, and twenty-eight other persons were put to death in different parts of the country.\* Those who resorted to actual violence were chiefly of the lower classes, "the nobles and gentlemen were well contented for the time to overthrow the Church; and they let pass, not without remonstrance, but without determined opposition, the outrages which, in the recoil of feeling, would provoke so fearful a retribution."†

"Gardiner, though excluded from the Council, remonstrated. He implored the Protector not to trouble the realm with novelties in religion so long as the King was a child. The political position of things was enough to tax all his energies; and the country was full of speculations, not merely on points of difference between Catholics and Protestants, but on the Divinity of Christ himself. . . . But it was a time when passion had more weight with men than understanding."‡

"John Bale, the noisiest, the most profane, the most indecent of the Movement party, was pouring out pamphlets and plays."§

The Royal visitation commenced in September, when all the old ornaments were pulled down in the churches throughout all England and the walls whitewashed."||

Some idea of the vandalism of these ravages may be caught a glimpse of in the utter destruction of the altars, tombs and stalls of "The Grey Friars' Church," which were sold for the paltry sum of fifty pounds, or thereabouts. Mr. J. Gough Nichols, F. S. A., remarks: "Amidst the general destruction of ancestral memorials which was accomplished in those days of heartless and impious spoliation, this act, perhaps, exceeded all others of the kind. According to the reckoning of Weever, the church had been honored with the sepulture of four queens, four duchesses, four countesses, one duke, two earls, eight barons, and some thirty-five knights; and, in all, six hundred and sixty-three persons of quality. There were nine tombs of alabaster and marble, envi-

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\* Froude.

† Froude, Vol. IV.

‡ Froude.

§ Froude.

|| "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London," Camden Society.



roned with sticks of iron in the choir, . . . besides seven score gravestones of marble." \* At this time "the Strand Church was also pulled down to enlarge the palace of the Lord Protector." †

To Cranmer, Gardiner protested with all the vehemence of his impetuous nature, charging him with deserting the six articles for doctrines, the holders of whom he had sent to the stake, in obsequious compliance, but a few months previously. "If the doctrine in the late King's book had been erroneous," wrote Gardiner, "I ought to think your Grace would not, for all princes christened, being so high a Bishop as ye be, have yielded unto. For *obedire oportet Deo magis quam hominibus*. And, therefore, after your Grace hath four years continually lived in agreement of that doctrine, under our late sovereign Lord, now so suddenly after his death to write to me that his Highness was seduced by it; it is, I assure you, a very strange speech." ‡

But all opposition was in vain. To quote the vivid description of Mr. Froude: "Spoliation became the law of the land. The statues crashed from their niches, Rood and Roodloft were laid low, and the sunlight stared in white and stainless upon the whitened aisles. The churches were new white-limed, with the commandments written on the walls, where the quaint frescoes had told the story of the Gospel to the eyes of generation after generation.

"The spirit of the innovations was destructive merely, and customs which were interwoven in the details of common life could not rudely be torn away with impunity. To most men, habit is the moral costume which saves them from barbarism.

"It was no light thing to the village peasant to see the royal arms staring above the empty socket of the crucifix . . . the saints after whom he was named in his baptism, flung out into the mud; the pictures on the church walls daubed with plaster, over which his eyes had wandered wonderingly in childhood. Other changes added to his restlessness. The acts of Parliament which forbade enclosures and the amalgamation of farms were less and less observed; the peasant farmers were more and more declining into laborers, rents were rising and the necessities of life were rising, and in the experience of the agricultural poor, an increase of personal suffering was the chief result of the so-called Reformation. §

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\* "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London," Preface.

† "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

‡ Strypes' Cranmer.

§ Froude.

To peer and peasant, to palace and hamlet, the year 1543 brought confusion, change and strife. In the beginning of March, the King sent his commissioners into every shire of England, to survey all colleges, free chapels and chauntries.\* The voracious harpies of the court were busily engaged appropriating the remains of the church lands; while the temporalities of the Church were being destroyed.

The mass, "with its grand spiritual surroundings," was being gradually set aside for new services of a nature rapidly approximating to the school of Geneva.† At Westminster, on the 12th of May, the officiating priest is described as "leaving out all the canon after the creed save the pater noster."‡

"On St. Peter's Day, June 29th, Bishop Gardiner preached at Westminster in the court before the King."§ His sermon, Mr. Froude says, contained nothing in it that even a moderate modern Anglican would take exception to, yet on the next day he was sent to the Tower.|| This utterly illegal proceeding was defended in a furious tirade at Paul's Cross on Relic Sunday, 8th of July, by Dr. Cox,¶ the King's almoner and tutor. Even the interior of the Metropolitan Church was not respected.

"And so was much controversy and much business in Paul's every Sunday, and sitting in the church, and of none that were honest persons."\*\* "Also, at that time were many ballads made of divers parties against the blessed sacrament, and the two persons that read in Paul's spake against the sacrament."††

The French ambassador reports to his Government in the autumn of this year "that there are daily fights in the London churches and elsewhere in the kingdom, whether there shall be mass or not."‡‡

And at the same time, the innovating prelates and divines were

\* "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

† *Vide* Gasquet's "Book of Common Prayer."

‡ "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

§ "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

|| Froude.

¶ Cox afterwards put into Ely by Elizabeth. See curious account in Froude of Cox's second marriage of a young girl, in extreme old age, to the great annoyance of the Queen.

\*\* "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

†† *Ibid.*

‡‡ Gasquet.

assembled at Chertsey engaged in the compilation of the new Anglican liturgy, which was formally presented to the King on the 23d of September at Windsor.\*

On the 15th of December (1548), the struggle which during the whole year had convulsed the nation reached the House of Lords, on which day the new services were submitted to the highest branch of the legislature.

The celebrated "Debate on the Sacrament" that ensued has been reprinted and exhaustively discussed by the Rev. Dr. Gasquet.† It is sufficient to say that Gardiner, the natural leader of the Catholic prelates, was in the Tower, while the innovating Bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, Barlow, were supported by the authority and influence of the Lord Protector and the Earl of Warwick,‡ who were present throughout and several times interposed during the discussion.

The prelates, who to their immortal honor remained faithful to their trust and strove to maintain the Catholic cause, were Bonner of London, Rugg of Norwich, Tunstal of Durham, Day of Chichester, Aldrich of Carlisle, Heath of Worcester; Skyp of Hereford, who boldly told the Primate that he had forsaken the religion of his predecessor, Lanfranc; and Thirlby of Westminster, who exposed a trick of unutterable meanness which had been played on some of the weaker of the bishops, inclined to compromise: certain expressions of a definitely Catholic nature being retained in the manuscript, when brought to them for signature, but removed between that time and the submission of the book to Parliament.§

It must be admitted that the measure would have never become law, were it not for the culpable cowardice of some of the time-servers who, though essentially Catholic in their sympathies, abstained from any active opposition, as Boysey of Exeter, Kitchen of Landaff, Wakeman of Gloucester, and others, who either did not

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\* Gasquet.

† Gasquet, "Edward VI and Book of Common Prayer."

‡ Dudley afterwards advanced to the Dukedom of Northumberland.

§ It must be remembered that the first Prayer Book of Edward VI, in 1549, was vastly superior to that of 1552, from which every trace of Catholic doctrine was rooted out. For instance, in the first book the words, "altar," "mass," "vestments" are found, while the second book was of a purely Protestant nature. The book as amended by Elizabeth and now used by the Anglican Church, is a compromise between the two, so cleverly adjusted as to bear interpretation according to individual private opinion.



vote, or neglected to provide proxies, or withdrew into their dioceses.

The new service, if intended to promote national union and uniformity, proved instead a powerful accentuation of the previous disorder. It was by law ordered to be used in every place in England, Whitsunday, 1549. When one takes into consideration that at that time nine-tenths of the nation was Catholic at heart, and that the Protestant minority even in London and some parts of the East consisted of certainly much less than half, and those for the most part of the unsettled and most disreputable class of the people, what followed is easily accounted for,—the English people rejected the innovations with scorn and contempt. “The whole country was in a blaze.”

North, South, East and West, the smouldering discontent of the two past years burst into open rebellion. If these spontaneous manifestations of the popular feeling had been organized and in touch, under the guidance of capable leaders, the unprincipled hypocrites and fanatical impostors who were misruling the land would have been arrested in their career of sacrilege and plunder and brought sooner to the block. But the Catholic party had to deal with hardened and desperate men, determined that the sword should guard what the sacrifice of principle had gained, and not scrupling to employ large bodies of foreign mercenaries highly disciplined and trained to the use of the most accurate fire-arms of the age\* to enforce the new religion on a mob of peasants armed for the most part with bows and arrows, and whose chief strength lay in their sincerity and devotion. But if one is touched at the impotency of the people to resist injustice, one cannot refrain from being struck with the almost absolute unanimity with which they applauded every effort to resist innovation. The chronicler of the rebellion in Devon and Cornwall, and siege of Exeter, John Hoker, as he tells us, “*Testis oculatis* of things then done,” records of the refusal of the people to use the new service book.

“These news, as a cloud carried with a violent wind, and as a thunderclap sounding at one instant through the whole country, are carried and noised even in a moment throughout the whole country; and the common people so well allowed and liked

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\* “They were not armed like England’s sons,  
But bore the levin darting guns.”

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

thereof, that they clapped their hands for joy and agreed in one mind." \*

Froude gives an eloquent description of the first introduction of the Puritan Coverdale † to his subsequent diocese, preaching a sermon of victory over the stiffening bodies of the poor peasants, slaughtered for their adherence to the religion of their fathers by the foreign mercenaries of Lord Russel. In St. Paul's Cathedral such heretical doctrine was proclaimed from the pulpit, the preacher doubtless having license from the Protector or the Primate, ‡ "that the Bishop of London, feeling that his presence and silence might unto some seem to be a betrayal of his flock of the Catholic sort, determined to make a final public protest, and rising from his place left the church. He was almost immediately committed to prison." §

The Oxfordshire Papists seem to have been "reduced to order" in much the same fashion as the Devonshire ones, "many of them having been apprehended and some gibbeted and their heads fastened to the walls." ||

Gasquet says that the country people were everywhere terrorized "by the sight of the executions, fixed for the market days, of priests dangling from the steeples of their parish churches, and of the heads of laymen set up in the high places of the town." ¶

Yet so constant were the great mass of the English people to the faith, that the Venetian envoy reported to his government "that had they only a leader, although they have been so grievously chastised, they would rise again." \*\*

The serious danger of the broken religious unity of England in a political aspect is quaintly conveyed in an interview between the preacher Thomas Hancock and the Lord Chief Justice on circuit at Southampton :

\* Originally printed 1584. Hoker was strongly attached to the Protestant interest. He was the uncle of the great Anglican theologian Hooker.

† Coverdale, an apostate friar, twice married, disappeared from England in Henry VIIIth's reign; returned on Edward's accession and was appointed to accompany Lord Russel on his expedition to suppress the western rebellion; afterwards made pseudo-Bishop of Exeter on the deprivation of Voysey. Sanders says, *De Schis. Anglic.*, that Coverdale was addicted to drink.

‡ *Vide Ante.*

§ Gasquet, Edmund Bonner.

|| Original Letters. Parker Society.

¶ See also "Narrative of John Hoker."

\*\* Quoted by Gasquet.

"My Lorde asked me whether I mynded to preach? I answered yea. My Lorde sayd unto me that Hampton was a haven towne, and that if I should teach such doctrine as I taught at Sarum \* the towne would be divided and soo sholde hytt be a way or a gapp for the enemy to enter in." †

Thus passed in bloodshed and angry strife the years 1549, 1550. On the 14th day of February, 1551, Gardiner was deprived of his bishopric, and a man of infamous character, John Ponet, whose only claim to theological eminence (?) seems to have been a "Defense of the Marriage of Priests," ‡ intruded into his see. The terrible envy, malice and utter confusion of society occasioned by these violent changes during 1551, 1552, are well depicted in perhaps the rarest productions of one of the first apostles of Protestantism to the sister kingdom. John Bale, § an apostate white monk who having broken his vows of chastity and become the tool of Cromwell and Cranmer, reaped the wages of his perfidy during Edward's brief reign, first in the valuable preferment of Bishop's Stoke, near Southampton, and subsequently the bishopric of Ossory, in Ireland. The pamphlet alluded to is entitled "An Expostulacion or Complaynte agaynste the blasphemys of a Franticke papyst of Hamshyre, Compiled by Johan Bale." It was dedicated to "Johan, Duke of Northumberland, Lord great Maister of the Kings most honourable householde, and Lord Presydent of his Maiestyes most honorable prevye counsell," and must have been written the end of 1551 or beginning of 1552, for Warwick was not advanced to the dukedom of Northumberland before October, 1551, and before the date of certain incidents mentioned "as having taken place in December past;" in 1552 Bale had left Hampshire for Ireland.

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\* Salisbury.

† "Narratives of the Reformation," Camden Society.

‡ Ponet was implicated with the wife of a butcher, for we find in Machyn's Diary, page 8, under 1551: "The XXVII of July was the new Bishop of W divorced from the butcher's wife with shame enough." And it seems he married again very shortly after their divorce, the following entry occurring in the Register of Croydon: "1551, Oct. 25, Reverendus (?) Pater Johannes Episcopus Wynton ducet Mariam Haymond generosam in ista ecclesia copam multitudine parochianorum presente! reverendissimo patre Thoma Cantuar!!!! Archiepiscopus cum multis." Machyn's Diary, Notes, p. 320. See also "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London, page 70."

§ Mr. Froude calls Bale "A foul-mouthed ruffian." Mr. Plunket has recently tried to inflict this pseudo-Episcopate of Irish Protestantism into Spain, against the hallowed Catholic tradition of the country.



Early in the book, Bale asserts that "the rage at this present is horryble and fearce, whych the stought sturdy satellytes of Antichrist in dyverse partes of the realme, do bluster abroad in their mad furies to blemyshe the Evangelycal veryte of the Lord now revealed." \*

All kinds and conditions of men, according to his account, were opposed to the new opinion, and he proceeds to plenteously bestow on them every opprobrious epithet of the age: "unlearned loyterers and desperate ruffyanes . . . some farmers of Benefices, some blynde brokers in the lawe, some scribes, some Pharysees, some flatterers for favor, some Lyngerers for lucre, some cloynan for advauntage, men-pleasers and makeshyftes . . . their crooked counsels, persuasyons, illusyons, provocacyons, and promyses of ayde in wythstandynge the mynysters, are such, that the truth of the Lord can take no place. These are . . . enemyes of all truthe, withstanders of all ryghteousnesse and chyl dren of the devyl. Men of corrupt myndes, resysters of the veryte and lewde as concernynge faythe; and all these are set a wurke by the Pope's late niasmongers, by old pylgrymage goers, by crafty Cathedralystes, Mynster men, and collygeners, loking yet for a day of mayntenaunce in their olde sorceryes." †

In another passage demanding the assistance of the executive authority in the propagation of Protestantism, and the punishment of those daring to sympathize with the religion of their fathers, he shows the fever-height to which the passion of the people had risen. Bale prays the Duke of Northumberland: "Lete them be restrayned from doynge such vyolence, ravyng, and excesse as they have done now of late. . . . Lete them be inhybyted of dagger drawyng, and of fyst lyftyng in the open street, when no man hath ones offended them. Lete them leave their pullynge by the beard and bosom in the presence of people, staryng like wylde oxen when no evil at all is meant to them (?). Lete them no longer bragge afore the justyces in the open sessyons of castynge their glove and of wagyng battayle, uncorrected. . . . Lete them be well stayed from ragynge and ralyng oblocutyng and slaunderyng without cause reasonable, for uphouldyng the wicked tradycyons of Antichrist. (!!!!) Permyt them no longer to coun-

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\* Extracts from appendix to "Narratives of the Reformation," Camden Society, p. 315 *et seq.*

† Ibid.

sell in corners, to have wycked persuasyons and to drawe people after them. Lete them from hensfourth be charged under payne of sore punyshment not lycencyously to do all their lewde lykynges, as they have done heretofore. We covete not their losse but . . . their spedye amendement if such angels of reprobacyon as they are may amende, which I scarsely beleve.” (!!!!)

How even every Catholic remark on the changes in full swing around them was strained to bear the gravest interpretation, Bale tells us further on: “Now to thys frantyeck papyst than whych on the xxxix days of Decembre last past (1551) in the house of a gentylman of hys affynyte within, Hamshire beynge in the full heate of hys frensyne brast out into thys unreverent, blasphemouse and contemptuouse talke of the Kinge’s Maiestie, and of hys mooste godly procedynges. Alas, poore chyld (sayd he), unknown is it to hym what actes are made now a daye. But when he cometh ones of age, he wyll se an other rule and hange up a hondred of such heretyck knaves, meanyng the preachers of our tyme and their maynteyners by lyke. For, at the same season, he had most spyghtfully rayled of one of them, beynge absent. (Here Bale probably means himself). The fyrst part of this blasphemouse clause toucheth the Kynge’s hyghnes, the second hys honourable counsell, and the thyrd the true ministers of God’s wurde.”

Of the monarch of twelve, Bale continues in terms of the most fulsome adulation: “Hys wurthie educacion in liberall letters and godly vertues, and hys naturall aptenesse in retaynyng the same, plenteously declareth him to be no pore child, but a manifest Salomon in princely wisdom (!)

“Marke what his majestie hath done already in religion, in abolishing the most shameful idolatries of Antichrist, besides hys other actes for publyque affayres. And ye shall find at this day no Christen prince lyke to Hym!”

At this time many of the clergy had nominally conformed, but took advantage of the paucity of rubrics in the new Prayer Book to retain every Catholic usage not expressly forbidden,\* thus producing a service similar in many respects to that now reproduced by the modern ritualists. Bale, presumably in virtue of his license from the Protector, or Primate—probably both—seems to have considered it his duty to have visited at any rate one church in the

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\* Gasquet.

vicinity of his rectory, and to have not only found fault on the spot, but also reported the state of affairs to his masters. His remarks are, in part, so filthy as to forbid repetition, but enough may be quoted to show that the Bishop (?) elect of Ossory was entirely at variance with some of the curious conceptions of modern Anglicanism.

Speaking of a service which he had attended on the "XX day of September last past," Bale says: "Such an other ape of Antichriste as that prest was never sawe I afore in my lyfe."

"More apysh toyes and gawdysh feates could never a dysard in England have plaied (I think) than that apysh prest showed there at the communyon. He turned and tossed, lurked and lowled, snored and snurted, gaped and gasped, kneeled and knocked, loked and lycked, with both his thombes at hys eares and other tryckes more that he made me XX tymes to remember Wylle Somer.\* Yet, of them both, that prest seemed the more foole a great deale; and, to amende the matter, he had then a new shaven crowne, which I rebuked him for. By this I prove hys maistre† a mocker of God; a deceyver of the people, and a contempner of the Kynge's just procedynges."

No wonder that soon after Bale's arrival in his Irish diocese the obscene ravings of this fallen man, the (then) rare sight of a bishopess, the desecration of holy days of observation, and the production of what he chose to term the "comedies" in which, to use his own words, "the abomynacyous and fowle fylthie occupienges of the Bishop of Rome were myghtily rebuked,"‡ excited furious frays, in one of which, at his manor of Upper Court, near Fushford, in the county of Kilkenny, five of his domestics were slain before his face, nor would he have been spared himself only that he had time to close the gates of his castle against his enemies.§

Mr. Froude draws a terrible picture of the demoralization of the whole nation from the very admissions of the pseudo-reformers

\* Willie Somer was the favorite court-fool.

† Maistre means the lord of the manor, probably holding the great tithes.

‡ "Narrative of the Reformation," Camden Society, Appendix.

§ Letter in *Catholic Times* from Father Murphy. To Elizabeth's credit she refused to restore Bale to his bishopric. He was made Canon of Canterbury, where he vented his foul tongue on the Primate Parker, whom he termed "an ignorant hedge-priest who had attracted the Queen's attention by his servility." For specimens of Bale's scurrility, see "King Johan," by Johan Bale, Camden Society.



themselves. "From the royal palace to the police stations on the Tweed, all classes of persons in public employment were contending with each other in the race of plunder and extravagance. The chantry lands which, if alienated from religious purposes, should have been sold for the public debts, were disappearing into private hands; all but universal fraud was rampant." \*

Even foreign mercenaries complained bitterly of the scandalous iniquity with which they were treated.

"It was said by the evil report of soldiers that had come out of England, that men there were more ordered like beasts than Christians, both in the scarcity of victual and payment." †

"Never before and never since has an English government been reduced to shifts so scandalous.‡ Catholics were irritated and disturbed. . . . Even Protestants were frightened by the wild opinions, which were spreading under the shelter of the repeal of the heresy laws. 'How dangerously,' Hooper wrote to Bullinger, 'England is afflicted by heresies, God only knows. There are some who say the soul of man is no better than the soul of a beast, and is mortal and perishable. There are wretches who dare in their conventicles, not only to deny that Christ is our Saviour, but to call that blessed child a mischief-maker and deceiver. . . . England is full of misery.§ The Protector, as superstitious as he was irreligious, consulted pseudo-sorcerers.|| Such decorations of altars and churches as had escaped the mob or the hands of the grandees, were employed to decorate the royal tables on the reception of the French ambassador.'" ¶

In disgust the Emperor told the English Ambassador, De Wotton,\*\* that "the Church had been ruined, the bishoprics plundered, the religion of Christ set aside or altered by the violent will of a few men, who had no authority to meddle with such things."

\* Froude's "History of England," Vol. IV.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

¶ Froude's "History of England," Vol. V. See also Daniel, chap. 5, verse 2.

\*\* Dr. Wotton, Dean of both Canterbury and York, Canon of Exeter. This learned pluralist complied with every change under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, and with the Marquis of Winchester boasted of being of both religions. Elizabeth offered him the Primacy on Pole's death, but he preferred retaining his Deaneries and secular employment at the Council, on embassies, etc.

Mr. Froude proceeds: "The politicians who governed England in the minority of Edward VI, succeeded in making themselves individually execrated, and in bringing discredit upon the cause of which they were the professed defenders. All over the country, discontent, social, political and religious, was steadily on the increase. In the Privy Council records are to be found entries perpetually recurring of persons conspiring here or conspiring there and being put to death, occasionally on the spot, by martial law. The prisons were full to overflowing with Catholic recusants who would not relinquish the Mass."\*

"The triumvirate of Warwick, Northampton and Herbert were content to earn their praise by fine words, by persecuting and depriving Bishops inclined to be conservative, and appropriating the estates of the vacated sees."†

Froude quotes the witness of the celebrated Protestant reformer of the period, Thomas Becon, to the social disintegration around him.‡ "What a swarm of false Christians have we amongst us,—gross gospellers which can prattle of the gospel very finely, talk much of justification by faith, crack very stoutly for the free remission of their sins by Christ's blood. As for their almsdeeds, their praying, their watching, their fasting, they are utterly banished from these gospellers. They are puffed up with pride, they swell with envy, they wallow in pleasure, they burn with concupiscence. Their covetous acts are insatiable, the increasing their substance, the scraping together of worldly possessions. Their religion consisteth in words and disputations; in Christian acts and godly deeds nothing at all."§

"Of this class of men the highest living representative was the Earl of Warwick, the ruling spirit of the English Reformation."||

"Somerset, in fact, was growing weary of Protestantism, seeing what Protestantism had become. He preferred the company of his architects and masons to attendance at chapel and sermons; and Burgoyne, writing to Calvin, said that he had become so lukewarm in the service of Christ as scarcely to have anything less at heart than religion,"¶ while Warwick "was supported by the pow-

\* Froude's "History of England," Vol. V.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Becon, quoted by Froude.

|| Froude, Vol. V.

¶ Froude, Vol. V.

erful phalanx of able and dangerous men, whose interest committed them to the Reformation, those who had shared or helped to share in the spoils of the church or the state, those who had divided among them the forfeited estates of the Percys, the Howards, the Courtenays and the Poles, and would support any men or any measures which would prevent reaction.”\*

So well did Cranmer know the utter dishonesty of his own party, that during this reign he opposed to the utmost of his power the act that placed all ecclesiastical property at the mercy of the crown. The opinions of the foreign reformers on the state of affairs in England are shown in a letter quoted by Froude, written by Bucer from Cambridge to Calvin, in which he makes the statement “that there was no religion at all in England.” The Bishops, he said, were snarling about doctrine, the Lords were appropriating the church estates and plate, and in their hearts cared nothing for the Reformation at all. Clergymen professing to be evangelical held four or five livings and officiated in none. Repentance, faith and good works, the vital parts of religion, no one thought of at all. The great nobles were giving benefices to grooms; the services in church were left to be performed by men who could not read. †

Lever, another of the pseudo-reformers, piteously deplores the ignorance and want of charity prevalent. “Before you did begin to be disposers . . . there were in Cambridge two hundred students of divinity, which be now all clean gone, not one of them left. In the country, grammar schools-founded of goodly intent to bring up poor men’s sons in learning and virtue, be now taken clean away by reason of greedy covetousness. The alms yearly bestowed in poor towns and parishes, to the great displeasure of God ye have taken away.” ‡

Preaching before the court, Latimer gave a terrible picture of spiritual decay, in itself a practical emphasis of the conviction of the reformers as to the worthlessness of good works: producing a state of things “where profligacy was no longer held a crime, but something to be laughed at; where the law was so weak that neither the gentlemen could be compelled to do their duty as landowners, nor the people be kept from rebellion; where avarice seemed to be the only spirit to which men any longer acknowledged obedience.” §

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\* † Froude, Vol. V.

‡ Quoted by Froude, Vol. V.

§ Quoted by Froude.



Froude's own testimony to the effects of the Reformation could not be stronger. He says :

"As to the mass of the people, hospitals were gone, schools broken up, almshouses swept away, every institution which Catholic piety had bequeathed for the support of the poor was either abolished or suspended, and the poor themselves, smarting with rage and suffering, and seeing piety, honesty, duty, trampled under foot by their superiors, were sinking into savages. The Cathedral and the churches of London became the chosen scenes of riot and profanity.

"The effect upon the multitude of the sudden and violent change in religion had been to remove the restraints of an established and recognized belief, to give them an excuse for laughing to scorn all holy things, for neglecting their ordinary duties, and for treating the Divine government of the world as a bugbear which every fool might now safely ridicule. Degrees were held to be anti-Christian, learning was no necessary adjunct to a creed which 'lay in a nutshell,' universities were called stables of asses, stews, and schools of devils, the Divinity schools were planted with cabbages, and the Oxford laundresses dried clothes in the schools of art."\*

Another great English historian, Green, says :

"The foundations of faith and morality were questioned, polygamy advocated, oaths denounced as immoral, community of goods raised into a sacred obligation, the very godhead of the Founder of Christianity denied, patrons of livings presented their gamekeepers or huntsmen to the benefices in their gift and kept the stipend, all teaching of divinity ceased at the universities, the libraries were, in part, scattered or burnt."†

Nothing can be more exact and concise than the words with which Mr. Froude sums up the harvest of this brief reign, so painful to the feelings of any Catholic of English-speaking race, so long misrepresented and distorted, but now, in the light of increased historical accuracy and concomitant decay of old prejudices, commencing again to present itself in its proper focus :

"To the universities the Reformation had brought with it desolation, to the people of England it had brought misery and want; the once open hand was closed, the once open heart was hardened, the ancient loyalty of man to man was exchanged for the scuffling

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\* Froude.

† Green's "History of the English People."

of selfishness, the change of faith had brought with it no increase of freedom and less of charity, the prisons were crowded as before with sufferers for opinion, and the creed of one thousand years was made a crime by a doctrine of yesterday. Monks and nuns wandered by the hedge and the highway as missionaries of discontent, and pointed with bitter effects to the fruits of the new belief which had been crimsoned in the blood of thousands of the English peasants." \*

DR. WILLIAMS.

## THE PATH OF SIN.

FARING on land once on a summer's day,  
 I came by chance to where two gray roads met,  
 And at their parting, lo, a post was set,  
 Whereon in letters large the legend lay,  
 "This is the Path of Sin," and took my way  
 Thereon, undreading; for a rivulet  
 Made song, birds warbled, since the sun as yet  
 Was newly risen, and the world was gay.

Soon I beheld a plain with daisies dight,  
 Where youths and maidens sported and were glad,  
 Or, resting in dim bowers with roses clad,  
 Forgot all else save only the delight  
 Each had in other. Trooping left and right  
 Went roisterers and minstrels and a mad  
 And merry train which Mirth, a comely lad,  
 Wine-flushed and laughing, led in noisy plight.

Then when the day had compassed noon's fair tide,  
 My steps were in a town whose clanging street  
 Was beaten by the tread of many feet;  
 There Wealth displayed its splendor and its pride,  
 With Avarice basely crouching by its side;  
 Craft plied its toils, Justice forsook its seat,  
 And, were there pleasance, it was forced and fleet,  
 As if the founts of joy were drained and dried.

But when the sinking sun with lurid glow,  
 A crimson ball, had flamed the western skies,  
 I reached a city full of fearful cries:  
 There Murder gloated o'er its bleeding foe,  
 Rapine made havoc, Treason forged its blow,  
 Lust jeered and leered with bleared and rheumy eyes;  
 Disease was there, and Want in tattered guise,  
 Terror and Pain and Rage and Hate and Woe.

When I had fled therefrom as one whose breath  
 Is stifled by some horror he escapes,  
 A pall of blackness overwhelmed my path;  
 Till, by the lightning's fierce and fiery wrath,  
 Above, around, beneath, I saw the shapes  
 Of men with serpents struggling and with Death.

*Gardiner, Me.*

HENRY S. WEBSTER.

## “SATOLLI LAUDS THE PRESS.”

PAPAL LEGATE ADDRESSES THE GRIDIRON CLUB IN WASHINGTON.

“WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1895.—The tenth annual dinner of the Gridiron Club, given to-night at the Arlington was one of the most successful ever given by this club. Walter B. Stevens, Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, who was recently elected president of the club, proved a well-equipped presiding officer. Among the many prominent guests were Archbishop Satolli, papal delegate, whose address was the feature of the evening. It was read by Dr. Rooker, and was as follows:

“‘From Aristotle to the renowned author of “*L’Esprit des Lois*,” learned men have divided the functions of government into classes—the legislative, the executive or administrative, and the judicial—which are, in truth, the three activities of one and the same power, which is vested in him who has the care of the people and represents them. Now, however, an adequate division of the powers of government would have to include a fourth element, and this is public opinion, exercising its activity through the organization of the public press. It is consequently a great pleasure and honor to me to be with you this evening, feeling, as I do, that I am surrounded by the representatives of this fourth power in the greatest



and most glorious of modern republics—a republic emulous of the glory of those of ancient times.

“It is the public press which has the most general and efficacious influence in constructing, moderating, keeping alive and modifying, when the necessity requires, public opinion. It is a question whether law depends on the social dispositions of the people or whether the social dispositions depend on the law. In my opinion the dependence is mutual, and consequently the legislative power cannot hold itself independent of nor indifferent to the popular opinion which manifests itself through the press.”

I have printed these paragraphs in the *GLOBE REVIEW* for the purpose of saying a very few pointed things which I hope Mgr. Satolli and those Catholics who appear to be chaperoning the Papal Legate in this country will take severely to heart. I shall speak only of the last paragraph quoted.

In the first place, it is not the public press “which has the most general and efficacious influence in constructing, moderating, keeping alive and modifying, when necessity requires, public opinion;” not in this country, at least, whatever it may be in Italy. I take it for granted that by “the press” is meant the newspaper press of the country.

In the second place, it is not “a question whether law depends on the social dispositions of the people or whether the social dispositions of the people depend on the law.”

In the next place, if the opinion of Mgr. Satolli be anywhere near correct, that “the legislative power”—here or elsewhere—can not hold itself independent of nor indifferent to the popular opinion, which manifests itself through the press, then the legislative power had better sell out *openly* and at once to the devil and his angels, and let hell itself rule this nation and this earth openly and without rebuke from any source or soul whatever.

Regarding the first part of the Papal Legate’s proposition, if he had studied these last thirty years or these last ten years, as I have studied these last forty years, the relation of the results of our popular elections to the influence of the supposed most potent newspapers in the country at large or in any particular state or leading city of this land, he would have learned that the so-called popular verdict can seldom, if ever, be traced to any direct or indirect influence of the popular press upon this popular verdict. In a word, the popular verdict, so-called, usually flies in the face of the most influential press opinion. So the facts of history are against his excellency’s opinion.

Again, did the so-called popular verdict, as a rule, sustain his proposition, it would be a sorry comment on the master force of the one infallible church of God in this world—of which church Mgr. Satolli is the honored representative.

Furthermore, history teaches us—in this land at least, and, in fact, in all lands—that in any great emergencies, as in cases of mobs, wars, strikes, etc., the press is simply a babbling, baby newsmonger as to the casualties, and very interesting as such, but quite as powerless as a child to arouse, suppress, control or in any serious way modify the popular impulses and tides of the times; and I confess myself utterly amazed to find what I supposed to be an acute-thinking, even deep-thinking, man, and the special envoy of his Holiness, the Pope, to this country, indulging in such utterly shallow and ill-informed opinions, and still more amazed at the easy confidence with which he expresses the same.

Touching the second part of the proposition, which is more abstract and less capable of popular handling, if it be a question whether law—any law, human or divine—“depends on the social dispositions of the people,” etc., or not, then the powers that be, which, according to St. Paul, are ordained of God, had better immediately abdicate—Frenchman-like—and let the mob trample our courts of justice into hell-fire and spit upon our sacred altars. No, no, Monsignor, law is made of sterner stuff than the social dispositions of the people; and if you have not gone deep enough into the secrets of nature and revelation and history to know better than this, you had better prolong your studies before uttering yourself in the public press of this country again.

I am grieved to say these things. Next to the Holy Father himself, I honor this man in his own appointed sphere; but in the name of the intelligent and keen-witted Catholic clergy and laymen of this land, I can not see the chosen representative of his Holiness falling into the hands of the demon of modern democratic ignorant prejudices without offering a respectful protest.

The third part of the objectionable paragraph I consider the most dangerous and pernicious of all.

That our legislative assemblies in state and nation are hoodwinked by the press at times and bribed by various hirelings of upstart powers, bought outright and controlled utterly by the plutocracy of the day, dictated to by domestic and foreign bankers, and driven, like dumb asses or oxen, by the lash of the money

power, I am sad to admit; and any man who knows the press of this country—or of England, France or Germany—knows that to a very great extent it is a purchasable quantity in the money markets of the world. But for the Papal Legate, with the immense prestige and power back of him which his position presumes, to say practically that these things should be so, “That the legislative power can not hold itself independent,” etc., etc., implies that it cannot do so in reason, hence, ought not to do so, hence, that this government of ours, which, as everybody out of his teens knows to be a government of plutocrats, by plutocrats and for plutocrats, pandered to and flattered by a hireling press in the service of plutocrats,—to hint, I say, that this state of things is according to reason, justice and necessity, is to own Bob Ingersoll’s idea of the impotence of God Almighty and to abdicate the sacred temples of law, of justice, and, very soon, of faith, to the absolute and inevitable control of perdition. For one I protest against such teachings and such a consummation.

In conclusion, I beg to assure Mgr. Satolli that if he is looking for the approval of the press of this country he will have to trim his sails to its ignorant but brilliant prejudices and give up all thought of being a representative of the Son of God. Again I protest my unbounded reverence for this man in his own sphere. But he has not been long enough in this country to understand the genius of our people or the genius of the press, and he seems very badly to need better advisers than he has hitherto found.

Lest anyone should think that, in what I have just said, I have intended to ascribe to Mgr. Satolli any unworthy motive, I distinctly wish it understood that I have no semblance of such an intention. On the contrary, I feel perfectly sure that the only motive which prompted his excellency to express himself as he did was an intense desire to serve the Church by trying to dispel some of the ignorant prejudice which is so prevalent regarding her. But, I must repeat that, although the moral sense of the American people has been fearfully blunted by an untiring pursuit of filthy lucre, still its intelligence is too keen to accept generosity as a substitute for reason.

W. H. THORNE.



ORIGIN OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

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WHEN one reads such a story of carnage and blood-letting as the Peasants' War in Germany, the imagination is so overwhelmed with the material spectacle that the reason is, for the moment, paralyzed, and it is only later on that the intellect resumes its normal function of seeking to discover the cause of such a manifestation of human ferocity. When, however the search is made, the appalling truth appears that all war, all human misery, has its source in certain intellectual or moral principles, of which external facts are only the material evidence, and that whatever is in the relations of men has come from the world of ideas.

The writers on the origin of civil government may be separated into two classes. One contends that government is a necessity of man's nature, and therefore exists; the other, that it is the result of an agreement between men to obtain order, or, to put it more concisely, that government is the outcome of contract. All agree that, so far as history can tell us, there never has been a time when men were without some semblance of government, and further, that it says nothing of its commencement. Even Mr. Herbert Spencer's very extensive researches in sociology reveal no people, however degraded, without some form of social authority; nor any part of the world where men have lived together without the relation of ruler and ruled.

Before attempting to offer any surmise as to how government came into existence, it will be well to examine into what is meant by the word government.

The first example of authority among men that will occur to all is the family. The father, the head and director; the mother, his helper and companion; and the children, the objects of their care.

As the head, the father exacts obedience. Government, then, in its simplicity, is a condition where one exercises authority over others. In the case of the family, the headship of the father, and the respect paid to it by the wife and children, are due to the strength of the one, and the weakness of the others.

Inequality, in the individuals who comprise the family group, is the basis of the father's rule, for it is only during the time of his superior mental and physical strength that he is head in fact, for when the father becomes unable, by years or illness, to compel

obedience, the headship as active, passes from him to one of the other members of the household, and, thereafter, whatever of respect is paid to his wishes proceeds from sentiment alone.

If, then, the family be the prototype, in miniature, of all other human government, it is evident that government, in its last analysis, is a community, established and kept together by the mediate or immediate rule of one person, and, in point of fact, this appears to be the essential mark of government, even in our own day, however much certain forms of polity may be in theory distinguished from others.

In the confessed absence of historical evidence as to the origin of civil government, the elucidation of the question must be sought in the constitution of human nature. The problem may be stated in the following terms: From what is known of the nature and operations of the human mind, which hypothesis regarding the origin of human government seems the more probable—necessity or contract? For, obviously, these are the only alternatives.

It has just been remarked that the constitution of the family is due, ultimately, to inequality in the members. If, moreover, inequality be found to pervade all nature, not only animate, but inanimate, the inference seems irresistible that it is a necessary element in the relation of all things.

Look where one will—at the sands by the sea, at the flowers and the beasts in the field, and, finally, to men, and place any two of them side by side, and one of the first things to strike the observer is their inequality.

Throughout them all, there is the more and the less, the beautiful and the ugly, the good and the bad. In no one thing is found all the beauty, or all the goodness, of which its nature seems capable, and, in consequence of this universal incompleteness, no one thing is self-sustaining, but each thing that exists is only preserved by some other thing supplementing it.

Inequality, imperfection, dependence, are conspicuous in all things known to men.

It is manifest, then, that however and whenever civil government came into existence, it could only have done so subject to the universal limitations.

The crudest notion of contract involves, at least, the knowledge by the parties to it, that each one is free to enter into the proposed bargain on terms of comparative equality with the other; that for

what one gives up, the other must render an equivalent, and that there is some method by which each one can compel the other to fulfil the engagement to be made. When one reflects upon the degree of intelligence that must have had its seat in the brain of the cave-dwellers and other primitive men, as geology reveals to us their skulls and their stone implements, it seems the wildest kind of fancy to impute to these far-away ancestors of present men much more of understanding than sufficed to enable them to kill the animals about them and to dig out of the earth the roots for their food. That beings such as these could have meditated upon the dignity of human nature, or the advantages of stable government, or the probability of securing peace and quiet, by giving up to any of their fellows control over them, seems as likely as that they were profound astronomers simply because they saw the stars.

Just here it may be well to observe, in passing, that it does not enter into the design of this paper to present any argument for the unity of the human race. This fact is taken for granted, if such a form of words is necessary to indicate the assumption of a truth, that few, if any, serious thinkers and investigators deny or even question. Mankind is one in essence, and therefore whatever of agreement is found among all men must be essential to their nature. Whatever is found of disagreement must, likewise, be merely accidental. Look where one will, whether at the most enlightened races or at the most degraded, and, ocean-wide as is the difference between them, there is one thing to mention, no other, which they have in common, and that is the family relation. Father, mother and children everywhere, for at least a short time, constitute a single whole.

Go back in imagination to the first man with his wife. Call them by whatever names you like, and fix the time of their first appearance at as remote a period as you like, and, when their children have come to them, you have the first family; the beginning of human society, for human society has for its unit a family, not an individual.

Transparently evident as is this fact, it is not sufficient to merely name it, for upon its recognition depends the whole question of the origin of civil government. If the family be really the unit of society, government depends, finally, upon the family. If the first man be the unit of society, government rests ultimately on one man.



In the former supposition, the state must stay its hand at the threshold of the home; in the latter, the state has for its ultimate subject the individual. From the nature of things, the father was the head and ruler, as he was also the one to supply the other members of the family with what they required. Later on, the children reached the age when they intermarried and they, too, had children born to them. For some time after the birth of these grandchildren, the original man may have continued to be the head and ruler of the increased family.

When this first man died his children, being adult men and women, having families of which they were the heads, in addition to bearing the simple relation of brothers and sisters to each other, bore the further and more complicated relation of fathers and mothers of different families. Their father being dead, the bond of brotherhood and sisterhood must have been largely superseded by the relationship of parents of separate families. Living in close contact with each other, as they must have done in the beginning, the wants of one family could not have failed, from time to time, to conflict with the wants of the others, and consequently the intercourse of one family with another must often have brought about disagreement. Not only in physical strength, but also in mental, the heads of the first families must have differed, and as the several members of the community came to recognize more of knowledge and more of prudence in some one of their fellows, they must, from that fact, have shown to him a respect and deference that they withheld from each other. As the appreciation of this superiority grew more and more distinct, the community came to see that their head, albeit their brother, did not hold the position of headship as their brother, but because of his personal superiority, and when his headship was clearly conceded by the community, that moment civil government existed upon the earth.

Crude as the idea must have been in the beginning, the great fact was perceived that men are not equal, and that government, in the sense of masterhood on one side, and servitude on the other, is incident and necessary to man. The recognition of a ruler by the community, and the sense of his own superior position by the head himself, must have been followed by a certain separation of himself and his immediate family from the others, so that, not only the ruler himself, but also his wife and children, must have been treated with a special deference. It seems just as inevitable, that to the

oldest son of the head, there must have been accorded more of respect than to his brothers and sisters, if from no other circumstance, because he was the oldest, and it must have seemed only natural that, when the father died, the son should take his place as head.

As the rule of the first of the brothers to exercise authority over the others arose, not from any agreement between them, but only as a result of his own superiority, and their recognition of the fact, they must have felt that he, being dead, lived again in his son, as the inheritor of his father's pre-eminence.

As the families increased in number they must have spread, farther and farther, from the original abiding-place, and with each party of immigrants must have gone one leader.

Again, the desire of each father to improve his own condition and that of his family must, even in the earliest times, have led to disagreements, and without some semblance of law, there must have followed bloodshed and extermination of all but the strongest. As men acquired separate property, their continued possession of it would only have been secured by a power above them, holding in check the turbulent spirits, and protecting the quietly disposed. No doubt, for many years, it may have been for centuries, the various families and tribes moved on, from place to place, without any permanent home; but, even during this nomadic career, there must have been many things that each man came to regard as exclusively his own, and, the only way in which that exclusiveness could have been maintained, must have been the presence of some one by whose authoritative decrees order was exacted.

Law, then, as well as a ruler, must have existed from the earliest times; for law, in its simplicity, is a rule of conduct prescribed by a superior. Before men had begun to take permanent possession of definite places, law could have dealt only with the personal property of each member of the community, and with their personal intercourse. It enabled a man to keep his own beast of burden, and it prevented him from appropriating to himself that of his fellows.

When any community established itself permanently in a given place, the natural desires of man soon must have led to the acquisition of separate portions of the earth.

The law must have been, then, so far elaborated and extended, as to enable the peaceful proprietor to enjoy the use of his

acquired property, undisturbed by his plundering neighbor. The transition from a nomadic, to a settled life, must have been exceedingly slow, and no doubt attended with incidents of quarreling and bloodshed, but the transition took place, and finally became, in effect, the settled civilization of to-day.

At what day men ceased to be aimless wanderers, leading through unbroken wilds their wives and children, and made for themselves permanent homes, no man living knows, or probably ever will know. The fact, however, remains, and its explanation, therefore, must be sought rather in the nature of man, than in his history.

With the acquisition of separate property in land, and probably in the largest measure accounting for it, must have been the desire of the head of the family to provide for his wife and children after his death, and it could not have been long, if at all, thereafter, that the idea of wills arose in men's minds. Unless a right existed in the father to dispose, after death, of the goods or lands which were not exhausted by him during his life-time, it seems impossible to believe that the head of the family would have exerted himself to acquire more than the exigencies of each day, made necessary. However much primitive men differed from their present descendants, they, like ourselves, could not have been insensible to the delights of ease and repose, and it seems little probable that they, any more than ourselves, would indulge in work for work's sake.

The exertion indispensable for procuring food and raiment, from day to day, must have been quite sufficient to afford the most vigorous of our ancestors all the effort of mind or body that they desired.

Nothing less than a feeling that whatever each one gained was his own, to dispose of even after he should be gone, seems in the least adequate, as a motive for more than the minimum of labor for supplying the needs of each day.

History is at one with psychology in showing that great human effort is made only from strong motive. In their beginning, wills were, probably, simple oral directions, by the testators, that thus and thus should be done with their possessions, after their death; and the execution of the command or request may be ascribed to the reverence felt for the ancestor, as well as to the conviction that there was any power to require it to be done. So far as the mem-



bers of his own family were concerned, the habit of obedience to the head, during his life-time, would have gone far to secure compliance with his orders, the fulfilment of which extended beyond his life; but, by itself, this motive would not have been efficacious, outside the family circle, and it must have been very early supplemented by something like a law, binding the whole community.

Whatever may have been the steps leading up to a settled doctrine defining the mode of transmission of property, after the death of the owner, it must have arisen very much in the manner indicated, because of the presence, everywhere proclaimed in history, of respect for ancestors, and the gradual perception, by our remote forefathers, of the advantages to be derived from encouraging the peaceful acquisition of a surplus of property.

The many advantages derivable from the testamentary transmission of property, seem to indicate that wills were the outcome of either implied, or express contract; and the inference might be drawn that, if wills originated in such a manner, all the other constituents of civil society may have had a similar origin.

Such an inference, however, would not be just, for the transmission of property by will could only have become possible after human government was sufficiently stable and strong to protect the owner of property from marauders and other evil-doers during his life.

As civil government, in its incipency, must have been the result of a perception by the heads of the earliest families—these sons of the same father—that one of them was the superior of the others, and that obedience and respect to him were as inevitable as the bowing of the tree to the wind, so whatever of public order has ever existed, finds its ultimate basis in this far-away fact.

No one can deny that, so far back into the past as history or tradition—if distinction is to be made between the two sources of knowledge of things past—carries us, there never has been discovered any groups of men living together upon terms of equality. Always, some one has been acting as leader and superior. One man is, and has always been, on the top rung of the social ladder, and all the other members of the community are, or have been, below him.

If the idea of human equality had any place in the minds of the men of olden time, they certainly arranged their relationship

with each other in such a manner as to make the very contrary conception appear as possessing them.

If the governments of to-day alone were considered, there might seem some reason to suspect that the authority of one over the many was originally due to some kind of agreement; but, as every existing form of polity is derived from some other, of which the present is either a modification or a contradiction, the actual condition of things affords no criterion to judge safely as to how civil government had its rise.

Another objection to contract, as the foundation of government, consists in the difficulty of the alleged original covenantors being able to bind their successors.

Before men could undertake to control the men to come after them, there must have been in existence some authority to which all could appeal, for the enforcement of the terms of the original compact, against those members of the community that might seek to break its provisions. But this is only another way of saying that there must have been already constituted some form of government. And, besides, if men to-day have the right, as well as the power, to originate government, men, to-morrow, must have the corresponding right, if they happen to have the power to destroy the government created to-day.

It does not seem very probable, from what we know of primitive men, that such complicated ideas as the foregoing, which are at the very basis of contract, could have had any place in their conceptions.

Montesquieu says: "Laws, in their widest signification, are the necessary and inevitable results which spring from the nature of things; and, in this sense, all beings have their laws; the Divinity has His laws; the material world has its laws; the intelligences superior to man have their laws; beasts have their laws; man has his laws." Only in conformity with law, in this fundamental sense, could primitive men have agreed upon the original government, if such government was the creature of contract. But, as contract presupposes so much of government for its inception, government must have existed before the idea of contract was evolved by men.

The democratic theory of government is so very familiar to the world to-day that it is almost impossible to shake off the belief that it must have commended itself to men from the beginning; and yet, as the practical expression of a conviction that men are equal, the theory is relatively modern.

The Declaration of Independence may easily maintain the claim that it first gave birth to a government founded on the doctrine that "all men are created equal." Philosophers of Greece and Rome may have proclaimed very similar doctrine, but no government ever came into being as the result of the ancient sages' teachings. The patrician and the plebeians lived together, but the former never allowed the latter to forget that there was between them a barrier whose existence it behooved the plebeians to respect.

Before the American Revolution, the same relative condition of society prevailed the world over. Everywhere it was, at least tacitly, more often very audibly, assumed that men are quite the reverse of equal; that some few men are born to govern and the mass of humanity to obey, and that if the mass essays to invade the domain of the higher order of men, or shows any want of deference to those whom nature herself has selected to rule the world, these venturesome spirits are entitled to the very shortest shrift before the lash is applied to their backs.

The further into the past one goes the more distinct appears the power of one individual over the mass of his fellows, and the only apparently adequate explanation of this persistent fact is that, as primitive man is approached, the more his descendants act in conformity with their natural tendencies and the less in conformity with artificial devices. To sum up, the idea of contract is, even in its utmost simplicity, the result of reflection. Without a recognition of individual ownership of goods or land, founded on a conviction that the article owned is so entirely the rightful property of the owner that no other person can be justified in depriving the owner of its possession against his will, such an idea as that of a contract is impossible.

Consider, for a moment, how much of reflection upon personal dignity, and the right of the individual, is involved in all this, and then consider the condition of primitive man as he must be imagined. In the beginning it must always be borne in mind there was but one pair of human beings, and their immediate successors must have been their sons and daughters, with the progeny of these same sons and daughters.

As has been pointed out again and again in this paper, because of its importance in determining the question of the origin of civil government, the first specimen of community life was that of brothers and sisters—with their progeny—bearing to each other the



relation of heads of separate families. In view of the jealousy that is everywhere apparent in the animal kingdom, and certainly not least among men, is it conceivable that orderly living was brought about by any agreement between these near relations, that one of them should exercise rule and authority over the others? This supposition, in view of common experience, is absolutely impossible. As men to-day give up of their own only what they must, men of the past, as far as they are known, have acted on the same principle, and the conclusion is inevitable that primitive men acted from no higher motives.

The foregoing sketch is intended simply as suggestive of certain necessary elements that must be taken into consideration in attempting a solution of the subject of this paper, for to treat the subject exhaustively would require volumes. Inadequate as is the present article, looked at as anything more than suggestive, unless the reasoning be quite at fault, it would seem that wherever and whenever the children of the original human pair, by assuming toward each other the relationship of separate families, first constituted the nucleus of the civil state as it now exists, the basis of their living at peace with each other was a simple recognition of, and assent to, the superiority of one among them. In like manner each and every government that has ever existed, down to the American and French Revolutions, has been founded upon a tacit or expressed belief in human inequality and owed nothing of its essential nature, whatever may have been its name, to contract. If, then, government arose originally from inequality among men, and if each existing government be the development of some other government, then even those forms of polity that have come into being since the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, would seem to present, in their fundamental character, something else than equality, always supposing that human nature underwent no radical change in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

W. R. CLAXTON.

## “ULTIMA THULE.”

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ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.—THEIR PHYSICAL ASPECT, CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INHABITANTS AND THEIR EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

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To the North of the most extreme Northern point of the British mainland, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic rollers and the hardly less turbulent surges of the wild North Sea, and surrounded by some of the fiercest tideways in the world, lie the Orkney and Shetland Islands, little known, I make bold to say, to the majority of your readers, who probably consider these islands as inhabited by a semi-civilized race, in urgent need of missionaries to convert them from their semi-heathen practices.

And yet, more interesting islands would be hard to find. They are rich in the relics of a prehistoric past; with a special history of their own extending over many centuries; possessing a coast scenery which, for grandeur of form and beauty of coloring, cannot be surpassed in the British Isles, and affording one of the most interesting fields for study to the geologist and historian. Their ruined churches of by-gone days—the days of St. Columba and his followers—their “broches,” chambered cairns, and other relics of a prehistoric age, alone would furnish materials for a volume in themselves. The painter of the picturesque could cover reams of paper in expatiating on the weird charms of a Northern summer’s night, on the exquisite color-effects to be seen on both land and sea, and the feelings of awe with which the cliffs impress one, and on the many other attractions the storm-swept Orcades and regions of Ultima Thule present to one who has eyes to see, and knows how to use them. But as I am neither a writer nor a painter, and having remained on the islands only some weeks, employing all my time in sightseeing and the study of their history and ruins, I cannot do justice to those truly wonderful islands, and will give your readers only a synopsis of what I saw and read.

Separated from the mainland of Scotland by the Pentland Firth, a strait about eight miles in breadth, the Orkneys comprise some fifty-six islands, islets and holms, of which, I have been informed, twenty-nine are inhabited. The aggregate area of the group is estimated at about 360 square miles and the population about 30,000. The largest island is called Pomona, or the mainland, and on it the

only two towns in the Orkneys—Kirkwall and Stromness—are situated. The names of the majority of the islands end in *ay* or *ey*, signifying an island, from the Norse word *ey*. The general appearance of the islands is somewhat bleak, owing to their low-lying structure and total absence of wood. In rock-scenery they are, with the exception of Hoey island, inferior to the Shetlands, though infinitely richer in monuments of antiquity and objects of historical and ecclesiastical interest. But, with the Shetlands, they possess unlimited charms in the gorgeousness of their ærial aspects, and the wonderful effects of light and shade on hill and moor, cliff and sea—effects intensified, doubtless, by the variableness and humidity of their climate, and the fierce “roosts,” tideways and whirlpools with which their coasts are surrounded.

Owing, perhaps, to the influence of the Gulf Stream, which encircles them as a belt, the temperature of the islands is much milder and more equable than is that of the mainland of Scotland. Extreme heat in summer and extreme cold in winter are alike unknown. The following table of the temperature of Kirkwall, Orkney, for 1894, which was given me by a gentleman of the town, clearly establishes this fact. Your readers will, in the meantime, bear in mind that these islands are more than thirteen hundred miles further north than Boston, Mass.:

Place.	Year.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	Yearly average temp.
Kirkwall. . . . .	1894	39.6	39.0	39.3	43.2	47.5	52.6	54.2	54.7	52.3	46.6	41.6	41.2	45.9

There is but little genial warmth in these islands, as can be seen by the above table, before June. Summer continues throughout September, which is often the finest month of the year. Towards the beginning of November, and into December, occurs a fine season (which I fortunately struck), locally known by the name of “*the peerie*” (little) summer, something like what the inhabitants of New England call the “Indian Summer.”

The “nightless summers” of these northern sub-Arctic islands are not the least of their charms. On the longest day the sun rises at 3 and sets at 9.30. Darkness is unknown. Small print can be read at midnight. During my sojourn in the islands, in the end of Novem-



ber and beginning of December, I had no difficulty in reading after 11 o'clock, and, even the lark—locally known as “Our Lady’s Bird”—whose sweet notes I had not heard for thirteen years, shook the dew from off its wings and was merrily chirping in front of my bedroom window at two in the morning, being joined in its morning carol, a few hours later, by those beautiful and melodious warblers, the thrush and blackbird. However, to compensate for all this, the winters, I am told, are proportionately long and gloomy.

Separated from the Orkneys by a tract of dangerous and turbulent sea nearly sixty miles in breadth, lie the Shetlands to the northeast, consisting of some one hundred islands and islets, of which not more than twenty-eight are inhabited. Unknown, in a restricted sense, or, at least, ignored until very recent years, these islands are at the present day, from the extent and rapidly-increasing development of their fisheries, one of the most important districts of Scotland; while, at the same time, from the interest of their associations, the healthfulness of their climate, and the grandeur of their rock scenery, they are fast becoming one of the most favorite resorts of tourists. As in Orkney, the principal island—on which the towns of Leswick and Scalloway are situated—is called the mainland, and is about sixty miles long by forty-eight broad, and, like Orkney, also, there is not a tree on the islands. Washed on their western sides by the wild waves of the Atlantic Ocean, and on their eastern coasts by the no less tempestuous billows of the Northern Sea, they look like what perhaps they are—the skeleton of a long-buried peninsula. The rugged and romantic coasts are deeply indented with “Vols,” or fiords, stretching inland for many miles, while innumerable outlying holms, “stacks” and sunken rocks bear evidence of the prodigious force of the waves which beat against their iron-bound shores. In all my travels over the islands I failed to find a spot which was more than three miles from salt water. The area of the islands is about 550 square miles, and their population about 29,000.

In climate the Shetlands resemble the Orkneys, the yearly average temperature being 45.4; though the rainfall, it is said, is greater. Storms are frequent during the winter months, and sudden and dangerous gales often occur in midsummer. The scenery in the “interior”—if such a word can be fitly employed—is dull and monotonous; but the coast-scenery is always interesting, being truly grand and magnificent. Mural precipices, over 1,000 feet high, the abode of myriads of sea-fowl of all descriptions, feeding on their

flat green tops ; flocks of timid lambs and ponies ; isolated "stacks" or mighty boulders jetting out of the deep and cleaving the skies ; gloomy caverns, within whose sunless shades the tide ebbs and flows ; here, a gravelly beach piled high with heaps of cod ; there, a narrow fissure with a herd of seals sunning themselves on its tangle-covered rocks—such are the varieties of the Shetland landscape.

To this day, despite telegraphs, steam communication and tri-weekly mails ; despite the crowds of summer tourists who yearly invade their shores ; and despite, above all—and in this they have my unbounded admiration—the four hundred years' connection which binds them to the crown of Scotland, the islands and their inhabitants are still as essentially Norse as when they formed an integral part of the Scandinavian kingdom of Denmark and Norway. To this day, also, the feelings of these genuine islanders toward the Scotch are still akin to those of their forefathers, who complained that "they got nothing from Scotland but dear meal and bad ministers ;" and although all repugnance—at least with regard to the meal—has long since disappeared, these islanders have not yet learned to forget—nor can I blame them for it—the oppression which they suffered at the hands of "land-grabbers" and "noblemen," who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, made the name of Scotchmen as odious to them as was that of Cromwell to the Irish.

In walking along the streets of the island towns, I was struck by two marked types of countenance, the one fair and the other very dark. I noticed, nevertheless, that however dark the hair may be, it is never black, only the shade, not the color, would require to be changed to make it flaxen. Again, whatever may be the color of the eye, it is, in comparison with the flashing, animated Celtic eye, deficient in lustre and expression.

An artist in want of a model for a vigorous, and at the same time refined, type, either of male or female beauty, might do worse than try Orkney and Shetland. New England itself might be eclipsed in the matter of "bairdly men and bonnie lasses," and among the latter you find faces of the most beautifully refined cast, such as are to be found rarely, if ever, elsewhere, except in Ireland, among people of the same rank of life. A finer race, from a physical point of view, to all outward appearances, would be hard to find. Hospitable, soft-spoken and outwardly courteous, you are at first charmed with them, and it is not till after a

time you find that there is another side to the picture, far different from what your first impressions have led you to expect. There is a certain amount of duplicity and hypocrisy, the products, I take it, of centuries of oppression.

It would seem almost as if these islands had been specially prepared by nature to be the home of a hardy people. None but hardy North men,

"Whose house of yore  
Was on the foaming wave,"

would have selected these parts of wilderness and mount for their chosen resting-place; for, after all, these "old rocks," as these islands are called, are not flowing with milk and honey, no

"Emerald isles of Paradise,  
Set in the azure sea."

Terrible tempests rage round the coasts, and there is scarcely a thatched cottage within their limits from which the cruel sea has not taken toll of its inmates. Yet there is a passionate attachment of the islanders to their native land—an attachment so intense and so deep-rooted as to produce, at times, in those who are employed elsewhere, a peculiar and aggravated form of nostalgia.

I was also struck with the melancholy expression of the islanders, with their soft voices, as a rule, their pensive countenances, their quiet and resigned air and manners, though the descendants of a bold, warlike and fierce race, doubtless due, in part, to their surroundings.

Musicians tell us that the voices of nature—the songs of the birds, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the wail of the wind, the splash of the waves on the shore, even the roar of the thunder—are all in the minor key, and so it is in Orkney and Shetland. All life is in the minor key, and no wonder, for the sea—the cruel, avenging sea—with its toils, its dangers, its storms, its terrors, occupies the thoughts of the islanders to the exclusion of everything else. It is an old custom—with which persons of strong imaginations may blend a tinge of the poetical—for each fisherman to collect in his lifetime a supply of wreck-wood sufficient to make him a coffin. All around the coasts the sea is one great grave. It is scarcely to be wondered at, then, that all the islanders' thoughts by day, nay, even their dreams by night,



are about the moaning sea; that most of their superstitions are connected with it, and exercise an influence over their minds, which no amount of preaching or teaching, or ridicule or banter, has hitherto been able to overcome.

Few countries, so limited in area, can boast of so thrilling, so romantic, so pathetic a history. Alike in their prehistoric as in their historic age, they excite in us an interest entirely disproportionate to their territorial extent. And although the materials for their annals are meagre and few, they have attracted the attention of antiquarians and scholars as perhaps the chronicles and archives of no other country, save Ireland, have done. Take their Sagas, for example, which I had the pleasure of perusing over and over—how they warm the blood and fire the imagination! They are epics as glorious as the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. They are like the trumpet-call which summons heroes to the battle. They cast a glamour over the reader. To pursue them, is to make one forget all his nineteenth-century philosophy, to throw aside all his modern perfectability, to hurl him back, whether he will or no, a thousand years or more, into the heart of that wild, fierce, brave, historic, antique world.

Previous to the Norse occupation, all that is known of the islands is, that they were inhabited by a Christian Celtic race, known by the name of Picts, to whom the islands owe the numerous "brochs" with which they are surrounded, and some, at least, of the monumental stones, and nearly all the old ruins, which have been discovered within their borders. To these remains, and to a few fragments from the writings of the saints of old, the islanders are indebted for almost all the little information they now possess regarding their Christian civilization prior to the Norwegian conquest. With respect to their Christianity, it came, as in most other parts of Scotland, from the poor, dear old Irish missionary church. Even before the days of St. Columba, Irish clerics were no strangers in those distant corners of the Lord's vineyard. Their influence must have been slight, as paganism was rampant in the land, and the soldiers of Christ were few, very few, judging from the accounts preserved of them; but later on, when the companions of the great St. Columba attempted to work in larger numbers and on a more systematic plan, better results followed.

It is in the middle of the fifth century that the early chronicles begin to cast occasionally a feeble light upon the civil and ecclesiastical history of these northern isles.

It is stated, in the "*Historia Britonum*" of Nennius, who lived about 850 A. D., that Saxon chiefs came over in the year 449, and laid waste the Orkneys. At that time, and *for a long time previously*—according to Nennius—the Picts had been in possession of the Orkneys. He also states, though writing about the year 858, that the Picts continued in possession of the Orkneys in his day. Besides, St. Adamnan, in his life of St. Columba, states that St. Cormac, a disciple of St. Columba, had reached the Orkneys, when sailing from "Iona to discover a desert"—an uninhabited island—"in the ocean," and adds that to the intercession of St. Columba, who was then on a visit to Brude, King of the Northern Picts, St. Cormac and his companions probably owed their lives, as a ruler of the Orkneys was at that time, about 565 A.D., a hostage in the hands of the king. Hence we have in the sixth century, Irish missionaries preaching to the Picts of the Orkneys. That Christianity had taken root in the soil of Orkney, owing to the efforts of St. Cormac and his companions; that through the instrumentality of later missionaries the faith spread from Orkney to the adjoining islands of Shetland, and was the religion of the inhabitants of both groups when they were conquered by the Scandinavian worshipers of Odin and Thor, there can be little doubt.

The Irish monk, Dicuil, who wrote his treatise "*De Mensura Orbis Terrarum*" about the year 825, states that "thirty years before that time, some clerics had told him that they had lived in an island which they supposed to be Thule, where at the summer solstice the sun only hid himself behind a little hill for a short time during the night, which was quite light, and that a day's sail towards the north would bring them from thence into a frozen sea."

This island is obviously Iceland. He then states that there are many other islands in the northern British sea which lie at the distance of two days and two nights from the northern islands of Britain, in a straight course and with a fair wind and full sail. "One of these," he says, "a certain honest monk told me he had visited one summer after sailing a day, a night, and another day, in a two-benched boat." To my mind, these are evidently the Shetland Islands. Dicuil further states that "there are also some other small islands, almost all divided from each other by narrow sounds, inhabited for about a century by hermits proceeding from

our Scotia,\* but as they had been deserted since the beginning of the world, so are they now abandoned by these anchorites on account of northern robbers, but they are full of countless sheep, and swarm with sea fowl of various kinds." Here the reference to the "small isles separated by narrow sounds" is distinctive of the Faroes, of which the long narrow sounds are the peculiar physical feature; while the statement that they were "full of countless sheep," taken in connection with the fact that the Northmen named them "Sheep-isles," establishes the identity of the group which St. Dicuil describes.

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\* That Scotia, prior to the tenth century, was Ireland, and Ireland alone, is clearly established by the following *catena* of authorities:

#### SIXTH CENTURY.

Isidoms Hispalensis. *Origines*.

"Scotia eadem et Iberniam, proxima Britanniae insula. . . . Unde et Iberniam dicta, Scotia autem quod ab Scotorum gentibus colitur appellata."—Lib. 14, C. 6.

#### SEVENTH CENTURY.

Ravennatis Anonymi. *Cosmographia*.

"Finitur autem ipsa Britannia a facie Septentrionalis (habet) insulam Scotiam. Iterum in eodem oceano occidentali post ipsam magnam Britanniam . . . est insula moxima quae dicitur Iberniam, quae, ut dictum est, et Scotia appellatur."

Adamnonus in via Sti Columbae.

"De Scotia ad Britanniam anavigavit."—Pref.

"De Scotia ad Britanniam adduxit."—Lib. 1.

#### EIGHTH CENTURY.

Baeda. *Historia Ecc. Gentis Anglorum*.

"Hæc autem (Hiberniam) proprie patria Scotorum est."—Lib. 1, C. 1.

"Scotti qui Hiberniam insulam Britanniae proximam incolunt."—Lib. 11, C. 4.

"Columba presbyter, de Scotia Venit Britanniam."—Lib. 5, C. 24.

#### NINTH CENTURY.

Huebaldus, in *Vita Sti Lebuini*.

"Britannia oceani insula, interfuso mari a toto orbe divisa . . . cui adjacet Scotia sive Hyberniam."—Serius, tom 3, p. 27.

Idem actor in vita Sti Kiliani.

"Scotia quæ et Hibernia dicitur, insula est maris oceani, fecunda quidem glebis, sed viris Sanctissimis clarior."—Serius, tom 3, p. 132.

#### TENTH CENTURY.

Secunda Vita Sti Patricii, ap Colgan.

"Causa hæc erat primæ peregrinationis atque adventus egres in Scotiam."—Tr. Th., p. 12.

Quind Vita Sti Patricii, ap Colgan.

"Scotiam atque Britanniam, Angliam et Normanniam cæterasque gentes insulanorum baptizabis."—Tr. Th., p. 51.



Even into the Arctic regions those Irish monks penetrated. The first Norwegian settlement, according to what scanty accounts we have, was made in Iceland in 875, by Leif and Ingulf, "who carried with them," says Anderson, "a number of Irish captives," and the Landnamabot states that "*before* Iceland was colonized from Norway, men were living there whom the Northmen called Papas; they were Christians, and it is thought they came over the sea from the west, for after them were *Irish* books and bells and croziers and other things, so that one could see that they were Westernmen. These things were found in Papey, eastwards, and in Papyli." Again, Ari Fradi says, speaking of Iceland: "Christian men were here, then called by the Northmen *Papa*, but afterwards they went their way, . . . and they left behind them Irish books and bells and pastoral staves, so that it was clear that they were *Irishmen*."

Thus, by the concurrent testimony of St. Adamnan, the biographer of St. Columba, of the Irish monk, St. Dicuil, writing during the lifetime of those holy men who had fled from the Northern robbers, and, lastly, of the Icelandic historians themselves, it is established that the *whole* of the northern islands were visited by Catholic teachers, and in all probability converted to the Christian faith, before they were overcome by the Norwegian invaders.

Of course, we cannot expect to ascertain—nor do I believe it can be ascertained fully in the absence of nearly all written records—to what extent these heroic saints of old had succeeded in leavening the Pictish population of the islands of Orkney and Shetland with the Christian faith. But it seems probable that during the three centuries that intervened between the coming of St. Cormac in his coracle and the arrival of the Norsemen, the faith had been firmly established and widely extended, both in the northern mainland of Scotland and in the Orkney and Shetland isles. The dedications of early ecclesiastical foundations; the occurrence of monumental stones, sculptured in the style peculiar to the earliest Christian monuments with Ogham inscriptions and bearing the Christian emblem of the Cross; the finding of ecclesiastical bells of the square side form, peculiar to the early ages of the Church, and the occurrence in the Norse topography—which remains to this day—names indicative of the previous settlement of Celtic Christian priests and people—all these facts, to my mind prove beyond possibility of doubt the extent of the early Chris-

tianity of the islands, and testify to the zeal and activity of those sainted and devoted servants of the Lord, who, between the sixth and ninth centuries, braved the dangers of the sea in their two-benched boats and spread the gospel tidings in the Ultima Thule of the ancients.

The earliest dedications—according to Anderson, the greatest of Scotch antiquarians and the editor of the *Orkneyinga Saga*—were to St. Ninian and St. Columba, St. Bridget and St. Triduana. There was a church to St. Ninian at Dunrossness, in Shetland, and another at Store, in South Ronaldsay, Orkney. In South Ronaldsay, Orkney, the sites of three churches dedicated to St. Columba are still pointed out in Grymness, Hopay and Loch of Burwick. It may be worthy of remark that tradition makes St. Columba and his companions land for the first time in Orkney at South Ronaldsay, where the mounds of the aforesaid three churches dedicated to him are still shown you by the inhabitants. There were also dedications to St. Columba in the islands of Sanday and Hoy, in Orkney. St. Bridget had churches dedicated to her in Stronsay and Papa Stronsay, in Orkney. St. Triduana, whose name has been corrupted into St. Tredwell and St. Trudlin by the inhabitants, had dedications in Papa Westray, in Orkney, and just outside the town of Thurso, in Caithness. But it is impossible to tell how many of these early religious sites had similar dedications, as scarcely a tithe of those that are known have preserved their names. Not so very many years ago, it is said, there were still recognizable the sites of twenty-four churches in the island of Unst, twenty-one in the island of Zell, and ten or eleven in the island of Fetlor; fifty-five religious foundations in the three most northerly islands of the Shetland; and yet these islands are not one-fourth of the Shetland group. The foregoing foundations are described in *Dryden's Ruined Churches*.

Scattered ail over Orkney and Shetland, you come upon sites of old churches\* and monasteries, some of which were founded,

\* Among others I collected the names of the following: St. Andrew's, Orkney; St. Andrew's, South Rolandsay; St. Boniface's, in Kirk; St. Bride's, Papa Stronsay; St. Catharine's, Shopinsay; St. Colme's, Bissay; St. Colme's, Burwick; St. Colme's, Cummingbush; St. Colme's, Grimness; St. Colme's, Hopay; St. Columba's, Sanday; St. John's, Gunnister; St. Caurence, Papil; St. Matthew's, Dunrossness; St. Magnus', Egilsay; St. Magnus', Hillswick; St. Magnus', Ting-wall; St. Magnus', Bay; St. Margaret's, Hope; St. Mary's, Culbinsboro; St. Mary's, Damsay; St. Mary's, Stronsay; St. Matthew's, Sandwick; St. Nicholas', Papa

according to historians and antiquarians, long before the Norse invasion, and so numerous are these sacred spots that it looks, even at this distant day, as if the Orkneys and Shetlands were once the retreats of innumerable anchorites and confessors, who braved all dangers to plant the faith in the hearts of a pagan people.

Nor where these imaginary dangers. Those who know of the stormy and perilous sounds, the rushing tideways of the Northern seas, will appreciate the devotion of the men who could trust themselves for days and nights upon them in small open boats. How many precious lives were lost in those hazardous transits will never be known, till the day when those subarctic depths give up their dead.

The sculptured monuments likewise furnish us with three collateral lines of inference, proving the early Christianity of these islands.

These inferences are derived from the inscriptions, the ornamentation and the symbols of the monuments. Two of these monuments bear inscriptions in the Ogham character, a style of cryptographic writing characteristic of the early inscribed stone monuments of Ireland. One of these two was found near the ancient church of Culbinsburg, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in the island of Bressay, in Shetland. How early the Irish loved to erect churches to the Mother of God! So early, in fact, that the time is lost in the twilight of ages, as these monuments prove. And allow me to say, in passing, that to this devotion to the Virgin-Mother may be attributed, more than to anything else, the acknowledged purity of the *Celtic* maiden. This Bressay slab was not found until 1864, near the old ruined church. It is "a slab\* of chlorite slate, three feet nine inches in length, about sixteen inches wide at the top and tapering a little less than a foot at the bottom, and about an inch and three-quarters thick." It is sculptured, continues Anderson, in low relief, and the inscription is incised on the *edges* of the stone. On one of its sculptured faces it bears the Christian emblem of the Cross, and among the figures sculptured on it are those of two ecclesiastics with pastoral staves.

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Stronsay; St. Ninian's, Strow; St. Olaf's, Papil Zell; St. Olaf's, Kirkabister; St. Ola's, Kirkwall; St. Ola's, Whiteness; St. Paul's, Walls Shetland; St. Peter's, South Ronaldsay; St. Peter's, Stronsay; St. Regulus, Westray; St. Sunifa's, Unst; St. Tola's, Widewall.

\* Anderson's Scotland in Early Christian Times.



Tudor\* adds, "in the center below the cross, is a man on horse-back, between the two ecclesiastics, and below this is a much larger horse without a rider. On the other side, at the top, is another interlaced cross, but of a simpler pattern; below which are the figures of two beasts with their jaws extended . . . and below the beasts two ecclesiastics with their hands and staves touching." I have also been informed by an antiquarian of Orkney that the inscription is written down both edges of the stone, and is divided into words by colon-like points. The digits are arranged upon a stem-line, which keeps the center of the edge of stone. The other inscribed stone was found in the Celtic tower, of Burrian, in Orkney. The inscription scratched on it has not yet been deciphered, so Anderson states in his *Orkneyinga Saga*. It also bears the Christian emblem of the cross. This association of the cross with these Ogham inscriptions points conclusively to a period anterior to the Norse occupation of the islands, which occurred about the ninth century. The readings of these inscriptions, as Anderson remarks, though attempted by the best experts in Ogham lore, are far from satisfactory. To my mind, judging from the authors I have read on this subject, the language is a mixture of Celtic and Icelandic, and will never be deciphered until antiquarians become thoroughly versed in *both* these languages in their ancient form. My reason for asserting that these inscriptions are a mixture of Celtic and Icelandic is this: "Men were living in Iceland before it was colonized from Norway in 875, whom the Northmen called Pappas; they were Christians . . . and left after them Irish books.†" These Irish Christians, we are told, returned to the Orkneys and Shetland, having a knowledge of the Icelandic language, and then raising monuments to the dead, wrote the inscriptions in a mixture of both languages, Celtic and Icelandic.

In addition to these Ogham inscribed stones, a tombstone, clearly, from the carving, of Celtic‡ origin, was in July, 1877, discovered in the graveyard at Papil, Shetland. It is only carved on one side, and at the top is a Maltese cross inclosed within two circular incised lines; below are the figures of four ecclesiastics holding pastoral staves.

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\* The Orkneys and Shetland.

† Landnamabok.

‡ Tudor, Orkney and Shetland.

In the same graveyard at Papil, another slab was discovered at the same time. It has a very graceful and well-executed cross incised on it. These, also, are ascribed by antiquarians to a period prior to the Norse invasion.

"In examining the characteristics of the art of these monumental stones," says Anderson,\* "we are guided to similar conclusions," viz., that it is of Celtic origin. "The Bressay stone in Shetland bears none of the symbols peculiar to the Scottish monuments, and in its artistic features it comes nearer to some of the Irish than the general style of the Scottish sculptures. It is sculptured in low relief, whilst all the Orkney examples are merely incised. But some of the forms of their ornamentation are also characteristic of the art of the illuminated Irish manuscripts of the seventh and eighth centuries, and others are equally characteristic of the art of the bronzes of what has been styled the late Celtic period."

Ecclesiastical bells, peculiar to the early ages of Christianity, have also been discovered on the islands. It will be sufficient for this article to mention only two of a series. In 1862, a Mr. Farrer, of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, if I mistake not, excavated a sandhill situated on the seashore at Birsay, in Orkney. Many burials were met with at depths varying from two to eight or ten feet from the surface. All the bodies had been laid in rude cists made of flat stones taken from the neighboring beach. The human remains, these cists enclosed, were those of persons of all ages—men, women and children. The skulls were submitted to Dr. Thurnam, one, I think, of the authors of *Crania Britannica*, who had no hesitation in referring them to the *ancient Celtic inhabitants* of Orkney, and had little doubt that they were of a period prior to the Norwegian invasion. At a little distance from these interments were the remains of a building. In connection with it were found several quern-stones and bone implements. Close to these was a cist formed of large stones, which, when opened, disclosed, says Anderson,† "a curious object made of iron, and as it stood in the cist with the open end uppermost and covered with a flat stone, it looked somewhat like an ill-made pitcher. But when extracted and placed with its mouth downward, there could no longer be any doubt as to its real character. It had a handle

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\* *Orkneyinga Saga*, XVIII.

† Scotland in Early Christian Times.

at the top, its narrow sides were flat, its wider sides bulged, it tapered toward the top, and was formed of sheets of hammered iron riveted together down the sides. It was a square-sided form bell. Its slope and character," continues this learned antiquarian, "were manifestly the shape and character that were peculiar to the iron and bronze bells of the early Celtic Church, which are still occasionally found in association with churches that stand on sites of early Celtic foundations." Clearly this bell was buried in order to protect a highly venerated relic from violation by heathen hands. It is known historically that, at the end of the ninth century, Orkney and Shetland became the station of the Northern Vikings who pillaged the monasteries and spared nothing of value on which they could lay their marauding hands.

Birsay, as a site of an ecclesiastical establishment, had the legends of a powerful saint lingering around it. Its church was dedicated to St. Columba. Its monks held this bell in high veneration, for it may have been blessed by the great founder of Celtic Christianity in Northern Scotland, and sent as a token of his good wishes for the prosperity of an infant church in the Orkneys. Hence its burial as a safeguard against Norse plunder. This bell, then, belonged to a community which, Dr. Thurnam informs us, was Celtic, and of a period prior to the Norse invasion.

Another bell was also found in Orkney in circumstances almost as peculiar.

In 1870, Dr. Traill excavated a large grass-grown mound of circular form in the island of North Ronaldsay, Orkney. The mound, as is common in these islands, covered the remains of one of the "brochs," or circular towers, which are so numerous in Caithness, across the strait from the Orkneys. When the structure was cleared from the débris of the ruins of the upper part which had fallen down, it was found that the lower part remained entire to a height of about ten feet. In the débris, among other things, were found a stone and a bell. The stone had engraved upon its flat surface the figure of a cross of peculiar form. "The cross is Celtic, and of an early period."\* The bell is made of thin sheet iron, riveted up the side, having a loop-handle at the top and flattened on the sides, exactly similar in everything but size to the buried bell of Birsay. It is very small, just such a bell as is used nowadays within the sanctuary during Catholic

\* Anderson, Scotland in Early Christian Times.



services, and "its association with the stone is sufficient to substantiate its claim to be considered as a relic of the early Celtic church."\*

Lastly, let us consider the indications afforded by the Norse topography of some of the islands which, to my mind, proves decisively that they were inhabited by a Celtic race previous to the Norse invasion.

The most obvious of these are the frequency with which the name Papa occurs, both in the topography of Orkney and Shetland, and the occurrence of such names of isles with the prefix "St."

Thus in Orkney we have the island of Papa-Westray, Papa-Strondsay, Paplay in Ronaldsay, Paplay in Holm and Papedale near Kirkwall. In Shetland we have the isles of Papa, Papa-Stoor, Papa-Little, Papill in Unst, and in Zell, and Papa Sound. We have St. Ninian's isle in Shetland; St. Ninian's isle and St. Adaman's, or St. Damsey's isle in Orkney and Enhallow—Holy Isle—names we must suppose intelligently given by the Norsemen. What this word "Papa" meant in the vernacular language of the Norsemen, I am at a loss to discover. But we know on the testimony of the historian Ari Frodi, that those Celtic evangelists of old were called by the Norsemen "Papas;" possibly the word is equivalent to the modern term "Papist," minus the odium attached to it nowadays by non-Catholics, for those "Papas" were revered by all, even the pagan Northmen.

Thus, the dedications of early Celtic ecclesiastical foundations; the occurrence of Celtic monumental stones with Ogham characters; the finding of ecclesiastical bells peculiar to the early ages of the church, and the frequency in the topography of the islands of places indicating Celtic settlements, prove a Christian occupation of the isles of no inconsiderable extent and continuance previous to their occupation by the Norsemen. To these might be added numerous other proofs, such as the island-bound towers, the "brochs," the architecture of the primitive dwellings, the forms of defensive structures, the sepulchral chambers—all of which, according to Anderson, the greatest living antiquarian, are identical in construction to those built in Ireland during the early days of Christianity. But as this article has already assumed considerable proportions, they will form the subject of a future essay.

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\* Anderson, *Ibidem*.

The Picts, to whom the Celtic priests and monks preached the saving gospel of the Crucified Christ, occupied the islands nominally till toward the end of the ninth century. But for nearly a hundred years before, the islands seem to have been visited by bands of Scandinavian buccaneers and pirates, destined to be immortalized, or rather held up to execration by after-ages, as the "Vikings."\* They were sea robbers who, finding their own country too hot for them, or disinclined to earn their living by honest labor, betook themselves to the sea, to gain a precarious subsistence at other people's expense. They had, no doubt, a fierce, daring method of accomplishing their purpose, which was considered masterful, and which, in these days of diplomacy and statecraft, is certainly not without certain charms.

From all accounts, they were also overwhelmingly "pious" in the observance of their pagan cult, and had a rough and ready mode of trying to force the Celtic "Papas" and Christian Picts to sacrifice to their gods, which deprived the mother-church of innumerable heroes, yet peopled heaven with martyred saints. So long as they confined their visits to the British Isles and Orkney and Shetland, and contented themselves with plundering Celtic Christian institutions, murdering Pictish knights, despoiling Celtic chieftains of their flocks and lands, and massacring Celtic priests and monks, little exception was taken to their scandalous conduct. But it was otherwise when they turned their audacious arms upon the mother-country itself.

Shortly after the accession of Harald the Fair-haired to the crown of Norway in the ninth century, the galleys of the Vikings appeared off the coast of Norway, bent on plunder. Irritated beyond endurance by these ravages, the king determined upon their suppression. He fitted out a great fleet, and sweeping the Western seas, drove them from their haunts, subduing Orkney and Shetland and erecting them in a Jarldom of Norway. This Jarldom he bestowed upon Rognvald, Jarl of Moeri and uncle to the martyred St. Magnus, in whose honor he built the magnificent cathedral in Kirkwall, Orkney, which stands to this day in all its antique grandeur. The rule of the Norse Jarls laid the foundation of all that constitutes the idiosyncrasy of the islands at the present day. The Norse language became the tongue of the

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\* Vic, a bay or creek, or haunt of sea-rovers. Hence Vikings, those who harried the coasts for plunder.

people, and Shetland, with Orkney, became an integral part of the Scandinavian kingdom. Historians tell us that the period of the Norse occupation was the golden age of the islands; that the Norse Jarls were no oppressors of their people; that the sea-girt isles were safe from the ravages of a foreign foe, and that during all that tract of time the land enjoyed unbroken peace.

The Norse Jarls were, likewise, exceedingly energetic, and to their overwhelming energy might be attributed the indirect cause, at least, of their own extinction. Not content with the semi-independence of their island Jarldom, and as more wants more, they soon acquired a footing in the north of Scotland—a footing from which it was so difficult, not to say impossible, to expel them, that the Scottish kings were fain to purchase the neutrality by bestowing upon them the title of Earls of Caithness.

But the Biblical precept of serving two masters soon became apparent. No doubt, in the long run, the greater value of their Scotch estates was bound to turn the scale. But at first, the only result of the double title was to weaken the allegiance of its holder to both its suzerains. The halcyon days of the islands were soon at an end, and their history, from that time to quite recently, is one continued tale of oppression, poverty and servitude. If the Kings of Norway chastised the islanders with whips, the grasping donatories of the Scottish King chastised them with scorpions.

Sometime after, Scotchmen tried to manipulate both groups of islands in their own behoof, looking upon them as a milch cow, to be squeezed for their own special benefit. But be this as it may, an event occurred in 1468 which, by tightening the bonds between the islands and the mainland, was the means of inflicting still greater hardships upon the inhabitants of both Orkney and Shetland. By a contract of marriage between James III, of Scotland, and Margoreb, daughter of Christian I, King of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, first the Orkneys and subsequently the Shetlands were pledged by the Scandinavian monarch for the dowry of that princess. The mortgage was merely a temporary arrangement. But, up to this date, it has never been paid off, and, doubtless, never will be. And though the plenipotentiaries assembled at Breda, in 1668, held that not only was the right of redemption not barred by prescription, but that it was, in point of fact, imprescribable; the islanders need, I think, be under no apprehension, considering the grasping faculty of England, that their islands will



ever cease to be what they now are, an integral part of the British Kingdom.

For years after their attachment to the Crown of Scotland, little was heard of the islands beyond the transference of the earldom from one noble family to another, as the political exigencies and pecuniary necessities, the nepotism or caprice of successive monarchs suggested.

As the Celtic monks evangelized the Picts of the islands before the coming of the Norsemen, so, in like manner after the invasion were the Norse Jarls and their followers Christianized by Celtic monks and by Norwegian and Scotch bishops.

And not only were the Norsemen converted, but when they embraced the true faith a spirit of holy emulation sprang up among them to cover the islands with edifices which they dedicated to God and His saints. To make this clear, I shall mention the homes of the bishops who occupied the See in Orkney during the Norwegian dominion over the islands, together with some of the many churches founded during the same period.

But as the origin of the bishopric of Orkney is involved in some obscurity, and being too complicated for me, with the limited books of reference at my command, to give any lucid explanation of the matter, I quote what Prof. Anderson, in his introduction to the *Orkneyinga Saga*, says about it:

"The Saga\* statement regarding the origin of the bishopric unfortunately is lacking in precision. It is stated that Earl Thorfinn built Christ's Kirk, in Birsay, apparently after his return from his pilgrimage to Rome, and that the first Bishop's See in the Orkneys was established there. Taking this in connection with the statement that William the Old, who was bishop in 1115, when St. Magnus was murdered, was the first bishop, the inference would be that the bishopric was erected in his time. The statement regarding his tenure of office for sixty-six years is scarcely credible; but, supposing it to be the fact, as he died in 1167, we obtain 1102 as the date of the erection of the bishopric.

"On the other hand, Adam, of Bremen, states that Thorolf was the first bishop of Orkney, and that he was consecrated by Adelbert, Archbishop of Hamburg, in the middle of the eleventh century, and that another bishop named Adelbert succeeded him. Now, as William the Old was not consecrated before 1102, if there was a

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\* Anderson's Introduction, page 71.

bishop in Earl Thorfinn's time (the date of his death being 1064) it must have been this Thorolf. If Thorolf was consecrated in the middle of the eleventh century, it was probably before Earl Thorfinn's death, in 1064. But it seems that the See was vacant or unoccupied before 1093.

"It appears from a letter of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury (1070-1089), that Earl Paul, of Orkney, had sent to him a cleric whom he wished to be consecrated a bishop, and Lanfranc orders Walstan, Bishop of Worcester, and Peter, Bishop of Chester, to go to York and assist the Archbishop there at the consecration. This must refer to the Earl Paul, son of Thorfinn, who, with his brother Erlend, was carried to Norway by King Magnus on his second expedition to the west in 1098, and neither of them ever returned. The name of this bishop is not given in Lanfranc's letter. But the English writers mention that, in the end of the eleventh century, a cleric named Ralph was consecrated Bishop of Orkney by Thomas, Archbishop of York. Thomas was Archbishop from A. D. 1070 to 1100. It is mentioned that when the right of the Archbishop of York to consecrate Turgot, Bishop of St. Andrews, was asserted, in 1109, it was proposed that he should do it by the assistance of the (English) bishops of Scotland and of Orkney. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury (1092-1107), wrote to Earl Hakon Palson, exhorting him and his people to obey the bishop, "whom now by the grace of God they had."

A second bishop, named Rogers, was consecrated by Gerard, who was Archbishop of York in the beginning of the twelfth century, from 1100 to 1108. A third bishop, named Ralph, said to have been elected by the people of Orkney, was consecrated by Archbishop Thomas, the successor of Gerard. Pope Calixtus II, and Pope Honorius II, addressed letters to the Norwegian Kings, Signard and Eystein, in favor of Ralph. In the letter of Pope Honorius it is expressly stated that another bishop had been intruded in the place of Ralph. This must refer to William the Old, whom the Sagas made bishop from the year 1102.

The explanation of all this seems to be that the Archbishops of Hamburg and York both tried in vain to secure the right of consecrating the bishops of Orkney; the former on the ground that, as the successors of St. Anschar, they were primates of the Scandinavian churches, and the latter on the same ground on which they claimed the right to consecrate the Bishop of St. Andrews, viz.,

that their jurisdiction extended to the whole of Scotland and the Isles. In the appendix to Florence of Worcester's Chronicle, written in the beginning of the twelfth century, it is said that "the Archbishop of York had jurisdiction over all the bishops north of the Humber, and all the bishops of Scotland and the Orkneys, as the Archbishop of Canterbury had over those of Ireland and Wales." Meantime, however, the Norwegians made their own bishops, and these, having obtained possession of the See, were the real Bishops of Orkney, though the others might employ the empty title.

Thus, William the Old was the first of the actual bishops of Orkney of whom we have distinct record. As the Saga and the Saga of St. Magnus both state explicitly, that he held the bishopric for sixty-six years, and the annals place his death in 1168, he must have been consecrated in 1102. The See, which was first at Birsay, where Earl Thorfinn erected the Christ's Kirk, was removed to Kirkwall on the erection of the Cathedral, 1137-'52. He went with Rognvald to the Holy Land in 1152. When Pope Anastasius erected the Metropolitan See of Drondtheim, in 1154, he declared the Bishop of Orkney one of its suffragans, and Bishop William's canonical rights were thus implicitly recognized. He died in 1168; and in 1848, when certain repairs were being executed on the Cathedral, his bones were found enclosed in a stone cist thirty inches long and fifteen inches wide, along with a bone object like the handle of a staff, and a leaden plate inscribed in characters apparently of the thirteenth century:

"Hic requiescat Willialmus Senex, felicitis Memoria, primus Episcopus."

William the Old, or whoever might have been the first Bishop of the Orkneys, was succeeded by William II, of whom we know little, save that his name is entered in the list of bishops and that his death occurred in 1188.

Bjarni was the third bishop. He was a famous poet, and to him is ascribed the lay of the Jomsburg Vikings. Bishop Bjarni was present with John, Earl of Orkney, at the great assembly of nobles at Bergen, in 1223, and died shortly after.

Jofreyr, the fourth bishop, was consecrated in 1223, according to the annals. He seems to have been long an invalid, for by a bull dated 11th of May, 1237, Pope Gregory IX enjoins Sigurd, Archbishop of Drondheim, to move Bishop Jofreyr, of



Orkney, who had been paralytic and confined to bed for many years, to resign office, or if he was unwilling to resign, to provide him with a wise and prudent coadjutor. The annals place his death in 1247.

Hentry (I) was fifth bishop. He was then a canon in the Orkneys. He died in 1269.

Peter, the sixth bishop, was consecrated in 1270. He died 1284.

Dolgfirm, the seventh bishop, was consecrated in 1286, and he died, according to the annals, in 1309.

William (III) was the eighth bishop. He was consecrated in 1310. The annals make no mention of his death, and from what I have read, it has not been ascertained.

William (IV), ninth bishop, succeeded him some time after the year 1328. He was "slain" in 1382, according to the annals. I presume that this "slain" of the annals means that Bishop William fell a martyr in the cause of Christ, for there was "much mourning" when the tidings were heard.

William (V) was the tenth bishop; the year of his consecration is not given, neither is that of his death.

Henry (II), the eleventh bishop, according to Torfæus, appears in a record of 1394.

John was the twelfth bishop, to 1397.

Patrick, the thirteenth bishop, held the bishopric between 1397 and 1418.

Thomas De Tulloch was fourteenth bishop, from 1418 to 1460 or 1461.

William (VI) De Tulloch, the last bishop during the dominion of Norway in the Orkneys, was bishop in June, 1461, and by a bull of Pope Sixtus IV, in August, 1472, the See of Orkney was placed under the Metropolitan Bishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, thus transferring the See of the Orkneys from the Norwegian to Scottish jurisdiction.

Among the churches erected during the dominion of Norway in the Islands, the foremost place must be given to the noble cathedral of St. Magnus, in Kirkwall, Orkney. It is incontestably the most glorious monument of the Norwegian time. It is one of the two cathedrals in Scotland \* and the islands, remaining entire, and is, therefore, a national monument, interesting from its antiquity, its beauty and the rarity of such relics in this nineteenth century.

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\* St. Giles in Edinburgh is the other.

This stately and venerable pile was founded 1137 by Rognvald, Jarl of Orkney, and dedicated to his uncle, St. Magnus, who had been assassinated in the island of Egilshay, in Orkney, twenty-two years previously. It is now a Protestant edifice resounding to the praise of John Knox.

The church of Orphir—to whom dedicated I have been unable to discover—is mentioned in the Saga in connection with Earl Paul Hakonson's residence at Orphir. The church is referred to as a splendid structure, and is spoken of as recently erected, or as having been built by Earl Paul.

Christ's Church, in Birsay, is the first church of which there is any record in the Saga, and, very probably, the first church erected in the Orkneys after the conversion of the Norwegian inhabitants to Christianity. It was built by Earl Thorfinn in the eleventh century. It was the seat of the bishopric previous to the erection of the Cathedral of St. Magnus. No traces of the church are, at the present day, recognizable.

The church of Weir, on the island of the same name, dates its foundation in the twelfth century. It was built by Bishop Bjarni, according to the Saga, and very probably dedicated to St. Peter, judging from the following passage: "Weir, insula est parva, Petro Apostolo dedicata."

St. Peter's Church, on the brough of Birsay, was built in the thirteenth century. Only the foundations remain at the present day. There are also the remains of another church in Deerness, which was surrounded by a wall. There are, likewise, the remains of stone-built huts scattered irregularly round about. There is still a fine spring in the place, which is called to this day, even by the Protestants who occupy the island, the "Holy Well." The church is thought to have been built in the thirteenth century.

Besides those already noted, there were several other churches erected in Shetland, such as St. Lawrence, in West Burra, St. Malnus, at Tingwall, and Ireland Head, etc.; but they have all long ago disappeared. Nothing remains but the old mounds—the landmarks of by-gone days, when the Catholic Church flourished in the islands in all its pristine glory.

At the time of the Reformation, Presbyterianism swept over the islands as a plague. The islanders succumbed to its miasmatic influence, and at the present day there is only one Catholic clergyman on the islands where formerly they could be counted in

hundreds, only one Catholic church where there were scores, and only one hundred Catholics, fifty of whom are Irish, where in the days of St. Magnus they mounted into the thousands.

During my stay on the islands, my observations have led me to the deduction that, while they "loyally," as they say, "accept the faith of Protestantism," its particular form is to the islanders of to-day more or less a matter of indifference. Although the established "Kirk" is, and has been since the time of the so-called Reformation, the church of the islands, a large number of the inhabitants belong to other denominations, and so multifarious are those sects that in a little town of less than 3,000 there are no less than nine different churches, each church on an average having a seating capacity of about 500, and attended only by about a few dozen indifferent worshippers. "The multiplicity of sects," as a Reverend Protestant divine said to me, "is an incalculable detriment to the success of Protestantism, and to the march of Christianity in the islands."

In fact, the old "Kirk" of the islands, and I think the same holds good for Scotland, is fast breaking up and rapidly going to pieces under the disintegrating forces at work within it. The mantle of John Knox is torn in shreds and hanging in tatters on the disjointed members of his shattered church, each proclaiming the portion it retains to be the authentic remnant of its master's mantle; for it has become a question of remnants, and not a dispute about the mantle, in its entirety. However, it is not yet quite extinct; it is only moribund. The prayers of the dying are daily recited over it, and, if I am anything of a prophet, I predict that before many years the public will be invited to chant the strains of the requiem over its interment.

In the meanwhile, the knowledge of the former greatness of the Church of St. Columba in the islands is daily increasing among the inhabitants, and its grandeur is contrasted with the meanness, pettiness and narrowness of the "Old Kirk," and is fast producing a peculiar revulsion of feeling in her favor throughout these once sacred isles, which is more deeply felt than expressed.

The thinking mood of the islanders has led them into a train of reasoning which is slowly, but surely, producing a reaction in favor of the Queen that was dethroned by her unscrupulous and now unmasked, ill-favored rival. They see that their church, or rather churches, which are wrangling over the tatters of Knox's mantle,



and dividing and subdividing its fragments, have become the laughing-stock of serious and learned men who, in no far distant day, will pitch these fragments aside and assume once more that garment which is as whole now as it was that day they cast it off, and much more brilliant by the many gems that have been added to it.

In conclusion, let me say that I have written this article without being able to consult a single Catholic historian. So far no Catholic history, at least in English, has been written on the early Christianity of Orkney and Shetland. All my books of reference were Protestant, and written from a Protestant standpoint. It is to be sincerely hoped that some Catholic writer will consider it worth while to give us an English history of this interesting and hitherto ignored Ultima Thule of the ancients.

*North Whitefield, Me.*

REV. JOHN M. HARRINGTON.

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## LAMARTINE AND KINDRED SPIRITS.

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ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE sprang of a noble race, attached to monarchical traditions. Born at Macon in 1790, his early years were moulded by a mother's touch. "My education," he says of his mother, "was in her eyes more or less serene, in her smile more or less tender. I read with her eyes, felt through her impressions, loved through her love. She translated everything for me and to me—nature, feeling, sensations and thoughts." Later, he fell under the care of the Jesuits, but remained continually home-sick. His two favorite authors were Fénelon and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the most tender among the gentler spirits of literature. At the age of thirty he gave to the world his first volume—"Meditations Poétiques," 1820—and France found that she had a new poet. His verse had a mystical and religious tone peculiar to itself, as if, for him, Nature, amid her breezes and blossoms, were forever breathing a prayer. As Madame de Staël expresses it, he wandered forth "seeking the Divine in Nature and the Infinite in love."

And yet this dainty poet afterwards proved himself a hero. After the escape of the royal family, when the Duchess d'Orléans appeared in the last assembly of the Chamber, February 24, 1848, with her eldest son, the Count of Paris, and an attempt was made to declare the latter king, the eloquence of Lamartine decided the establishment of a Provisional government. Its leading spirits

were Arago, Lamartine himself, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc. On the next morning, when the insurgent and famishing crowds surrounded the Hotel de Ville, demanding bread and work, Lamartine advanced alone among them and gained his greatest triumph of eloquence. To his intrepid stand on this occasion it was mainly due that the republic did not immediately pass into a new Reign of Terror. After the coup d'état of 1851, Lamartine returned to private life and the fuller enjoyment of intellectual pursuits.

His oriental tour was one of the striking episodes in his long career. In 1832, setting sail from Marseilles with his wife and only daughter, he set out for the East to realize what had been the religious and romantic dream of his life. The French Emir, as the Arabs called him, travelled like a sovereign, making princely presents, buying houses for his convenience and having whole caravans of horses in his service. Leaving his family at Beyrout he went alone to Jerusalem, where he soon heard of the death of his daughter Julie, and the deepest of shadows fell on his magnificent undertaking. After an absence of sixteen months he came back to Paris by way of Constantinople and the Danube. Two or three notable results sprang from this protracted tour, the first being the publication of his "*Voyage en Orient*," in four volumes—a splendid work, rich in wondrous picturings of eastern sun-steeped languors and barbaric splendors of prince and Sultan. During this absence, also, the electors of Bergues had chosen him to represent them in the Chamber of Deputies, so that his return launched him into seas of strife political and opened a field for the display of that eloquence which now proved itself one of his finest gifts. Moreover, the great expense of this tour, six hundred thousand francs, and its ill-advised profusion, so seriously impaired his fortune that his latter years had to be consecrated to severe literary labor of the money-getting sort.

Yet his generosity never failed. A graceful story is told of him in this regard. One day a penniless man of letters called upon him, and, informing him of his needy situation, requested the loan of a considerable sum of money. Lamartine, who was much moved by the recital, opened a drawer and gave him the amount. He then conducted his unfortunate visitor to the vestibule. The season was autumn, and as Lamartine opened the street door, the unfortunate author shivered in his shabby coat. A sudden idea struck Lamartine, and calling out, "Monsieur, you are forgetting your overcoat!" he quickly took down an overcoat that was hang-

ing in the passage and assisted his needy visitor to put it on with so much dexterity and grace that the poor man, quite overcome, did not know how to refuse a gift which was so delicately offered to him.

His monetary troubles, however, finally lessened. In 1860 the municipality of Paris presented him with a country seat near the Bois de Boulogne, and, seven years after, Napoleon III gave him for life the income from a capital of five hundred thousand francs. But the end of his beautiful career was swiftly approaching, and in 1869 Paris was called to mourn the death of her poet.

The following version from "Chamber's Miscellany," although the best attainable, but poorly reproduces one of Lamartine's finer creations :

## A HYMN.

There is an unknown language spoken  
 By the great winds that sweep the sky ;  
 By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,  
 And waves on rocks that dash and die ;  
 By the lone star whose beams wax pale,  
 The moonlight sleeping on the vale.  
 The mariner's sweet distant hymn,  
 The sky-line that before us flies,  
 The crystal firmament that lies  
 In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,  
 The sunset on the mountain's shades,  
 The snow that daybreak is adorning,  
 And eve that on the turret fades ;—  
 The city's sounds that rise and sink,  
 The fair swan on the river's brink,  
 The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,  
 The ancient temple on the hill,—  
 The solemn silence, deep and still,  
 Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, O God ! this voice is telling.  
 Thou who art truth, life, hope and love ;  
 On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,  
 To whom bright morning looks above !  
 Of Thee,—proclaimed by every sound,  
 Whom nature's all-mysterious round  
 Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;  
 Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all  
 Our souls proceed, in which they fall,  
 Who hast but one name—Infinite.



The calm and elegant poet, Alfred, Comte de Vigny, should have mention here. In 1827 Paris saw the establishment of a new periodical, called *La Muse Française*, which became a rallying-point for a brilliant school of young men, adherents of Romanticism, whose names soon became illustrious. Victor Hugo, Casimir, Delavigne, Emile Deschamps, Chas. Nodier and Lamartine belonged to this circle, and here De Vigny appeared with his earlier poems. Like the others, he was lost in admiration of Hugo, with whom he had familiar acquaintance. On one occasion he went out driving with the master and Emile Deschamps, and the three are said to have poured forth verses all the way, to the wrath and disgust of the coachman, who took them for three lunatics. De Vigny, however, drifted away from the Romanticism of Hugo, his military career being an adverse influence, and his own individuality growing predominant. Saint Beuve says of this,

“—— Et Vigny plus secret,  
Comme en sa tour d'ivoire, avant midi, rentrait.”

Of his longer productions, “Eloa” is the history of a fallen seraph, “Chatterton,” a drama of fate, based on the sad life of the unhappy poet, and “Stello,” a work wherein he tells us of André Chenier, whose genius seems in many ways akin to his own. But we are more especially concerned with his lyrics. “La Bouteille à la Mer” brings before us a young sailor, who has made an important discovery in science. A tempest comes, wrecking the good ship and engulfing her crew. He puts the precious paper, whereon he has carefully inscribed the new truth, into a bottle and casts it to the waves, in faith that it will reappear in due season.

“For God's own hand will sweep it into port.”

The bottle is buffeted by the waves from North to South, from pole to pole.

“Alone upon the ocean, evermore!  
An unseen speck upon a moving plain,  
The venturous waif goes wandering over space,  
Lost, and yet finding secret, unknown shores:—  
A trembling voyager, sentenced still to drift,  
She feels upon her neck a mantle green,  
A year's soft weaving of the sea-weed's strands.”

Finally a fisherman takes it in his net, and the treasure is saved to science. A beautiful lesson of faith in the Eternal and its control of truth—the indestructible!

A pure and self-contained literary artist, "chiseling out all the details of a composition most lovingly," De Vigny's verse-work seems, at times, to lack the vital warmth that comes of fiery creation. The critics say that his ideas glimmer:—

"Nay!—gauze and crystal are their prison pale;  
Through alabaster white and pure they glow,  
Suspended high in strange, mysterious light."

Yet, the following well-rendered bit of his verse, taken from Van Laun's fine work on French letters, strikes a brilliant and ringing note. It gives us the vivid realities of feudal warfare, and may well have been written by one who sprang from a race of soldiery. We wonder at its clearness of poetic vision.

#### THE HORN.

I love, through the deep woods at close of day,  
To hear the horn sounding the stag at bay,  
Or hunter's farewell note, which echo wakes,  
And the north wind through all the forest takes.

How oft have I a midnight vigil kept  
And smiled to hear it,—yet, more often wept!  
It seemed the sound prophetic, which, of old,  
The coming death of paladins foretold.

The horses halt upon the mountain brow,  
Foam-whitened; 'neath their feet is Roncevaux,  
By day's last dying flame scarce colored o'er;  
The far horizon shows the flying Moor.

"Seest thou nought, Turpin, in the torrent-bed?"

"I see two knights; one dying and one dead,  
Both crushed 'neath a black rock's vast fragment lie;  
The strongest holds a horn of ivory:

His soul's last breath twice called us to his aid!"

"God! how the horn wails through the forest glade."

In later life De Vigny's historic romance, "*Cinq-Mars*," achieved a phenomenal success. He seems to have parted company with his early associates and to have become a lonely thinker. Lamartine says of him: "Vigny, listening to himself, was planning those works of his, full of originality and research, which cannot be classified, because they reveal a soul solitary, like his talent."

In sharpest contrast to De Vigny and Lamartine, both elegant, of noble birth and aristocratic tendencies, stands the popular singer

of France, Pierre-Jean de Béranger. Born in Paris, in 1780, and of humble parentage, his plebeian origin determined his career. At nine years of age he was sent to a school in the Faubourg St. Antoine; and there, from the roof of the house, he witnessed the taking of the Bastille. The sight deeply impressed his childish soul; then and there, once for all, the mighty power of the people became a present reality. That awful day never departed from his life. Later, he was sent to Picardy to reside with an aunt, who kept a small inn near Peronne. The school he now attended had been established by a certain M. de Bellanglise, described by Béranger himself as a sort of republican Fénélon and a true philanthropist. In this institution the boys were formed into a sort of democratic society, and elected officers, such as mayors, councillors and justices of the peace. They discussed political questions and speeches, pro and con, were delivered in public by these young politicians, whose training seems to have been much that of our good New England lads in the old-fashioned debating-clubs. Here young Béranger distinguished himself as an orator.

His next move was to enter a printing-house and commence the writing of verse. But his jingles interfered so seriously with the acquisition of his trade that his father summoned him home, where he remained, assisting his father in business, until 1798, when their firm failed and the young man was cast upon the world. In regard to this period he says: "My poverty was not barren of pleasures. I lived in an attic on the Boulevard St. Martin, and the most magnificent sights opened before me. To live alone and make verses at my ease I deemed true happiness." To this portion of his career he also alludes in the following poem, which is charming in its fresh, independent simplicity.

#### MY OLD COAT.

Be faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine !  
 We, step by step, are still becoming old :  
 Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine,  
 And Socrates did never more, I hold.  
 When to fresh wear and tear the time to be  
 Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,  
 Be philosophical and resist like me :  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet !  
 Full well I mind, for I forget not much,  
 The day that saw thee first upon me put,



My birthday 'twas, and as a crowning touch  
 Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut ;  
 Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,  
 Has never caused these kindly friends to flit !  
 Each at my fête yet shows a gladsome face :  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy  
 And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still !  
 Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly  
 She held by thee to mock my seeming will.  
 The tug was followed by a grievous rent,  
 And then her side, of course, I could not quit !  
 Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent.—  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have I e'er made thee reek with musky steams  
 Such as your self-admiring fools exhale ?  
 Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams  
 To levee mock or antechamber rail ?  
 A strife for ribbons all the land of France,  
 From side to side, well-nigh asunder split ;  
 From thy lapel nothing but wild flowers glance—  
 Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,  
 Those madcap sports which once employed our hours ;  
 Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,  
 Of sunshine chequered here and there with showers.  
 I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth  
 From every future service to acquit ;  
 But wait a while ! one end will come to both ;  
 Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.

At the end of 1803 starvation was staring our poet in the face. He had pawned his watch and other valuables, while his clothes were in ruinous condition. Just here Lucien Bonaparte luckily came to his aid, and, on leaving France, authorized the young rhymester to receive his own pension as a member of the French Institute, amounting to about two hundred dollars annually. In 1809, the poet obtained a small office, which gave him four hundred more—on the strength of which riches he gave himself up to song-writing. Circulated in manuscript, "The King of Tretot" and other popular ballads created a profound sensation.

Béranger issued his first volume in 1815, a second following it in 1821. The sale was immense, and his songs resounded all over the country. The government awoke to its danger and imprisoned

him. But in prison he still wrote songs! The beautiful independence and sympathy with the populace evinced in these poems, their ringing Republicanism and bold devotion to the welfare of France, made them a power in the land. The people idolized their champion and this became the most brilliant portion of Béranger's career. He aided in bringing about the revolution of 1830 and placing Louis Philippe on the throne; but would receive from the latter neither honors nor rewards. In 1848, he was returned by the vote of over two hundred thousand electors to the constituent Assembly. In acknowledgment of this popular tribute, he took his seat—and then sent in his resignation. He sought much for his country and nothing for himself. His last years were passed in retirement, and at his death, in 1857, all France wept for him.

One of Béranger's most spirited historic ballads is called *Stirling Bridge*. The reader will mark its rhythm and brilliant picturing.

#### WALLACE.

"You can not pass!" was the stern reply of the Scottish sentinel  
To those who came from England's host King Edward's terms to tell.  
"O soldiers," cried the friars then, "beware our sovereign's wrath!  
Beware how you dispute to-day his army's onward path!  
Go tell your chief to send away his forces from this place  
And yield himself, as well he may, to Edward's kingly grace!"

"You pass not by!" was still the cry of the Scottish sentinel.  
"Tell Surrey that his threats have failed our gallant hearts to quell;  
We throw him stern defiance back across the sluggish flood  
Whose waters, ere the day is o'er, shall purpled be with blood!  
We came not here to treat. We came to win with our right hand  
The speedy disenthralment of our own dear native land."

"Ha! pass we not?" said fierce Warrenne. "Then let the caitiffs know  
We'll drive them from their rocky perch with sword and spear and bow;  
*They* think, the boors, to emulate the deeds done in the pass  
Of old Thermopylæ by great and good Leonidas.  
But forward now, my gallant bands, o'er stream and bush and brake,  
And let the Scottish rebels see how great is their mistake!"

"They must not pass!" now rang adown the forming Scottish ranks,  
As Surrey's armies spread themselves along the river's banks.  
"A fierce invader's meed be theirs on this eventful day,  
And, Scotland, your's a grand renown that ne'er shall pass away.  
—See, see! the northern shore they seek, the northern bank they gain!  
Down, Scotchmen, from the crag and sweep their leopards from the plain!"

"They must not pass!" was still the cry of Scotia's men-at-arms,  
 And rising o'er the clash of steel and war's most dire alarms,  
 It sounded on the battle-plain and cowed their Southern foes.  
 And long before that autumn day had reached its cheerless close  
 Of that great host that crossed the Forth so gay and full of life  
 A scattered broken few were all that scaped the deadly strife.

They did not pass. The North was saved; and Scotia, from that time  
 That Stirling Bridge was won, now dates its glorious golden prime.  
 For on that bloody day was gained the freedom of the land,  
 And fadeless wreaths about her brows were twined by Wallace's hand,  
 By his, who raised old Scotia's name till Roman stars grew dim;  
 Are monuments required to keep alive the fame of *him*?

Last, but not least, among the *littérateurs* of modern France stands the gifted Théophile Gautier, one of those many-sided men whom only the intellectual atmosphere of Paris, with its keen and fearless breezes, is competent to sustain or inspire. Gautier, in his early manhood, became the ardent disciple of Victor Hugo, and under the influence of this master-mind his upward flight was rapid. He contributed much to the *Revue de Paris* and other periodicals, published seven or eight novels, some plays and three charming books of travel, "Tra los Montes," "Zig-zags" and "Constantinople," made three visits to Russia by invitation of the Emperor, Alexander II, and prepared a beautiful work on his return to Paris, entitled "Art Treasures of Ancient and Modern Russia."

In point of fact, it was as an art-critic that he excelled his contemporaries, though his dainty imagination, which grasped the poetic sentiment underlying the best creative work of painter or sculptor, made him the creator of vivid prose sketches and much fine verse. In 1852, he issued a volume of poems called "Enamels and Cameos," whose finish is but another proof of his versatile powers.

The following beautiful specimen of his thought must serve as conclusion for this paper, since any adequate account of Victor Hugo, the prince of French verse, would overpass the space allotted us at present:

#### A TERZA RIMA.

From Sixtus' fane when Michael Angelo—  
 His work completed, radiant and sublime—  
 The scaffold left and sought the streets below,  
 Nor eyes, nor arms, would lower for a time;  
 His feet knew not to walk upon the ground,  
 Unused to earth, so long in heavenly clime.



Upward he gazed while three long months went round ;  
 So might an angel look who should adore  
 The dread triangle mystery profound.

Brother ! our poets, while their spirits soar,  
 Thus in the world's low ways forever trip,  
 Walking a-dream—to search high heaven the more !

*Gardiner, Me.*

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

## COMPLETENESS.

ALONG our life true moments here and there  
 Stand out in vivid clearness, like the spots  
 An artist picks in brilliant colors, and  
 We live more fully at those times.

With touch  
 That thrills our being, careless, passing words  
 Or little acts performed impress themselves  
 Upon the memory to live forever.  
 And these full moments snatched from out our lives,  
 But never lost again throughout the years,  
 Unbidden tinge the current of our thoughts  
 And stamp their seal upon our destiny.  
 In that God's home, which we call Heaven, methinks  
 Our joy shall be this quickened, human sense—  
 The chords of Life struck by Divinity—  
 And made to tremble and to vibrate with  
 The fullest, keenest life, idealized,  
 And raised to perfect harmony with God.

*Chicago.*

CLO. KEHOE.

## MR. HARTE AND OTHERS IN MOTLEY.

WITH characteristic originality Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte calls his first venture in bookdom "Meditations in Motley." (*The Arena*, Boston, 1894.) The word meditation seems a little heavy for Mr. Harte's motley musings. The book, however, is as full of cleverness as it is of Boston Philistinism. It is dedicated "to the Devil and Dame Chance, the two most potent deities in literary

fortunes," and being thus dedicated, the writer should not be vexed if we tell him that his book will certainly find more favor in the lines and circle of its dedication than among sober and serious people.

Mr. Harte is not, as yet, very widely known outside of New England coteries. He came into literary notice at first through his very clever papers, called "A Corner in Dodsley's," which were published in the advertising pages of *The New England Magazine*. Several years ago the *GLOBE* discovered these papers in that "Parish Register" and was quick to publish the fact that they were about the only articles worth reading in that enterprising product of Yankee literary commercialism.

Mr. Harte does not meditate; he simply muses, as we have hinted, but he rattles off his pretty moralities in a manner to attract clever—let us say, rather, shallow—people and now and then flashes upon the reader hints and signs—rather than realities—of what may one day be his meditations in a much maturer vein.

On the whole, in spite of these restrictions, Mr. Harte's work approaches nearer than that of any New England writer of this era to the easy and elegant English of the famous essayists of the last and the early part of the present century.

He approaches their style and their manner of thought, but does not attain in either sphere to their perfection. In truth, the age of the English literary dandy has gone out and the age of sulky plows on the one side and of brown bread and sewer gas on the other, has come in. The man who apes the work of Addison and Steele and Lamb is simply a weak imitator. The man who, with the Howells and Garland conceit of clumsy and crass originality, gives us the slovenly work of amateurs in the place of them, is simply a slouch, and the man who toots his tin horn at the tail end of the Frances Willard gang of discontented maiden or married lady, social purity and other reformers, is simply a fool.

True literature to-day is made of sterner and finer stuff, and has for its prophets the Carlyles, Ruskins, Arnolds, Newmans, Emersons and Hawthornes of English and American literature.

Occasionally, Mr. Harte shows us that he has touched and tasted these, but he everywhere gives evidence that he does not belong to them, does not comprehend them, and, in fact, has so far only a very light and airy word to offer this most hypocritically serious generation.

Better curse God and die like Voltaire and Byron and Shelley and Bob Ingersoll than dilly-dally with the devil and at the same time make any pretense of moral and social and literary refinements.

Of all the essays in this dainty volume "In Motley," I prefer the paper on "The Fascination of New Books." Here the writer attempts no serious moralizing, but glides over the book-men and the book-field much as a pretty maiden on skates and in trim attire glides over her frozen New England mill-ponds, making many a winsome curve and occasionally a very attractive fall.

On page 190 in this essay we find this clever bit of insight: "We are always on the alert for the new prophet, but our insight is less than our curiosity." This is excellent. *Puck* or *Life*, or the ruffled-shirt Sadducee of nineteen hundred years ago, could not have spoken it better or from a clearer fund of experience.

On the whole, we hope that "the Devil and Dame Chance" will be kind and favorable to this, one of the newest and brightest of their own disciples.

"Trilby" is an inconceivable muck-heap of maudlin sentimentality, a very artistic muck-heap of persons and conditions that never did exist and never can exist in this world; and the literary, clerical and other clowns who have been displaying their moral ignorance over the question whether or not the book is immoral or unmoral have only shown, with few exceptions, that they are as unfit to write books or to criticise books as they are to preach sermons or do other than the common hack-work of the nineteenth century.

A book that is untrue to nature is by law of nature immoral, *per se*, and in all its bearings. A book that wavers on the eternal question of woman's chastity, that whitewashes the seared human conscience enlightened by Christianity, that plays fast and loose with the eternal rectitudes of the moral law; a book that laughs at the sanctities of religion, even though fools and thieves and liars and prostitutes may use these in a wrong spirit at times; a book that pictures the impossible and the impure in life as if they were possible and pure, is a liar and a seducer, a deceiver from beginning to end; and the preacher who is so blind to the essentials of morality as not to know the difference between divine pity and forgiveness for the sin of unchastity on the ground of the woman's repentance, and that maudlin, sentimental, whitewashing



excuse for unchastity on the part of ungodly seducers themselves, ought to be tied to an old-fashioned Puritan ox-cart and whipped through the town.

Such a one is the (Rev.) Mr. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, who is credited with the following comment upon "Trilby":

"There is good morality in the teaching that such a fault as 'Trilby's,' if not allied to virtue, is not foreign to it altogether; it is so frequently, so generally, the fault of liberal, trusting natures, and is therefore deserving of a hundred times more pity than it commonly receives."

And another inconceivable ass of a critic, writing in *The Conservator*, viz.: Isaac Hull Platt, rather sharply takes issue with *The Outlook*. Referring to the story of Mary Magdalene, he asserts that if "Trilby" is immoral the Gospel of St. John is immoral, and then goes on to say, etc., as if it matters, or ever can matter, what such an unmitigated fool ever has said or can say.

First, Mr. Chadwick—poor blind leader of the blind, who does not see that the fault or sin of "Trilby" is not allied to virtue, but is eternally foreign to it—and Mr. Hull Platt—make it Hell Plot—are men who do not see that pity, human or divine, is not for the sin or the fault, but for the soul so fallen, and that forgiveness and reinstatement in morals is only promised through the grace of repentance and reform, only, absolutely only possible through the supernatural mercy of heaven and the supernatural guidance not of mesmerists, hoodoos, sentimentalists, debauchés, libertines and artists of the crude and nude, but absolutely only through the devout and constant ministries of the sacraments and saving blessings of the church of God.

A physician who had been medical examiner for certain houses of ill-fame in New York once told me that he, on asking some of the fallen girls who were expecting to reform what they meant to do in such case, was met with the reply: "We will go down East and marry farmers."

In simple truth these poor fallen martyrs to the selfish lusts of brutal men do not go down East and marry farmers, but go lower and deeper into shameless infamy and untimely graves.

"Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair.

“Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
Leaving with meekness  
Her sins to the Saviour.”

Pity her, in God's name, and, as you will find in an old book of mine, “let the man be damned who ruins a woman, instead of petting him and hardly pitying her; but a pox, a blight, a palsy, an eternal curse upon the tongue of the parson or critic who will argue that her sin itself is not foreign to morality.”

De Maurier could not help it. He is one of a million small artists in our day who, having fallen on an age of cheap and nasty newspaper civilization—and himself being one of the crowd—could not write above the level of his own daily existence.

I am neither blaming the man nor his book. I am blaming the many-eyed, many-voiced million-fold fool audiences and critics who expect moral teachings from immoral lives, moral art from debased artists, or ideal lives or stories from the commonplace libertine religious mockery, crime and humbuggeries of the nineteenth century.

If Mr. W. Gilder and Mr. T. B. Aldrich would write a few lines half as beautiful as “*Philoctetes, and other Poems and Sonnets*,” by J. E. Nesmith—a dainty little volume printed by the Cambridge Riverside Press, apparently for the author—those famous amateurs might prove themselves more worthy of the fame they have won among the quasi-cultured groundlings of this cheap and gaudy century.

I do not know if this is J. E. Nesmith's first book of poems. I do not pretend and cannot keep track of all the new voices singing, piping and wheezing in the wild woods of these new days. There are many signs of strained expression—many instances of what Mr. Ruskin, a generation ago, named as the sympathetic fallacy—in J. E. Nesmith's work—that is, an attributing to nature powers and feelings not inherently in her bosom. But Gilder and Aldrich are full to the eyelids of this sort of thin falsetto, and the new work before us compensates, in genuine and beautiful thoughts, in wide and far-reaching easy scholarship and culture, for its little lapses of amateurism. This, alas! can never be said of the men just named.

The following sonnet, called *Solitude*, will do as well as any to indicate the new poet's thought and style:

"There is a solitude where nought intrudes,  
 In the high Alps,—(unless, tho' rarely, creep  
 The Ibex hunters up the icy steep);  
 Among the wrecks of Time's unresting feuds;  
 Forums and fanes where desolation broods;  
 The bleaching bones of cities, buried deep  
 In desert lands: Realms of the dead where sleep  
 Innumerable voiceless multitudes.  
 Such scenes some pleasing memories allow,  
 Huge hills, rock-guarded, frowning brow to brow,—  
 Foot-prints of mighty empires overthrown,—  
 Some thoughts sublime,—some link 'twixt then and now:  
 But in the crowded streets, depressed, unknown,—  
 'Tis there the lonely soul seems most alone."

It is true, Byron put this same thought in much grander and more poetic form a half a century ago; but what thought of any American poet yet born was not put into stronger and more poetic language by some English poet in other form anywhere from fifty to three hundred years before the American poet breathed the harsher and cruder air of this new world of imitation, license and liberty?

"Jetta: A Story of the South," by Semrick (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1894), while bearing some signs of being a first effort, and having certain imperfections of style, is one of those winsome, lovely stories in which and throughout which the reader is introduced to delightful Southern types of people, of whom, of course, Jetta, the heroine, is the most intense, the most brilliant and the most enchanting.

Jetta is an Erskine, of Erskine Place, in Louisiana, and her father having died, and her mother, a lovely little lady, finding the old luxuries all dwindling away, and being finally obliged to part with the old homestead, looks to and depends upon Jetta, her only child, to repurchase and repossess their ancient home.

So Jetta and her mother set up housekeeping in a little cottage under the most moderate circumstances. Jetta gives music lessons; finally parts with the family jewels in order to keep the wolf from the door—has dreams of being a great singer and all that, but very soon is found by a man who resolves to conquer her resentment and hatred of him by sheer force of will, and to force her to marry him by the logic of circumstances. In his presence she is practically hypnotized; loses her will-power, and finally, though professing that she does not and cannot love this man, is forced to



consent to marry him in order to win back the family home and realize her mother's desires.

At this juncture, of course, another and a better man appears, loves her and woes her, but very languidly, and upon the *denouement* hangs the interest of the story.

There are other and very interesting characters introduced. The hoodooism of the Southern negroes is told better than in many a more pretentious story, and the course of the story, the floral beauties of the country in which the scenes are laid; the social customs of the old days and the new; the little piques of spinsterhood—the nobleness of noble love and noble life, are all as fresh and strong in the book as they are in reality in the best lives that have ever blessed this world, and with time and labor "Semrick," who, by the way, seems to be a young lady sailing under this most unattractive name, may hope to write a novel of which the South and the North alike may well be proud.

The new edition of "The Poems of Henry Abbey," published by the author (Trade supplied by American News Co., New York), will serve to keep in mind the name of a clean and careful worker in the art of verse-making. Many of the poems have gone their wayward rounds in several editions, and have, doubtless, afforded genuine pleasure to readers whose demands for nobility of thought and ideal expression are not as exacting as those of the true critic are apt to be.

W. H. T.

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"A Hill-top Summer," by Alyn Yates Keith, author of "A Spinster's Leaflets." (Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.) Miss Keith announces that "these sketches are collected and put into covers through the courtesy of the New York *Evening Post*, which first published them." We venture to add that whoever reads "A Hill-top Summer" will say that the author has done well to put her "sketches" into their present permanent form. While the whole volume is well worth reading, there are bits of description of nature that are beautiful, and the homely life of New England is pictured in a most realistic way. We might quote many of these charming "bits," but we prefer to urge, that the searcher after a book worth having, go to it directly.

"Mollie Miller," by Effie W. Merriman, author of "Pards," "A Queer Family," "The Little Millers," "The Conways," etc. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.) Whoever has read Mrs. Merriman's

story of "The Little Millers," and is sufficiently interested in their doings, has a chance here, to know much more of their ups and downs. This story, especially devoted to Mollie Miller, tells not only of a great many incidents that befell that young lady, but also of many with which Ned, and Max, and the "dopted child," Johnnie, were connected. The volume is worthy of the firm that publishes it, as a specimen of a book to please young people, and that is not saying a little.

"I Am Well." The modern practice of natural suggestion as distinct from hypnotic or unnatural influence. By C. W. Post. "Scientia Vitæ." Scientia—Science—The orderly arrangement of ascertained facts. Vitæ—Life—Demonstrating the eternal principle of life. Second edition. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.)—La Vita Inn Company. Battle Creek, Michigan, 1895. "Sickness, Sin and Disease are creations of the human intellect, and exist only in a mesmeric or abnormal state." With the above profound reflection the author introduces his readers into a volume of 148 extremely well-printed pages, containing a vast number of equally brilliant evidences of his originality.

"Sirs, Only Seventeen," by Virginia F. Townsend, author of "Mostly Margery Day," "A Boston Girl's Ambitions," "The Hollands," "That Queer Girl," "Only Girls," etc. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.) Miss Townsend, in the volume before us, has added another to the already goodly list of stories that owe their being to her. One thing, for which our author deserves especial praise, is that she does not attempt, under the guise of a novel, to deliver to her readers a lecture on psychology or metaphysics. Miss Townsend has the honesty and the intelligence to do only what she proposes to do. In the present instance, she tells of a number of agreeable people and, especially, of a certain Dorothy Draycott and her brother Tom, a student at Harvard. The style is easy, and the incidents of the story are interesting, and well described. The binding and printing are excellent.

"Matter, Ether and Motion." The Factors and Relations of Physical Science. Enlarged edition. Cloth, illustrated. \$2.00. By A. E. Dolbear, Ph.D., Professor of Physics, Tufts College, author of "The Telephone," "The Art of Projecting," etc. (Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. 1894.) Professor Dolbear apparently does not appreciate the wisdom contained in the old adage, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam." The title of the work before us distinctly indi-

cates that its subject is physical science, and nothing else. The work itself deals not only with Matter, Ether and Motion as material entities, but wanders off into the domain of metaphysics and gets lost. So long as Professor Dolbear confines himself to the subjects forming the title of his volume, he is very interesting, and—especially in what he says about electricity—instructive. It is only in his speculative flights beyond these subjects that he suggests to the reader the criticism that he is trying to fly without sufficient wings. The publishers of the volume deserve more than a word of praise for the excellent manner in which they have done their part toward making Professor Dolbear's treatise attractive. The illustrations are admirable, the printing is clear and the binding leaves nothing to be desired.

W. R. C.

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## PATRIOTISM VS. PROTESTANTISM.

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"HOW SMOOTH AND EVEN DO THEY BEAR THEMSELVES,  
AS IF ALLEGIANCE IN THEIR BOSOM SAT,  
CROWNED WITH FAITH AND CONSTANT LOYALTY."—*Henry V.*

SOME time ago a Brooklyn paper, commenting upon the unpromising hostility of Catholics to Apaism, pronounced it unfortunate, thereby insinuating that it were better to let the matter drop and let this sect die its natural, speedy and deserved death. While thanking the editor for his kind intentions, we, nevertheless, beg the liberty of doubting the utility of his advice. Perhaps it were better to let the discussion drop—and none are more anxious to do so than ourselves—did circumstances warrant such a proceeding. We have been waiting anxiously, yet patiently, for the decease of Apaism; but it is still alive, very much alive, and giving Catholics numerous and rather sinister evidences of its vitality. But waiving this point, we think our adviser is ignorant of the real issue, for we are only incidentally fighting Apaism. The real foe is the same that has been our enemy for nigh four hundred years, the spirit of Protestantism, of which Apaism is only a deformed, though legitimate, offspring. Our real opponents are the polished, highly educated, liberal gentlemen, who, whilst rising in scathing wrath



against this intolerant organization, at the same time fling into our faces the very same charges couched in better form. There is His Grace, the Episcopal Bishop of Albany, for instance, whom we know to be a cultured gentleman and a student of broad views, yet who seems of most bitter animus toward the Catholic Church. In the *North American Review* for May, of last year, he justly scored the principles of Apaism; and hardly is his fine rage cooled, when, speaking of their naming Catholics as "aliens," he says: "It is hard to find any other word which describes the whole communion of a church that owes its highest allegiance to a single head, who is a foreigner across the sea." This is the class of men of whom we need be in most apprehension; men posing as friends, but who are foes in reality, whose subtle insinuations are far more injurious than the open accusations of the A. P. A.'S., to whom we can well apply the words of Dante:

" La faccia sua era faccia d 'uom giusto,  
Tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle;  
E d 'un serpente tutto l 'altro fusto."

Let this, then, be our excuse for again thrusting upon the readers' attention a subject no less distasteful to ourselves than to them.

In this title we have juxtaposed Protestantism and Patriotism. By Protestantism we do not intend that large class of fellow-Christians who, whether from education or other like causes, are sincere seekers after positive truth, which they conscientiously believe is not to be found in the Catholic Church. But we do mean that class which sees not the beauty of our faith simply because it will not look toward it, and which subsists, as the name indicates, by *protesting* against something positive. From its birth it has been a turbulent spirit, that has trodden under foot the constitution of well-nigh every civilized country in its insatiate greed for power. As, in a majority, it became the slave of the State, so, in a minority, it became its betrayer. The unity of Christian states was invariably broken by its audacity; love of country was unknown to it so long as it did not rule. Wherever it has had to struggle for existence, it has invariably invoked the assistance of foreign powers. In a word, Protestantism has ever sacrificed the peace of nations to its own aggrandizement, having only too well learned the precepts of its parent, Luther, who thus addressed his temporal prince: "If I am at liberty to trample under my feet with contempt the decrees of popes and the canons of councils in my zeal for religious free-

dom, do you think that I shall yield obedience to your commands?"

As a proof of these charges let the reader follow us into the history of Germany, where Protestantism drew its first breath.

In looking over the present political situation in Europe, one phenomenon immediately attracts attention. We mean the change which the last generation has brought about in the attitude of Germany toward her old foe across the Rhine. When we remember the wondrous campaigns of the Corsican soldier who for so long forced the potentates of the great German nation down to the level of ante-chamber petitioners, and then behold these same suppliants making the halls of Versailles resound with victorious boastings over prostrate France, and, even in our own day, holding this nation of natural-born warriors in constant dread of their armies, we cannot but regard the contrast with unusual interest and seek the cause of such a momentous change. It is apparent. It was the unity of the Teuton race which at last broke the shackles with which the Gaul had held it in bondage for three hundred years. Two centuries ago Germany was the tool of Richelieu, the weak neighbor of Louis XIV, afterwards a mere ball in the hands of Bonaparte, for no other reason than that its immense strength was divided among a multitude of petty sovereigns eternally at discord with one another; whilst France had built upon the ruins of feudalism one of the most concentrated monarchies of modern times.

Before the sixteenth century, Germany, under the Saxon, Hohenstaufen and Hapsburg Emperors, gave the law to Europe and revived imperfectly, yet with a certain degree of splendor, the magic name of the Roman Empire. All this because her forces were united, not indeed in a homogeneous unison, but in an affiliation of mutually dependent and amicable peoples. United Germany has always been invincible; her defeats are contemporaneous with the loss of unity. And, what is to our present purpose, the loss of unity was contemporaneous with and the effect of Protestantism. Luther was the evil genius of his country, which destroyed its unity and almost its political existence. He did so because his hot hatred of Catholicism had withered in his heart love of country. Protestantism thrived upon Germany's divisions, fattened upon the blood of a fratricidal war of extermination, and purchased its way into the councils of nations and the halls of academies mainly by the sale of German unity. The great unified German nation sat as

a queen amidst her sisters until Protestantism reduced her to the level of a courtesan selling her favors to the highest bidder. Let this heresy, if it will, vaunt its rapid spread, its hold upon the European mind in the period subsequent to the Reformation; but the student, with the history of nations open before him, sees how all this was accomplished when he reads of the passing of a great civilization that rose upon the unity of the noblest people of mediæval times. At the end of the *Thirty Years' War*, when, by the treaty of Westphalia, both sides threw down their arms in utter weariness, the Protestant party could well say, "victory is ours," inasmuch as it had entered the struggle a child and had come forth a giant, and gained a political recognition which henceforth was to make it the ruling spirit of the political world. But what a victory! A victory purchased by the immolation of fully two-thirds of their wretched compatriots; by the desertion of once fair cities, the silence of whose grass-covered streets no human voice awoke; by the ruin of their yellow fields that now lay a barren, unproductive waste, dotted here and there with poor hamlets that had survived the war, or by the blackened ruins of burnt fortresses, and inhabited only by roving bands of starving beings who wandered around like ghouls in search of human flesh, since all other sustenance had perished; by the loss to Germany of many of her fairest jewels, of Elsass to France, Pomerania to Sweden, Switzerland and Holland to themselves; by the withering of the few tender plants of learning which the Catholic Renaissance had rescued from the fall of Roman civilization; by the check given to that advance in the sciences and arts which was going on so prosperously in Catholic Italy, Spain and France; by the fearful impetus given by their treacherous desertion of Charles to the already too powerful Moslem power with which the last representatives of Catholic chivalry were engaged in a deadly struggle; by the subjugation of German politics and thought to France for centuries to come; and, finally and above all, by the rooting out of the hearts of princes the last germs of political faith, political honor, political charity, which had hitherto bound them together in one European Christian family, and the substitution in their place of that Machiavelianism whose faith is a rope of sand, and whose relations with bordering nations are measured by hope of advantage or the fear of further reduction. This was indeed a victory, but such as might have gladdened the heart of Benedict Arnold as he led his country's foes over the



corpses of his old-time fellow-soldiers; such as Tamerlane, flashing in his armor before the gate of Damascus, might have gloried in as he gazed upon the mountain of Christian skulls that bore silent witness to his invincible arm; such as Coriolanus might have vaunted when his own country lay a suppliant before the Volscians, to whom he had betrayed her; a great victory indeed, but one that has "reaped a name whose repetition will be dogged with curses . . . and to the ensuing age abhorred."

Our opponents would have it that the temporary destruction of Germany's unity and civilization was necessary to the existence of Protestantism. We would beg those of our fellow-citizens who accuse *us* of being disposed to sacrifice American institutions for the betterment of the Catholic Church, to reflect upon this, the only excuse which Protestantism offers for its defense.

A few words about the excuse itself. Was the ruin of German unity really necessary for the existence of Protestantism? To the fair-minded we submit the following considerations:

In the first place, the Reformation, so we are told, was a revolt of the human mind against the oppression of Papal despotism. Be it so. There is a philosophical maxim that an agent must act according to its nature. The Reformation then being an intellectual phenomenon, must logically have won its way, not by the use of material means, the sword, but by the use of intellectual means, namely, the pen. This was its proper weapon. The Reformers ought, therefore, to have been scholars, not dragoons; leaders of thought, not of armies; scientists, professors, poets, philosophers, not the excitors of city riots after the manner of Carlstadt or Bernard Knipperdolling. In other words, it should have been a quiet, decent, orderly Reformation, which would have won its way to success without setting subject against prince, or prince against Emperor, without disturbing the quiet of the Empire. Had it really been an intellectual revolution, such would have been the good result. Nor need they have feared lest the tyranny of princes should crush out this quiet revolution of thought. Those who are capable of such fears are blind to the beauty of truth which wins the love of the human mind, despite the chains of potentates, which, Venus-like, conquers the love of even him who framed the thunderbolts of Jupiter; which forever moves on, imperishable and invincible. Had they believed in truth, with the firm belief which the love and possession of it brings, in security of mind they could

have committed their cause to her vindication without seeking from temporal rulers the assistance which degrades her. Roger Bacon never lived to see his words heeded by an ignorant generation, yet they are read by the present with reverent attention. Truth can never die, for "the eternal years of God are hers." If the Reformers possessed truth, they *must* have succeeded without destroying the unity, the peace, and the constitution of Germany, that followed upon their appeal to arms.

Moreover, the Reformers arose under the regime of one of the greatest Emperors for which the land of the Rhine and Elbe is famous. Charles V was enlightened and naturally tolerant. The very fierceness with which his character has been attacked shows the high opinion held of him even by his enemies. After the battle of Mühlberg, when the Protestant party lay a suppliant at his feet, he had it in his power to commence a system of persecution which, perhaps, would have changed the whole course of Protestantism and made all Germany Catholic. That he inflicted, by virtue of his Imperial right, certain severities upon the leaders of the rebellion is true enough, but when we compare his conduct with the brutality of Protestant rulers, remarkable even in that age of iron, we cannot refuse him the praise due to his unwise clemency. He treated Protestantism with a courteous consideration which is more to be wondered at when we take into account his own clear perception of that heresy and the exasperation of both sides which only awaited an occasion to burst out into the cruelest war of modern times. Granting, however, that success was possible only at the expense of their country's unity, we might, indeed, pardon those whose religious convictions forced them, after long reflection, to cast their swords into the scales. But we have a right to expect that, if they were patriots at heart, they would have first made any concession compatible with dignity for the sake of sparing Germany the horrors of a civil-religious war; that they would have exhausted every means of reconciliation before resorting to force; that they would have at least tried to make the controversy one of intellect before plunging into a physical struggle; that they would have sent forth appeal after appeal for peace; that their writings would have abounded in lamentations over the impending ruin of their country. On the contrary, we find them rejecting with contempt all advances made by the gentle Charles, advances which his fellow-Catholics thought too great a sacrifice of dogma and dig-

nity; deaf to all appeals for a peaceable "modus vivendi" or interim, until a General Council could settle all differences, notwithstanding that an appeal to such councils was recognized by them as the last word on Christian faith and the surest bulwark against Papal encroachments; embittering religious controversy with exasperating epithets; resorting to arms on the slightest provocation, without a word of pity for the fate that was to come upon their native land. The love of country seems never to have occurred to them. They sacrificed it hastily, unnecessarily and with dry eyes. No wonder that the great Emperor at last, in disgust, gave up the impossible attempt at reconciliation, and sought in monastic retreat, and in the company of his own thoughts, the peace which had so seldom descended upon his troubled life in consequence of his tireless sacrifices and strugglings for the preservation of German unity. This sudden resolve has been interpreted by his hostile biographers as an evidence of weakness or of eccentricity; yet we can comprehend it when we reflect upon the shameful means made use of by his enemies in pursuit of their schemes; for they were means which anyone, in whose breast still beats a patriotic heart, would have blushed to adopt, and which were enough to disgust and weary out a greater man.

To none other beside Luther is Protestantism more in debt than to Maurice, of Saxony. That prince was an arch-traitor to his Emperor and a betrayer of his friend. The apparent admirer, the affectionate friend, the recipient of the benefits of Charles in the flush of his Elbe victory, he turned suddenly into a bitter foe in his hour of unsuspecting security, repaid his friendship with treachery, and, adder-like, bit the hand that had raised him to life. And yet this is the man whom Protestantism may justly term its standard-bearer. Like him were the others. At the very moment, in 1530, when the Emperor needed their forces to repel Francis I, the Protestant princes assembled at Smalkald entered into a secret alliance with this very enemy for the betrayal of the Fatherland. This same Maurice selected as his moment for turning upon his benefactor, the hour when the Moslems were threatening the Eastern frontier, and allowed them to range his country until his Protestant convictions were respected. England, Sweden and Denmark, foreign countries, were continually invited by them to enter Germany and purchase its fair provinces by the espousal of the Protestant cause. As for France, Germany's hereditary



foe!—read the history of the *Thirty Years War*—what is now the occasion for Europe's armed millions? It is that eternal question of Alsace-Lorraine which France so ardently covets. Yet she might never have desired that province had not the treachery of the Protestant Princes thrown it into her power in the seventeenth century. In that memorable war province after province was sold to France and Sweden in payment of their assistance of the Wittenberg monk. In fine, Protestantism was a traitor to the national traditions, the peace and the unity of the land that gave it birth. So far from being forced, it became so unnecessarily, with the slightest provocation, hastily and without its literature, at least to our knowledge, preserving for future generations any expression indicating that it let fall a tear over the grave of German greatness.

To track the tread of Protestantism through every civilized country would be tiresome. We might follow it to La Rochelle, in France, where it skulked like a traitor, ever ready to sell the land of the lilies to German Lutherans, Swiss Calvinists or English Episcopalians, until the strong hand of Richelieu dragged it from its den and gave it the death-blow. We might cross to England, where we would find it pursuing its old-time trade of conspiracy with foreign powers whenever a Catholic monarch sat upon the throne, placing the crown upon William of Orange, of which it had deprived a brave, though unwise, prince, unhappily a Catholic; even steeling a daughter's heart, upon which the misfortunes of a wandering and royal father made as little impression as a drop of water upon a granite boulder. We could watch it burning in the ruffian heart of John Knox, to whom patriotism was as unknown a virtue as the natural respect and tenderness with which the brave always feel bound to deport themselves before woman, high or low.

We will notice but one other instance where, we think, Protestant disloyalty reached its limit; we mean the time-dishonored treachery of Ulster to the cause of Ireland. We notice this in particular, because here it is a question of pure, unreasoning hostility toward Catholicism which has, for generations, labored to enslave a country to its bitterest foes, when no advantage, financial, economic or political, could be gained by such subjection.

It may be that the colder and more persistent race of warriors across the Irish Sea, in the general progress of nations, might have

overcome the brave but undisciplined sons of Erin. This was, at least, a doubtful issue, however, had the latter been true to themselves. Unfortunately the history of Ireland is that of her traitors; its every page is stained by the account of some wretch who could calmly look upon the glitter of English steel, but not of English gold. Time and again the Celt had met his Saxon foe on the field of battle and humbled him to the dust, and also, time and again that same foe had met him in secret conference where gold took the place of the sword and bought over the valor which could not be conquered. We may search the annals of other countries and true, we read of occasional traitors, but Ireland alone, the land of poetry and song, of purity and chivalry, the land of saints, enjoys the unenviable distinction of possessing them in an uninterrupted succession. No wonder that her great minstrel should have cried out in the agony of his patriotic soul—

“ Oh ! for a tongue to curse the slave  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave.”

It is gratifying to know that most of these traitors have reaped the disgrace so well deserved, but there is one who even yet enjoys the benefits of treachery, and flaunts it in the face of an outraged nation. The party is well called “Orangemen,” for, just as that party triumphed, partly through the desertion of a royal father by an unnatural daughter, so it has thrived ever since on the desertion of Ireland by her sons—but sons with the instincts of bastards. Lest we be misunderstood, we avow our unbounded admiration for those great Irishmen who have subordinated their Protestant likings to the welfare of their country; but they were mere individuals. The Irish-Protestant party, as a party, as Orangemen, is a synonym for treason, and will be known to posterity as such. As a proof, before dropping this distasteful subject, we will notice a most peculiar phenomenon in Irish history.

We may state, as an axiom, that the poetry, above all the ballad poetry, of a people, is the freest and sincerest expression of its patriotism. Into those national airs with which it loves to while away the long winter nights by the fireside to encourage its fainting courage in the hour of battle, or to awake the sleeping echoes of its native hills, a people will throw all the intense love of country of which it is capable. The Gaul, at the sound of the *Marseillaise*, is, for a moment, a hero who would dare all, just as the Teu-

ton's blood will leap with unwonted haste to his cheeks at the accents of the *Watch on the Rhine*, and the old Scotch airs will transport in imagination the fiery Highlander back to the days of Bruce and Wallace. Above all, in the songs of the Irish has patriotism lingered longest and fiercest. Well fitting indeed that the harp be Erin's emblem and the expression of her patriotism, for the harp has boldly and ceaselessly broken forth into her praise and defense when the voices of her bravest were silent with fear, or still in death. There is something exquisitely pathetic in the reflection that music owes its origin to Jubal, son of Cain, as if God in his mercy had sent this solace to those whom he had branded "fugitives and vagabonds in the earth." It seems that a like mercy had been vouchsafed the wretched Irish race who, treated by centuries of persecution as a "fugitive upon the earth," has still more than any other nation retained the memory and the love of her songs wherewith to buoy up her weary soul in the long hour of trouble and keep alive that gayety which appears so odd in a nation remarkable for its misfortunes. Now, this national music has been from time immemorial consecrated to the cause of Catholicism.

Ever since Columba successfully opposed the attempt of King Aedh in the assembly of Drumceitt to proscribe the corporation of the bards, the music of Ireland in gratitude has been the auxiliary of the faith preached by the Apostle of Caledonia. And well it might, for that faith long afterwards became identified with their country's fate. When, "under the sanguinary Elizabeth, an attempt was made to give pecuniary recompense to those who would sing her Majesty's most worthy praise, the bargain was accepted by none. All preferred flight or exile to this salary of lies. Wandering over hill and dale, hidden in the depths of the devastated country, they perpetuated there the poetic traditions of their condemned race and sang the glory of ancient heroes and new martyrs, the shame of apostates and the crimes of the sacrilegious stranger."\* No wonder that the Cromwellian Protestants broke, whenever they met with them, the harps suspended in the cottages of the starving Irish, for a true instinct told them that they would never resound to the praises of the heresy which was identified with their country's ruin; that their fierce and gloomy spirits, deaf to the silent appeals of a downtrodden race, could never wake their sleeping harmonies,

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\* Montalambert: *Monks of the West*.



which the mere breath of Catholicism could cause to leap forth into wild or tender strains as easily as an *Æolian* harp would respond in murmurings to the kisses of the breezes that swept over its strings. A persecution unique, perhaps, in history, which, not content with the destruction of a people's liberty and faith, begrudged them even the melodies which recalled the past; a vengeance at which the infinitely just wrath of an outraged God had halted when, to the descendants of the murderer of his beloved Abel, he sent the gift of music wherewith to sweeten the severity of his curse and calm the fierce, unhappy souls upon whom he had set the mark of shame. Never, perhaps, was there a more diabolical attempt to root the love of country out of the heart of a gallant people, one more cynical in its calculating cruelty, more deaf to the tenderest appeals of the human heart. The hate which inspired it must, indeed, have been fearful in its intensity.

The Protestant party of Ireland hated her music and her poetry, because her music and poetry had caught their inspiration from Catholic faith, in the same manner that they hated her independence, which was indissolubly bound up with it. Because Erin would persist in being Catholic, Protestantism would destroy her; destroy not only her existence as a nation, but even the very language and music that recalled her national past, in order that, if it were possible, the very memory of her greatness should perish, and no longer remain—an eternal reproach to her enemies and her unnatural progeny. After having betrayed her to her bitterest foe, no wonder they sought to strangle their mother, whose prison-singing must have fallen upon their guilty consciences like rain of fire. Patriotism? It was not even humanity!

After this rapid glance at some of the episodes of Protestantism, our argument must be sufficiently clear. It is enough to prove that Protestantism was a traitor to the land of its birth and the lands of its adoption; that in its insatiate ambition it has trampled under foot the constitutions of more than one nation, mocked at and rebelled against the legitimate authorities that have been, and even sought to dry up, since it could not poison, the very wells of national poetry; that, instead of waiting in dignified calm for the ultimate triumph of its tenets in the world of letters, it has been a political firebrand, by which patriotism, love of national peace and unity and laws, have been burned in the intense heat of its fanatical zeal. We hold, therefore, that Protestantism stands indicted

as a political suspect before the bar of public opinion to answer for its crimes against patriotism. We simple Catholics, Romanists, or Papists, if you prefer, have too long been standing on the defensive, answering the charges of disloyalty so glibly urged by our fellow-citizens. The time has come for Protestantism to clear its own reputation, or else stand condemned by its past history. It has too long "affected the fine strains of honor" and "torn with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air." It has waved the Stars and Stripes long enough to tire out the most bloodthirsty patriot. It has walked up to the neck in imaginary gore in its heroic defense of American institutions against the attacks of that "bold, bad man" who sits in the Vatican. Notwithstanding all this, we Papists know that there is through it all much of what is sometimes styled "moonshine." Certain things from time to time have happened even in this country which would lead us to suspect that quite a large percentage of these outeryings were insincere. There have been various attempts on the part of our Protestant brethren to break the constitution of these United States (not to mention other nations), which stand out in rather uncomfortable contrast to their show of loyalty.

This congeries of historical facts, tends, we think, to incrimination not of the Catholic Church, but of those malcontents, like their predecessors in former times and foreign countries, of disloyalty to patriotism. As apt to-day as it was on the occasion of its first utterance, is the monitory precept: "First cast out the beam from thine own eye."

*Hyatsville, Md.*

LUCIAN JOHNSTON.

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## SCIENCE AND POETRY.

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NATURE wears different aspects from the different points of view of the man of science, the poet naturalist, the poet and the philosopher. Each of them seeks the hidden soul, the unity which underlies multiplicity, the substance behind the shadow. These points of view are not isolated or closed in, rather is it true that each partakes of all. So closely are they related that a change in the scientific or philosophic view is always accompanied by a change in the emotional view.

It is said that Milton lives more by his beauty than his truth. We no longer accept his scientific view of nature or his philosophic view of God, and therefore find it difficult to enter into his world.

Poetry is the highest of the arts, and is also the first to make known the entrance of new ideas into that world of thought known as the æsthetic. To it also it is given to voice the culminating period of great epochs, and step by step to follow their decline, singing at last their death-song. It not infrequently happens that the intuition of the poet is the prophet of science. It would seem that waves of thought, higher inspirations from the world of spirit, are ever seeking entrance into our world of manifestation, and that the poet, owing to his finer spiritual organization, is the first to catch and express in poetic form some intuition of the higher truth that is dawning.

The complaint is often made that science is the ruthless destroyer of the beautiful. The perfect flower, it is said, must be torn into fragments that the story of its parts may be known, even though in the process its divine, poetic meaning be wholly lost, and so through countless charges the changes are wrung. Nothing, it is said, is too sacred for this relentless destroyer of the beautiful, who offers us cold, barren, isolated facts in the place of the beautiful whole which has been shattered.

It is true that science dismembers, but it is also true that it dismembers that it may find a higher unity. To view the universe disconnectedly and rest in that view would not only be practical atheism, but an intellectual confusion which would mean death to man's higher nature. Consciously, or unconsciously, all science aims to find a theory of nature that will satisfy the reason, and as it proceeds farther, sees more deeply, defines more clearly, that which it grossly defined as matter, puts on the ideal form of spirit made manifest through eternal, unchangeable laws.

The very first steps of science, the separating and classifying, show the dominating thought of unity to which all are captives, consciously or unconsciously. If much that calls itself science gives light without warmth and takes fright at the very name of spirit, it is, nevertheless, also under this tyrannizing thought of unity, and builds far better than it knows; on it also is laid the burden of making the reason embodied in nature more comprehensible to all. Science, in truth, places its feet on the lower



round of a golden stairway. That stairway leads upward into those realms of spirit whose echoes come to us through the visions of poet and prophet, and through the calm reasoning of the philosopher.

It is safe to say, indeed it has often been said, that the scientific investigations of the present century, and the (alleged) new theory of creation following on the footsteps of these investigations, are making as great a revolution in the world of thought as did the Copernican theory of the earth's true place among other worlds. But that thought-change of the sixteenth century was gradual, as all thought-movements are. We have not yet mastered or entered livingly into our new theory of creation. Many still dwell in the temporary camps of contending factions. Some are crying out that there is no promised land save the old land from which they are escaping. Others, pointing to the golden sands in the deserts around them, declare with vehemence that this is the final goal. They despise and revile the land from which they have escaped and seem to know nothing of the death to the spiritual in the arid regions around them. Others, wiser and sadder than they, see a land beyond them; but the name of that land is Annihilation, and the roads that lead to it are darkness, death, decay. In spite of all this contradiction science is giving its best strength to deeper, truer views of Nature and the Creator of Nature. Evolution considers creation as a living process, and logically leads to the thought of Spirit imminent in nature. It must necessarily follow that this thought will be more fully expressed by the poets of the future than the poets of the past.

To say that our age is scientific is trite; to laud its achievements, when many of our most scientific men not only call themselves agnostics, but glory in the name, is vanity, but to be able to see something of the prophetic beginnings of this change of thought in the poetry of the early part of this century; to ask what its final outcome promises, and wherein poetry, as a high form of art, is expressing that which is eternal, is to be enriched, may not be altogether vanity.

The art which corresponds most closely to physical science gives prominence to the things of nature. Much of the poetry of the present century might be called landscape poetry; and, side by side with the poets, we have had artists in color, giving us landscapes in which there are fleeting suggestions of "that light which

never was on sea or land." This is particularly true of Turner, of whom it was said that he painted not nature, but the soul of nature. Art, whatever its forms, not only obeys the thought-stress of the age, but with prophetic insight foreshadows that which is to be; for thought and feeling are so united that there can be no change in one without a corresponding change in the other. And, as the true poet is not only a revealer of that which is, but also has prophetic intuitions of that which is to be, we find among the poets of the early part of this century not a few who divined the coming change of thought and gave a deeper, fuller expression to the old poetic creeds. Among these we may mention two poets who differ widely in many ways—Shelley and Wordsworth.

Shelley has been called the poet's poet. More than any other modern poet he is imbued with Platonic mysticism, and speaks from a point of view accessible only to the few. The beauty which he worshipped in nature was also love; a divine force often represented as a keen flame shining through the masks of all things :

" That light whose smile enkindles the universe ;  
 That beauty in which all things work and move ;  
 That Benediction which the eclipsing curse  
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining love  
 Which through the web of being blindly wove,  
 By man and beast, and earth, and air, and sea,  
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
 The fire for which all thirst."

By his subtle sense of this divine power, which was forever haunting, forever fleeing, Shelley was able to express, as none before him had expressed, vanishing hues of earth and sky, and evanescent forms of beauty, which we feel rather than see, were by him made captive for all time. He has been called the loftiest and most spontaneous singer in our language, and our indebtedness to him as an interpreter of nature, as a revealer of the soul within it, cannot be expressed with a light dismissing phrase. His view of nature, however we may feel its lack of moral power, has in it elements of thought that are worthy of profound study, and depths of emotion prophetic of the undeveloped powers of the soul. We know not what his future may be, but already the children of those who stoned him have built altars to his fame.

Wordsworth has been called a true epoch-maker in the history of the human soul, in that he educed from this " bewildering uni-

verse a new and elevating joy." That new and elevating joy is the deeper and fuller expression of man's relationship to and power of communion with nature. He speaks a language which all may understand, and there is in his interpretation of nature an upholding, consoling power which is bound in closest bonds to all that is unspeakably sacred in religious faith and aspiration. He has shown us that nature, "which never did betray the heart that loved her," can, by contemplation, become a revealing power, a spirit speaking unto spirit, an opening into that world of pure realities of which her manifestations to the outward sense are dim shadows.

Nature was not, to him, "an infinite unfeeling power," but an infinite power in sympathy with human life. She was a spirit invisible, speaking through visible things to man's spirit, and able to impart to him something of her own qualities of calmness, tenderness, deep reverence and kindred feelings that belong to man's immortal nature.

While nature had, in his view, a self-subsistence outside of man's thought and feeling, an independent life of her own, she was yet allied to that thought and feeling in closest bonds of kinship—so close indeed that she was able to recall a possible pre-existence of the soul.

Considered from a philosophic standpoint, nature appeared to him as an image of reason in its highest sense, a unity of life which made a living whole. He expresses a not unusual poetic creed when he speaks of nature as being

"Not unrelated, unapplied,  
But to each thought a thing allied."

But he was able to emphasize this view, and has given his own strong impress to emotions and mental conditions that may yet become the common heritage of our race; for, side by side with our greater interest in nature, there is a growing spiritual understanding of her meaning, and the time may come when all will have, at least, glimpses of that which is the constant vision of both poet and philosopher—when none will wish, as Emerson expresses it, to fling stones at our beautiful mother.

Wordsworth, in speaking of his own poetry, says: "I have represented a transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents, to plant for immortality images of sight and sound in the celestial soil of the imagination." Those who have surrendered



themselves to the glory of the setting sun, to the marvel of an opening flower, to many or to few of the living influences which the things of nature possess, will well understand these words.

Many are conscious or sub-conscious of nature's divine influence, but it was given to Wordsworth to be able to seize upon and express in poetic form that subtle power—that unconscious influence just as it is passing into the soul. The reader pauses in astonished joy that what had seemed so evanescent, so fleeting, should be fixed forever—clothed in the fitting garment of poetic speech—timeless and eyeless in its beauty.

There are hours in our lives when the divine influence of nature falls like dew upon the spirit and brings something of that peace which passeth understanding. It comes in greatest power to those who are most in harmony with nature's eternal peace, to those who submit themselves to the inflowing power of those spiritual forces which, in reality, uphold and cherish all forms of life.

Returning once more to our subject, and asking again what our greater scientific knowledge promises for the poetry of the future, we find that much which we would say has been most perfectly expressed by Wordsworth himself. He tells us that—

“Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge . . . the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science. . . . The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere, though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge. . . . If the labors of the men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in . . . the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist or mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed. . . . If the time should ever come when what is now called science . . . shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.”

These words were written more than half a century ago. Since that day science claims to have created a new world for thought, a world unknown to those who had gone before. Within that world lies an ideality which waits the poet's transforming power, the new revelations being new responsibilities to the poet. If true to the high traditions of his race, he must make manifest in the outer garment of song that imminence of the divine in nature which is entering into the general consciousness of all.

Poetry, as a medium of communication with the unseen spiritual world, has been throughout the ages the surest and most unfailing of all the arts, but science, in reality, also belongs to the unseen world, and there can be no conflict between them. The true poet will ever be able to make the facts of science the servants of his creative imagination, and the more marvellous the fact the deeper will be his poetic insight, and the greater his power to use the physical as an index to the spiritual. The war of the real and the ideal may yet vanish before the higher thought that they are in truth but one, and that to see not only the real but the soul of the real is the only true idealism.\*

Jacksonville, Ill.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

## FATHER COLOMA'S TRIFLES.

ONE of the most powerful realistic novels ever published in Spain is *Pequeñeces* (Trifles), the work of a Jesuit priest, Father Luis Coloma. It was first issued in serial form in a religious periodical, and made such a hit that Father Coloma finally brought it out in book-form in 1891, and although people in Spain are not fond of reading, *Pequeñeces* has already gone through eight editions, and has been rendered into Portuguese, Italian, as well as French, with remarkable success. The most eminent Spanish critics have reviewed this book. The greatest woman writer in Spain, Dona Emilia Pardo Bazan, devoted her pen to the author's biography,

\* True Catholic faith adds the third element in the universe of nature, heart and spirit—the created, the creator, and faith in and love for the same; the natural, the supernatural and how man becomes the joyous partaker of and in the same.—W. H. THORNE.

while Don Juan Valera published a severe stricture against *Pequeñeces*. No book in Spain has ever been so bitterly denounced, nor so heartily admired as this, and at the same time that the fearless and outspoken Jesuit, in his crusade against sin, has made numerous enemies, he has also found warm friends and admirers.

*Pequeñeces* is a faithful picture and delineation of Spanish society during the reign of Amadeus, of the house of Savoy, and the Restoration, and Spain under King Alphonso XII. The characters are well drawn and so lifelike that many members of the aristocracy saw themselves caricatured in *Pequeñeces*, and some keen observer even furnished a key; although Father Coloma denied that he meant to be personal, while he avowed that his sole object was to unmask the sinful follies of ultra-fashionable women, or a certain fast set in society, and expose the dissolute life of the gilded youth of Madrid. He portrays some noble types, to show that there are some good women in Madrid who are an honor to their sex. Although *Pequeñeces* brought down the vials of wrath of the aristocracy upon Father Coloma's head, his brethren stood by him. Furthermore, the Superior General of the Jesuits authorized him to bring out this work.

It appears from views held by Emilia Pardo Bazan and others in regard to Father Coloma's motive in such severe strictures on hardened society, that he has not forgiven the royalists for frustrating his hopes. And he censured King Alphonso XII and his ministers for not proclaiming Catholicism as the religion of state. According to his views this omission will cause the eventual downfall of the Bourbon dynasty.

We are always interested in the private life of a great author, not from idle curiosity, but from a friendly regard excited by his works, as genius enjoys the gifts of winning to itself all hearts and their sincere sympathy.

Father Coloma's life has been very romantic, and deep in the recesses of his heart is the memory of a tragedy which altered the whole tenor of his life. Luis Coloma was born in Jerez, and studied law, intending to follow his father's profession, and he was admitted to the bar in Seville. But Luis Coloma became interested in politics, and conspired in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons. He incurred the suspicions of the adherents of Amadeus, and on several occasions found himself on the verge of banishment. Coloma went in the best society, and was hand in glove with the aristocracy.



One day, in 1874, he was found lying on his bed dangerously wounded, and up to the present time no one knows whether he was the victim of an act of revenge, or whether, weary of life, he had attempted suicide. But his friends attributed the wound to an accidental discharge of his revolver.

For over a month he hovered between life and death, and one of his most powerful scenes in his novel *Pequeñeces* is the death of a sin-laden soul.

The other version of Luis Coloma's abandonment of the world is quite different, and simply attributes this act to a severe illness.

Whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains undisputed, that while standing at the threshold of life in the heyday of youth and flush of early manhood, Luis Coloma voluntarily "renounced the world, the flesh and the devil."

For the ensuing ten years very little was heard of Father Coloma, whose time was devoted to religious duties, and the instruction of children under his charge, while he was undergoing the severe discipline exacted by his Order.

Finally, Father Coloma repaired to Madrid to preach a series of Lenten sermons in one of the most fashionable churches, and thereby excited a great stir in society.

Finding that his sermons produced such a powerful effect on his hearers, he determined to write a number of moral tales, which were published in 1877. This book obtained recognition of his literary merit, but was far surpassed by *Pequeñeces* a few years later.

The writer of this review has translated *Pequeñeces* into English by the author's special authorization, and holds the copyright for the English version of this work.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

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## LIFE OF BISMARCK.

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### CHAPTER XIX.—HIS WORK FROM 1867 TO 1871.

NEVER resting on his oars or feeling that his whole work was done, Bismarck, immediately after the formation of the North German Confederation, formed a secret treaty with Bavaria, Hesse-

Darmstadt, Würtemberg and Baden, whereby they agreed to place their armies at the disposition of Prussia in case of war; and, in 1867, he concluded another treaty with the Southern and independent States, by which it was agreed that all questions of customs should be decided by the Federal Diet and Council; and that to these, meeting now at Berlin, the Southern States would send representatives. But democracy and incipient ultramontaniam, so-called, were at once jealous of Prussia and hated Bismarck as a new incarnation of an unseen monarchical factor not easy to name. In truth, they had cause enough to hate him already, and causes were to multiply and renew their hatred through all future years.

Louis Napoleon, too, and France saw with envy the growing power of Prussia under the guidance of this new German man. Napoleon opened negotiations with Bismarck by which he hoped to gain Belgium for France, provided Prussia was given free scope elsewhere. It, too, is a long and intricate story—here only to be glanced at. On the one side history says that Bismarck deluded Napoleon with promises of Belgium, never meaning to fulfil them. On the other side, history concludes that there was very little promising done by Bismarck, and lots of groundless expectations entertained and ventilated by Napoleon. At all events, when the test came, in 1867, though the ground was changed and the King of Holland was at last made willing to sign over Luxembourg to France, it was found that Prussia was not willing and would not allow the transaction to be made. Bismarck was held responsible by France, and a Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, was averted only by the conference of London, to which Prussia consented and which made Luxembourg neutral ground. But the London conference was simply a sparring match of the seconds, while their principals were training for a final battle.

Already, however, France and Prussia had met once more under such terms as made a near rupture absolutely certain, and the occasion soon came. In 1870, when the Spaniards, possibly through Bismarck's influence, undertook to place on the Spanish throne Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, France opposed the project with great earnestness, and not only demanded that it should not then be done, but that King William, of Germany, should give pledges that in the future no Hohenzollern should ever occupy the Spanish throne. This the king would not do; and, though Prince Leopold had abandoned the idea of accepting the proffered crown,

Napoleon and his French had got in a tantrum and something dreadful had to be done. Their honor had been insulted, etc.

During those days, Bismarck and Moltke were in their glory, appearing, it is said, ten years younger on the days when war seemed certain, and looking old and worn out when any movements toward a compromise and peace were under way.

July 19, 1870, as one result and indication of her conceited total debauchery, France declared war against Prussia; really against all Germany, and from every quarter of the Fatherland troops went westward, steady and strong, and confident, singing their old "Wacht am Rhein," sure and certain of victory. All the world knows this story. By September 1st, after Sedan, Napoleon yielded his sword to Prussia, and for his part was a dead and humbled man. On the following January, 1871, Paris surrendered to Prussian troops, and by the Treaty of Frankfort, 10th of May, Germany had won five milliards of francs and Alsace and German Lorraine, while France had utterly lost her way in this intricate world. At bottom it is the difference between truth or a lie. No lie shall live. Meanwhile, by Count Bismarck's quick and comprehensive statesmanship, in the autumn of 1870, the North German Confederation became the German Confederation, including the Southern States, already secured by friendly treaties, Austria being left mostly alone to seek her fortune southward and eastward, and on the 18th of January, 1871, in the Hall of Mirrors, in the Palace of Versailles, the King of Prussia, by dint of Bismarck's statesmanship, was proclaimed and crowned Emperor of the new Germany that was to be.

It might have been better for Germany if all this had come about by peaceful and constitutional methods, but it did not, and perhaps never would have come about by such means. And it *might* have been better for Bismarck's fame had he died there and then, when his royalist policy had become triumphant through Prussian arms, and while he was supreme, but he had yet to deal with the Church of Rome, with socialism, anarchism, democracy and colonization, and in some things most wretchedly to fail. Like one James Fisk, among his fellow-robbers, Bismarck had simply beaten the whole band of Austrian and French diplomats at their own game of trickery. The game was of their choosing, not his; and then he had beaten them in war.

Whatever of superior ability, practical insight, principle, truth



and honor there was in the British nation, in the seventeenth century, was with Parliament and the reformers, hence the government became Cromwellian and Charles Stuart lost his head, and his ministers fell into eternal disgrace. Whatever of clear sight, large statesmanship, manly integrity and comprehensive human power there was in the German States in the middle of the nineteenth century, was with the King's ministers and military leaders; hence Germany became rigid, monarchical, its King, Prime Minister and chief commander, clothed and crowned with glory, while its mere pedant and talky-talky Parliament has passed into a proper oblivion.

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#### CHAPTER XX.—LATER WORKS AND YEARS.

After 1871, though always insisting that Prussia should keep herself ready for war with France, Bismarck's international policy was one that looked to peace among the nations of the old world. At the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, after the Turko-Russian war, he mainly supported the claims of Russia, but in such a way as to give Austria a good share in the spoils and encourage her southeastern aspirations, and also in such a way as not to offend France or England, and so he became "honest broker" for the nations. After 1878, through the Anglo-Turkish and Egyptian troubles of 1882-83, and also through the Anglo-Russian mixture over the Afghan boundary question of 1884-85, Bismarck held Prussia in about the same friendly attitude toward all the interested nations, and repeated meetings of the Emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria, during those years, with announcements of their tripple alliances, embracings and the like, kept the world at partial rest regarding the peace of Europe.

In 1885-86, however, when a German Prince, Alexander of Bulgaria, had united eastern Roumelia with his own province, and Russia opposed the scheme of union, and, having, as all the world knows, her own designs over all that territory, including Constantinople, and when by these troubles Prince Bismarck was brought into closer relationship with Russia's international eastern policy, he in the main acted against Russia; at first, favored Alexander in a small way, and Austria in general as opposed to Russia in the Balkan States in a large way, so bringing Germany, Austria and England into closer and more friendly relationship on the entire

Eastern question, leaving Russia to seek by other ways, through Asia, her southward longings. But at last he allowed Russia to do as she would with Alexander, always persisting that Germany was not in the world to pick other people's chestnuts out of the fire, and that Germany had little business in the mouth of the Danube River.

In his colonial aspirations in western Africa and in Australasia, 1885-86, Prince Bismarck, for a time, but mainly through some diplomatic misunderstanding, came into partial conflict with England. But Prussia and Germany, under the Emperor William, at no time desired serious trouble with England. And as England, in 1885-86, repeatedly welcomed rather than antagonized Bismarck's colonial schemes as long as they did not touch territory already under English control, cloud after cloud passed away till the international skies in that direction grew pretty clear in the summer of 1886, when a triple understanding of peace and friendship between Germany, Austria and England was unofficially announced to the world. Meanwhile his conflict with the Church and democracy had not gone as well.

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#### CHAPTER XXI.—BISMARCK AND THE CHURCH.

Having conquered Austria and France and Prussianized all Germany into a Prussian-German empire, and become a Count in 1865, Foreign Minister of the North German Confederation in 1870, and Chancellor of the German Empire with the rank of Prince in 1871, and having now given up cigars and taken to a long pipe, and feeling in every way rich and well nigh almighty, there seemed little or nothing in the way of Bismarck that he could not alter and reform according to Prussian standards. Never having had a spiritual or religious training, he never knew the difference between it and its work and a mental and military training and their work in the world. In fact, he himself was never trained.

In 1872, many of the ways of the German Jesuits offended him, seemed to imply a greater loyalty to Rome than to Berlin, and persuading himself that the Empire was imperilled by what was called ultramontaniam, or over-zealous Roman Catholic tendencies, the Chancellor began his work of reforming the Church to Prus-

sian standards by the expulsion of the Jesuits, as the most offending parties.

In 1873, the famous May laws were introduced by Dr. Falk as Bismarck's Minister of Public Worship, and that great struggle called by Prussia the *Kultur-Kampf*, or culture battle, and by Rome, simply persecution, was under way.

Stripped of all verbiage, the essence and aim of the May laws and of all Bismarck's battle with the Church, were, first to give a primary Prussian training to all German students for the Catholic priesthood; and second, thereby to ensure on the part of all German priests or bishops of the future primal loyalty to Berlin instead of primal loyalty to Rome.

It is, of all stories, the most intricate and profound that ever occupied Bismarck's active life. The Church, holding first, last and always, that priests, meant for a celibate and ecclesiastical and spiritual life, must have a peculiar and spiritual ecclesiastical training from the start, simply could not yield this point to Bismarck's dictation, even though that were given in the name of the German Empire. In a word, the Church rebelled; could not and would not admit that Prussia had a right to train the boyhood of its priests, or that the consent of the German Government, based on a previous secular examination, was necessary to priestly ordination or appointment in German parishes.

The Church could not, and Bismarck would not, yield; everywhere throughout Germany, Catholic bishops and priests were disciplined, their churches and holdings left vacant, and so the fight continued, the Emperor having taken the Chancellor's side, through a series of fourteen years, till, in the years 1885-86, the Emperor William and Bismarck, growing older and wiser, practically changed their attitude toward Rome, reducing the power and prerogative of the secular government to the right of a veto on Church appointments in Germany, so leaving Rome to train its own ministers and make its own appointments, reserving to the secular arm the right to interfere when its own life or prerogatives are touched by the spiritual power.

It took Bismarck more than fifteen of the aged years of his life thus to learn what any man trained by spiritual methods to spiritual ends knows at the beginning of his career, viz.: that the meaning and the glory of the terrestrial or secular life is one, and the meaning and glory of the celestial or spiritual life another; and,



further, that no spiritual truth or tendency can be conquered, choked or held back by force of will, by Krupp guns, or by any known arbitrary human power.

This part of Bismarck's life and statesmanship is of such keen and vital interest to nine-tenths of the readers of the *GLOBE*, that I propose devoting an entire article to it in the next issue.

W. H. THORNE.

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## M. ZOLA AND HIS CRITICS.

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THERE is one bar to Zola's ever being well known among English readers—his freedom from all restraints in the matter of calling things by their proper names. Thackeray says, in one of his novels, that in our age a writer must suppress much that once would have been considered quite ordinary, and that while he does not know whether our age is any better for being particular in this respect, he is certain that it is no worse. It would be an injustice to the French people to assume that they are less moral because of the greater freedom that they allow their authors; but they do allow it, and, on this account, there is much of their literature which is of a character not to be recommended for young people.

As has been said, this feature will prevent, or rather has prevented, a large knowledge of the novels of Zola among us, for he has never questioned the suitability of writing anything that seemed to him necessary to form a complete picture. Added to this, what faithful translations of his books have been made have been suppressed, and for him who cannot read French there is left nothing but the miserable, garbled translations of the lowest order of literary hacks. In spite of all this, Zola is perhaps the most talked-of of French writers, and, in our opinion, the most thoroughly misunderstood. His last book, "*Lourdes*," has brought upon him attacks of every sort from all quarters, principally, however, from the Catholic Church, at which many seemed to think the book was aimed.

It is the intention here to make a rapid *résumé* of the novels of Zola, and to mention those particularly in which some light on his attitude toward the Church may be had.

His great life-work is the series of twenty books, called "*Les*

Rougon-Macquart." In each of these some one member of the family bearing this name is drawn and the varying hereditary effects of a strain of insanity are shown. The reader is taken into all conditions of life in France during the Second Empire. It is supposed that Zola received this idea of writing a series of novels, all related to each other and going into all walks of life, from Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. In the fourteenth of the series (by the way, there is no special sequence to be observed, each book being complete in itself) he has introduced the character of a novelist, whose experiences are based on those of his own life. This character, by name Sandoz, describes a great cycle of novels that he is about to write. These novels will embrace all existence. This seems to have been Zola's own idea, or rather a part of it, and the part that he has realized most magnificently. His descriptions appear to be faultless, no detail is too slight for mention, and he displays a remarkable acquaintance with purely technical subjects that one would never look for in a novelist. Thus, when he writes of the railway, he displays as intimate a knowledge of its inner workings as could possibly be looked for in a division superintendent.

The first of the series, "La Fortune des Rougon," literal translation, "The Fortune of the Rougons," introduces the head of the family, a woman afflicted with a nervous malady, who had one child by a man by the name of Rougon, and three by a man named Macquart. The principal characters in all the books are taken from these children and their children. "The Fortune of the Rougons" is principally a recital of the events of 1848-51, preceding the *coup d'état*. It also gives the early history of the family and partially accounts for the disposition that is made of them in the succeeding books. There is nothing of a religious nature in this first book that is worthy of any special mention.

In the second of the series, "La Curée," literally, "The Quarry," being used in the sense of booty or spoil, we are presented with a view of the tremendous land speculations and jobbery of the early days of the Empire. The third of the series, "Le Ventre de Paris," literally, "The Stomach of Paris," is a description of the markets and market people.

But in "La Conquête de Plassans," which has been given as a second title in one of the English translations, "The Priest in the House," we are shown the rivalry for place in the Church, and the

estrangement that must follow between husband and wife where the latter is devotional to the last extreme, and the former the exact reverse. The priest in question, a man of great ambition, lives with the family, and although he makes no effort to bring about an estrangement between the husband and wife, the result is reached. The priest described is a most unlovely character, and his mother, who lives with him, is still more so, in her utter disregard of everything except her son's success, which success, it may be added, is an entirely worldly one.

The struggle for place among the priests, as shown in this book, would give anything but a pleasing idea, and were one to accept what is shown here as a standard for all cases, there could be but little reverence felt for priests generally. It must be noted here that while Zola presents this condition to his reader, he never argues against it from his own standpoint; in fact, he does not seem to have any standpoint. He merely narrates the circumstances with apparent disinterestedness and allows the reader to form his own conclusions. However, this form of argument is much stronger and more convincing than it would be if he should take his own statements and point out the conclusion that must inevitably follow. It seems natural to believe that Zola represents what he believes to be the truth. He does not hold the Church in any way responsible for the dissensions and rivalry of its clergy, and one is left to form one of these two conclusions—either that the Church is responsible, or that the individuals are responsible. The latter is by far the more likely, and is, in fact, the only one, for even admitting that there are cases like the one depicted, there is nothing to prove that it is the rule; however, it is the only one stated.

In the next of the series, we have the old topic revived—the marriage of priests. Its title is "*Abbé Mouret's Transgression.*" A young priest, during an illness, is taken to the house of a free-thinker, who lives alone with a young girl, his niece. The house is surrounded by an enormous garden of flowers and trees of every sort—quite a picturesque idea, by the way—and is called "*Le Paradon.*" On recovering from his illness, the young priest has forgotten all his previous life, and lives for some time in the garden alone with this girl. They very naturally fall in love and the transgression ensues. One day, on approaching the boundary of the garden, a break in the wall is discovered, and on the other side is seen a brother of the church in which



the Abbé Mouret officiated, and this recalls to him his previous life and awakens him to the sin that he has committed. He returns to his church, leaving the young girl, and though she afterwards comes to him in the church and tries to win him back, he is strong enough to withstand her temptation and sends her away. Later, he feels that his life has been a mistake, and that he cannot do without her. He goes again to the garden and meets her; but after his arrival, he finds that he was mistaken, and that he really belonged to the Church. He leaves her, and she dies. The book is a most poetical one, and the scenes in the garden are described with a delicacy and beauty that cannot fail to impress. The descriptions of the services in the half-ruined church are also most beautiful, and the detail is infinite.

Signor de Amicis, in recording a conversation which he had with Zola on the subject of this book, says: "While M. Zola was talking of that novel, I could not refrain from expressing to him my great admiration of those splendid pages in which he described the religious ecstasies of the young priest before the image of the Virgin, pages worthy of a great poet.

" 'You cannot imagine,' he replied, 'the trouble that that wretched Abbé Mouret cost me. In order to be able to describe him at the altar, I went several times to hear mass at Notre Dame. For his religious education I consulted many priests. No one, however, could give me all the explanations that I needed. I overturned shops of Roman Catholic books, devoured immense volumes on religious ceremonies and manuals for priests in the country, but I still lacked sufficient material for my work. A priest who had abandoned his orders gave me the necessary information.' "

Zola brings no new light on this vexed question. He presents a phase, that is all. What the book shows is no argument whatever, and the casual reader would not imagine that the author wished to do more than tell his story. But it must be remembered that Zola does not consider himself a story-teller. He is a painter, and each of his pictures is intended to embrace the whole field, no matter what the subject may be.

In "His Excellency, Eugene Rougon," we have the political side of the Second Empire, and it is shown in a most masterful manner. "L'assommoir" treats of the working class in Paris, and does not give one a very pleasant impression of them. "A Love Episode"

is rather a romantic tale, of no special importance to us. "Nana" needs no description. Its virtues or its vices are too well known. Here, as in many others of Zola's novels, we are presented with an allegory. Nana, the wanton, is Paris in the profligacy of the end of the Second Empire. There is much fine work in the book, and great truth. But it is very painful truth.

"Pot Bouille," a title that does not yield readily to translation, is a picture of the middle class and a rather unsavory one. It also contains an account of the beginning of the business career of one Mouret, whose later success is told in "Au Bonheur des Dames," a story devoted to the dry-goods business. Calling attention to Zola's love of detail, as shown in this book, may become somewhat tiresome, but after reading it, one is forced to the conclusion that the writer has left nothing undone, as far as presenting an absolutely complete picture. Zola will always leave his story to wait, while he tells you of the shape of the store, the arrangement of the goods, the prices, everything, and it is the character of all his work.

"La Joie de Vivre" has no great importance, although it has a great virtue, a description of the life of a perfectly unselfish girl. She is almost too unselfish, however, and we are rather inclined to think that when Zola wants to tell us something very nice, he is not as particular about the realism, or as he puts it, naturalism, as when something ugly is treated. "Germinal" is an awful story of the coal-mines of France. This book is spoken of very highly as a faithful account of the terrible condition of the mines thirty years ago. The account of a strike is painfully vivid, and the rest of the book is both sad and repulsive, particularly the former.

"L'Œuvre" is a magnificent story of the struggles of an artist. The artist in question is supposed to be Manet, the original impressionist. It is a beautiful book in many ways, but, like everything else from Zola's pen, it is painfully sad.

"La Terre" is a tale of the country, but he who picks it up to be refreshed and made joyful by sylvan happiness and rustic quiet, will have nothing but disappointment for his pains. We are again impressed with the fact that, if the people described here are fair representatives of the French peasantry, the French peasantry are very undesirable people, whose loss would be a distinct gain to the world at large. But we do not choose to believe M. Zola. We feel that he has been unfortunate in his choice of models.

"Le Rêve" is an idyl, and a most beautiful one. There can be no greater contrast than that which exists between this book and its predecessor. It is almost a fairy tale, and although its end is the death of the principal character, we do not feel that it is sad. The book is full of the old legends of the Church, and, by the way, the Church here is everything. Many believe the book was written as a bid for the Academy. However, whether it was or not, the fact remains that it is a beautiful tale, one that cannot fail to do good, if the giving of honest pleasure is good, and we think it is.

"La Bête Humaine" is a harrowing story of a murder and its consequences, having for a background the railway system of France in 1865-70. It is a most wonderful book, and equally unpleasant. A prominent literary man said of it quite recently, that he read every page of it with avidity and admiration, and, as soon as it was finished, threw it out of the window.

"L'argent" treats of finance, wild-cat speculation and the fall of a Catholic bank, Catholic as opposed to the great Jewish bankers of the nation. It is a masterly work, and Zola displays as much knowledge of stocks, bonds, the working of corporations, etc., as he does about everything else—and that is much.

"La Débâcle" is the Franco-Prussian war. This is, perhaps, the greatest of all the series. Every detail is before us, over one hundred pages are filled with the description of the battle of Sedan. On the whole it is a most healthy book, and as an argument against war it is certainly unequalled. It will probably live when the others are forgotten.

In "Le Docteur Pascal" we have the end of the series, and a sort of summing up of all the rest. The Doctor is a freethinker, and the people around him are rather devout Catholics. Their intolerance is that of individuals and does not call for any special mention here.

This very crude account of Zola's great work may serve to give some idea of what he has done. There has been no attempt made to show his opinions on any of the subjects touched upon, because he never gives his opinions, that is directly. We may infer what they are from the circumstances he describes, on the proposition that a man will endeavor to make the circumstances he invents argue for his views. Before entering into this, however, let us look at his last book—the famous "Lourdes."

There is really not much to say about "Lourdes." It is the



description of one of the national pilgrimages in general, and particularly that of a young priest who doubts, and a young girl who is cured by faith. There is a most beautiful version of the story of Bernadette, and much general description. There is as much faith as doubt shown by the different characters in the book, and as for Zola, he does not show either; he only tells the story and lets the reader form his own conclusions. He himself is busy with details, as usual. In fact they become rather tiresome in places, and the writer must confess to having skipped about thirty pages.

That Zola is not a believer is evident. If he were, he would not show the unbeliever's side. Your true believer, as a rule, cannot countenance anything that does not agree with his own views. Taking it, then, for granted that Zola is an unbeliever, he has certainly shown much fairness in presenting the side of the case opposed to what we will call his own. He presents, in one place, sixteen pages of authenticated cures; his heroine is cured, although he has an explanation for this last case, which seems a very credible one.

It seems to us that Zola endeavors to be fair; that he tries his best to present facts as he finds them, but his opponents do not seem to think so. He is accused of insincerity, of iconoclasm, of every sin in the calendar, and when all these have failed, he is told that his books are disgusting and not fit to be read; that they are obscene and licentious. An article read in a magazine quite recently, finds fault with some of the incidents that he has included in his story of Bernadette. The writer of the article does not admit that there may be an error. He at once accuses Zola of misstating deliberately, and when that charge is made much of, he attacks him for his alleged obscenity.

But leaving everything else, let us try to learn what his attitude is towards the Church. Does he believe it is for the benefit of mankind, or does he think that it stands in the way of progress? It is a difficult question to answer, and one that would take a more careful study of his work than has been made by the writer. On the whole, however, it would appear that he has treated this matter as he would treat any other—the railway, for instance. He has tried to acquire all possible information on the subject in hand, and has presented the results of his work to the public. It does not seem that there is any animus in his writings. He does not

seem to have an axe to grind. He is endeavoring to present a picture of human nature as he finds it. Religion enters largely in the make-up of individuals; consequently, religion must be drawn, as any other attribute would be.

There is no humor in his writings; there does not appear to be any attempt at writing solely for the sake of impressing the reader with the power of the author; there is only the terrible earnestness, the positive plan to be carried out to its logical conclusion—that is, the logical conclusion as he sees it. To accuse him of writing against the Church would be to accuse him of unfairness, and nothing seems to be further from his mind. We may not agree with many of his views—those on heredity, certainly not—but let us give the man credit for having conceived a great work, and for having carried it out to the best of his ability. He has devoted his life to it, and even if some of us may not be willing to endorse all, or any of his work, let us at least respect him for his unity of purpose and his certainty of conviction.

*Philadelphia.*

M. N. WEYL.

## GLOBE NOTES.

### POOR BOB, ETC.

How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, etc., but publish in the GLOBE REVIEW. "Col. Bob is not dead!" The more's the pity—the newspapers spread the report that he is dead, every now and then, and so the laughing atheist gets a great deal of free advertising.

Last autumn, a few weeks before "Bob" was to be in Chicago, to give his "New Lecture on the Bible"—which he understands about as an old hen understands the art of treading water—the progressive Chicago newspapers had boys on the corners of the streets, shouting "Extra news," etc., "Death of Bob Ingersoll," etc. A few weeks later, while I was wondering what sort of reception this atheist was getting in Perdition, the printers and venders of cheap and nasty literature—for which the great Western representative American city is famous—had other, or perhaps the same, boys, on the corners of the streets, shouting "Bob Ingersoll's New

Lecture on the Bible," etc. A few days before this writing, February 2, 1895, some of the pink and showy afternoon papers of New York had special display articles on their first pages, declaring "Bob Ingersoll is not dead." I immediately concluded that he was simply preparing another "New Lecture on the Bible" and taking this expert and dramatic method of advertising his everlasting foolishness. As a matter of fact, the great Col. did lecture in a New Jersey town about three weeks later.

Between four and five years ago, the Rev. Nathaniel J. Seaver, a Unitarian minister of Templeton, Mass., who was fortunate enough to have heard and remembered Bob Ingersoll's "New Lecture on the Bible," in the early days of Bob's strident water-treading, when it *was* new—at least to Bob himself—wrote an article for the GLOBE (see GLOBE, No. 3) proving, first, the utter and presumptuous silliness of Bob's pretensions and declarations; second, that Bob's newest lecture on the Bible was nothing but the old misfit shoe, much down at the heel and now half-soled; third, that at best Bob's new or old lecture was a long-plucked apple, rotten to the core.

In other quarters, the gifted Father Lambert has time and again shown that there is neither sense nor decency in Bob's attacks upon the Bible; and, coming to his own ground, the editor of the GLOBE (see the GLOBE, No. 11) has pointed out, in various arguments, that this posing Dixey of atheism had not even the solid sense of the famous Balaam's ass.

Further, it is plain from the infrequency with which this braying mule of a man is now allowed to bray in any of the standard magazines of the period, that he has nothing to say that is worth saying, or is unable to say it in a manner to command the respect of even the pliant and sympathetic editors of those magazines.

In a recent number of this Review I pointed out the fact that the tone of our serious magazines—and even of the illustrated baby magazines—had grown far more serious these last five years, and I endeavored to explain the work the GLOBE had done in bringing about this change. It is far greater than most people imagine; but the editors know perfectly what they are doing and why they are doing it.

Six years ago Bob Ingersoll was the winning card in the *North American Review*. Now, Monsignor Satolli or Cardinal Gibbons takes the trick with greater ease; and poor "Bob," though he has



crowds of ignorant and hardened atheistic groundlings to listen to him when he plays slack-rope clown on the Bible, has fallen so low that reports of his death, and counter-reports that he is not dead, are necessary to keep his laughing witlessness before the eyes of his own *claqueurs* and the men and women in the upper galleries.

Again, I disclaim any and all personal dislike in speaking of him in this way. He is a fatty, fluffy, jolly, good-natured soul. People who know him are said to like him. I do not admire their taste; but my only business is with the faded and failing folly of his public utterances, and only to express regret that he or his friends feel obliged to try to keep his offensive fame in the nostrils of the world by such methods as the poor extras, "Bob is dead," and, next day, "Bob is not dead." And who the de'il cares whether Bob is dead or no?

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It seems that I must have said something in the last GLOBE that was very offensive to so-called strong-minded women. I am sorry on my own account, but glad on their account, for every exasperating word that helps to lead them to see the utter folly of their modern ways will be of incalculable value to womankind in the end; sorry on my account, because my declarations seem to have lost me the regard of several women whose esteem I prized more than anything in this world except the simple truth as I know it to exist on the questions at issue; and I may as well say here as elsewhere, that much as I esteem their friendship, I would sacrifice the love, even, of every woman on earth rather than be false to the truth of this generation as I see that truth and feel bound to utter it.

I suppose the offensive words of the last issue were those in the article on the Lathrops when I spoke of the Frances Willard gangs of reformers who were expecting to save this world by "sewer-gas and temperance pledges," and in the GLOBE Notes, where I was ready to tap Niagara and drown out last year's Cleveland convention of the screaming sister reformers.

As regards the sewer-gas part of my proposition, if any one will read, or has read, the various newspaper reports of the recent opening of various ginger-pop and other temperance hotels in Chicago and elsewhere, attended by the Rev. Dr. Gawk of the Reformed Episcopal Church—God save the reformed!—and Miss Frances Willard & Co. of the ultra-sewer-gas gangs of female reform; and, if any one has read of the fool men and women who go to these

hotels to guzzle ginger-pop for reform's sake and return with filth-filled stomachs, to wake up next morning with sewer-gas, temperance-drinks' headache—much more, if any one has ever attempted, as I have attempted, for conscience sake, to drink this vile temperance drink, he will conclude that my definition of the work of these female and other fools, as "saving the world by sewer-gas and temperance pledges," is not far wide of the mark.

A year ago that princess of termagant female reformers, the editor of *Kate Field's Washington*, made a very brilliant pun on my name and on the word "Termagant" as obsolete, and seemed much offended generally because I had used the words "gangs" and "crews" in regard to the female screamers. But gangs and crews are not bad words. We speak of gangs of men engaged on railroad repairs, etc., and we speak of crews of men as managing ships at sea, and no disrespect is implied in such case; and the men, knowing that they are well employed on good and honest work, and not being senselessly crazy over their own performances, do not wish to shoot you when you speak of them as "gangs" and "crews." I sincerely wish I were able to feel the same respect for the gangs of termagant women in their conventions at Cleveland, Washington and elsewhere that I always feel for gangs of men and crews of men employed as indicated. But I cannot feel this respect for these women or their work, and I honestly believe that every mother's daughter of them would be infinitely better employed at home darning stockings and washing small clothes, or learning how to keep house decently and teaching others how to do so; and I can only supplement my wish of last issue touching Niagara by sincerely regretting that the Potomac River was not smart enough to flood these dear women out of their recent convention in Washington. And if it had been smart enough to do this, and had at the same time swept the Cleveland cabinet and both Houses of Congress into the depth of the Atlantic Ocean, I should have been inclined to shout for joy, were it not that I fear a still more brainless lot of women would get together in place of the annihilated ones and that a still stupider and more purchasable Congress would be returned by the next election. In a word, we are in an age of agrarian moral cant reform, and it is useless to thin out the reformers and the existing legislatures until you have planted seed that will grow better ones. I am simply planting that seed. You can trample on it if you will, and write

me silly letters about it, ladies, and conclude that of course you "know better than I do;" but I swear to you, all the same, that I see the day dawning—clear as the light of heaven—when all this skirt-fling and bonnet-posing and screaming imbecility will find its quietus in better-kept kitchens and parlors and houses in the ages to come.

In another line one dear lady wrote to instruct me regarding Swedenborg, the crazy, old granny, as if it were not time to have done with Swedenborg also; and as if I had not waded through his heavens and hells a generation ago. Good Lord, deliver us also from moralizing women with a mission! As I have said over and over again in these pages, I was known as a Woman's Right's man near a generation ago, and I am so still; that is, I believe of women as of men, that any woman has a God-given right to do what she can do well—and without injury to herself and others.

But in the name of Bob Ingersoll and all the minor clowns on the American stage, what does Frances Willard do well? I doubt not she is an excellent lady; but suppose any man on God's earth, in any civilized nation in this world, of good moral character, like Frances, but of no more intellectual training or ability of any kind, should go around this world posing as a teacher of reform, why even the clams and oysters would laugh him to scorn;—but Frances W. is a good woman—a *woman*, and so we pity and excuse her.

In my article on "Woman and the Nineteenth Century," I pointed out the many spheres in which women had always excelled, and could excel to-day, without injury to themselves or to future generations. And I then admitted, as a simple truth of history, that there always had been and were to-day a few very exceptionally gifted women who had succeeded, or who could succeed, in purely intellectual spheres of labor; but, dear ladies, take this as a defiant text for your consideration: No woman has ever lived on this earth that had sufficient ability for a teacher of religion, of philosophy, of morals, or of social reforms; never one. George Eliot—in other words, Marian Evans—was the ablest woman of all our modern centuries, and I admire her as you, my critics, are not capable of admiring her—compared with the clown of a man to whom she chained her life. She was a giantess of intellect, and yet I swear to you that the future will sustain me in what I am about to say—that whenever or wherever in her writings George



Eliot approached questions of morals, of religion, of philosophy, or of social reform, she was a babbling, incapable charlatan and miserably failed. And if so, how can you expect a man, who has given his life to sift the false from the true, to have any patience with the unfledged gangs, or crews, or broods, of female chickens, who cackle and cackle their cracked voices into drivelling idiocies in the female conventions of modern times?

One dear, white-robed angel of a woman, smitten with this mania of the female screamers, wrote me a stupidly sarcastic letter to the effect that said screamers were going ahead, triumphantly, carrying all before them, saving men that would not save themselves, saving many that men ought to have saved, etc., etc., and that they did not deign even to notice the growling of the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Bless her dear, deluded and angelic heart! There was a dog-show in New York the other day, and not one of the pugs or poodles barked the name of the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Bless her dear, angel heart again! Only a few centuries ago whole avalanches of pious men and respectable women went screaming and streaming through the streets of Jerusalem, ignoring, or disputing with, and spitting upon, the only soul in the city that bore God's living word to these poor, darkened, deluded throngs.

If the editor of the *GLOBE* wanted the notice of these screaming queens of the platform, he would go and hold their spring bonnets while they curled their bangs, and then stand in open-mouthed, velvet admiration, while they made their damnably silly speeches; and they would soon favor him as a progressive man, and he might, I should hope, go home from the convention and die very quietly, as did the famous Fred. Douglass, who had been fortunate enough to find a progressive white woman for a wife. A pox on your silly tattle of wisdom, my dear lady friends. I am either your teacher or you are mine. Time will show.

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Since the last issue of the *GLOBE* I have taken a flying trip through the Southern States. From New York to Chicago I always go by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which, to my mind, is the most perfect line of travel in the world. From Chicago to New Orleans the Illinois Central Railroad is the most direct; and one soon passes from the windy metropolis of the West to the milder atmospheres of the beautiful Southern regions. I spent a few hours with my old friends at St. Viateur's College, enjoying the incomparable hospitality of

its President, Rev. Father Marsile; stayed over a week at Canton, Miss., where I was at home with the scholarly and noble-hearted Father Monti and some choice members of his parish; went with him to St. Anne's, among the pines of Leake County, Miss., and was made welcome in the plain homes of the kindly farmers that now till the lands which, before the war, were the rich plantations of the most famous families of the State, and saw everywhere the negro wrecks and ravages of the policy of emancipation.

From Canton I went to New Orleans, and was charmed with the quaint old town, so like the seaport cities of Northern England. But the most beautiful thing in New Orleans is not the French market, nor the Archbishop's residence in the old quarters of the Ursuline convent; nor the inimitable restaurants on Royal Street; nor the new St. Charles Hotel, rising in ten-storied splendor on the old slave-auction market; nor the new Tulane University, now adorning the grounds where Gen. Butler's army was encamped during the fearful time of war; nor any private residence of the city; nor the very beautiful Church of the Jesuits—but the dear Convent of St. Mary's, conducted by the Dominican Sisters, with its beautiful gardens, its grand old oaks, and its school-rooms and work-rooms, where these devoted, white-souled women educate the better souls of the city; do their own composition and printing of the *Salve Regina*, and by the beauty of their lives send rays of sunlight all over the world.

A few days before I reached New Orleans, Col. A. K. McClure, the venerable and rejuvenated editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, had been in the city enlightening the people on the virtues of free trade and free silver, and the ubiquitous Susan B. Anthony had been facing the New Orleans footlights scattering her old-fashioned witlessness on the woman question, always to the detriment of her less garrulous sisters.

These old saws never wear out. During the five years that I was on the editorial staff of the *Philadelphia Times*, from 1881 to 1886, I could not edge in a single word in favor of free trade. But at that time the drastic and florid Col. James Lambert was managing editor, and I believe it was understood, even in those years, that Lambert was playing into the hands of the Cameron-Quay faction; and he has long since been playing second fiddle to Charles Emory Smith, on the *Philadelphia Press*, founded long ago by Col. Forney and run these many years by the high tariff devil and the boys.

Susan B. and the boys never learn anything; do not at all understand that women who ape men, and boys who never grow to be men, are not fit teachers, even for cats and dogs, much less for nursery maids and the American eagle. But McClure and the *Times* men have always had certain instincts of advancing civilization, and they do utter a genuine truth now and then.

While in New Orleans I had the pleasure of meeting the progressive Rev. Father Mullaney, who is now bestirring himself for the establishing of a Southern winter and summer school in the Crescent City; and if the South is not soon as enlightened as the North, it will not be the fault of any of these new teachers of the age. Meanwhile, seventy-five per cent. of the freed negroes of the South—and there are three blacks to one white in many of the Southern States—are the basest, lowest specimens of unmitigated loafers to be found on the face of this earth; and the lands that they used to till, under the domination of slavery, are neglected waste lands, unplowed, except by the various streams of heaven; and the roads they used to keep in order under the same mastership, are impassable gullies of mud. This is freedom's gift to the loveliest lands under the sun.

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Since the last issue of the *GLOBE* New York has been "saved" once more from the claws of that monster—"Tammany," and the reform flag of Parkhurst & Co. has gone up like a kite until its bob-tail flouts the stars.

Nearly a year ago an enthusiastic Republican greenhorn, whom I met in a Philadelphia hotel, assured me that at last Brooklyn was "saved;" and when I asked him how Brooklyn was saved and from what, he replied with great glee that Brooklyn was saved from the papacy. Next month I expect to hear that General Booth and his Salvation Army are shooting through Hell Gate, capturing Boston, Newport and Bar Harbor, and that even Cleveland & Co. have been converted to sensible notions on the silver question. But the devil himself seems to have charge of the results, so far.

Twenty-five years ago the *New York Times* "saved" New York from the claws of Tammany and the Tweed ring, and ever since the *Times* has been as good as dead, but I have never heard that Tammany suffered very severely. A few weeks ago Brooklyn was in the hands of an ignorant mob, and very shortly even Parkhurst



& Co. may learn that their star-flag of victory is being trailed in the gutters of eternal contempt. This thing of saving men and cities is a difficult business, my friends, and the men engaged in it are too often amateurs.

I find men of all classes asserting that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst is an "honest man"—as if that were an exceptional gift in a clergyman. I have no reason to doubt the man's honesty, but I have no earthly or heavenly respect for his judgment or for his methods of reform. Tammany will be as strong as ever in New York inside of a year; and as for the newspaper hullabaloo regarding the closing of gambling houses and the closing of houses of ill-fame and the bribe-taking policemen and others, they all know very well that gambling will go on, is going on, under other auspices, that prostitution will not lessen its receipts, and that Pat Cashman goes out only that Mike Cashman may get in.

In truth, had Parkhurst & Co. given their energies to the much more difficult work of reforming one soul to true ideas of self-respect, of faith and obedience to the laws of nature and of God, all these months—so helping my Brooklyn friend and others to understand that the papacy alone can save this land and that all transient chromo-reform is a mockery—they would, in my judgment, have been infinitely more profitably, though more modestly, employed.

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In conclusion, I hereby tender my sincere thanks to the kindly majority of our readers who have promptly renewed their subscriptions for the present year without obliging us to send out bills. At the same time, I would gently remind the tardy minority who are in arrears that subscriptions once ordered are continued until ordered discontinued by the subscriber, and that their arrears are lawful and honorable obligations. The GLOBE is doing well in its New York quarters and feels very much at home, I thank you.

W. H. THORNE.

*Decker Building, New York, March 31, 1895.*

# THE GLOBE.

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## COMPARATIVE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CULTURE.

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A LITTLE more than one hundred years ago, whatever culture there was in the human race, that sought expression in the English language, was simply English culture.

The American colonies were still English as the old counties of Somerset and Yorkshire, with here and there a Sam Adams agitator viewed by the intelligent masses then, about as sensible Catholics now view the crude political vagaries of Dr. McGlynn, or the atheism of Bob Ingersoll.

The Anglo-Saxon settlements in Australia and India were hardly yet in their incipency. Canada was still mostly under French control, and the few gentlemen from the Emerald Isle who could boast of any especial culture outside of the strictly religious sphere,—say Swift and Goldsmith and Burke and Tom Moore,—were so utterly English in their habitudes, desires, associations, tastes and ambitions, that they have naturally enough come down to history as excellent types of English culture, their little bursts of Celtic patriotism being viewed with a strange mixture of pathetic admiration and regret.

M. Taine, in his *English Literature*, includes all these fine gentlemen as parts of that great totality of English literary culture, which, palpably beginning with Chaucer, though its roots are deeper in the ecclesiastical life of Britain, is still crowned and glorified by such living lights as Ruskin and Swinburne, not to speak of Balfour, Clark Russell, Mrs. Ward, Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang. But the old unity of English culture, like all other unities since Luther's day, is now broken. The Australians have an Anglo-

Saxon culture of their own. The colonial English culture of India is weaving an individuality for itself; Canadian culture, touched and often smirched by contact with the Boston product, is by no means the exclusive English culture of the best London standards; and the late Charles Stewart Parnell and Co. all seemed bent upon re-establishing or building a strange new kind of culture, wherewith to crown, or stultify and damn, the modern inhabitants of the Emerald Isle. There are cultures and cultures, my friends.

The American colonies, under the leadership of demagogues and a few right-smart fighters, set up for themselves, now more than a hundred years ago, and for a long while Americanism, American culture if you please, has plumed itself as the most exquisite, angelic, superfine and inimitable angel of light that has ever winged itself across the star-spaces of heaven, and fallen in sunlight on the clouded face of this beautiful world.

I shall avoid all the side issues just named in order to concentrate a few thoughts upon the comparative English and American literary culture of the last one hundred years. I may add here that I expect to draw certain historic lessons from this comparison which may prove rather startling to the upstart republican pigstickers and others of these modern days. This is what my neighbor, Seilhamer, of Philadelphia, calls attacking a man in his own house; but as I am only trying to utter truths for the benefit of mankind, and am attacking no man to his own injury, I think that a little anti-Americanism ought to be acceptable at times, at least endurable. It is true that men's prejudices and conceits are usually in exact proportion to their ignorance, and therefore it is always very difficult to increase the average light of any generation.

I take it for granted as a self-evident truism that the leading literary men of any age or nation are the true representatives of the real culture of that age and nation; that this was true in the age of Plato and Sophocles, true in the age of Cicero and Virgil, true in the age of Dante and Tasso, true in the age of Shakespeare and Bacon, and is quite as true, in the last or present century, of the men whose acknowledged position in the literary and world culture of their respective nations we are to glance at. I pay no attention to millionaire boors, shop-keepers, coal-heavers, bond-stealers, and the like, who so often pose as cultured gentlemen in these days.

Taking the leading English writers of the century now closing



as their names come to one's memory, we mention Wordsworth and Coleridge, De Quincey and Lamb, Scott, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Carlyle, Mill, Macaulay, Green, Wallace, Spencer, Darwin, Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Meredith, Dickens, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Ward, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Newman, Swinburne, Balfour and Gladstone.

Were I to follow my own inclination, I should omit two or three of the most popular novelists, and the entire group of so-called scientists, as in no way indicative of English culture; still, as representing a totality of the English mental product of the century, and without dwelling upon the Landors, Hunts, etc., etc., by the dozen, these may all stand as the utterers of the English mind of this last one hundred years.

Of course I am presuming that my readers are more or less familiar with English literature, and what I wish to call attention to here is that, in the matter of pronouncing the English language in its last and most perfect forms of development, these men and women stand related to this English language precisely as Plato and Sophocles stood related to the Greek of their day. They are the perfect masters and mistresses of their mother English tongue of this last century in all the tides of time. Each one has his and her own style, as distinct as were the varying styles of David and Solomon; but each one writes English in some sense as the birds sing, naturally and flowingly as the music of their native rills—their is no falsetto, there are no awkward breaks. They are masters in their own chosen sphere. The next thing I wish to emphasize is that in one or another of this group you will find the most perfect utterance of the latest, gravest, grandest, deepest, highest thoughts, loves, passions, sentiments, that have entered into any and all classes of minds and hearts, anywhere on this earth during the last one hundred years. They have not been loafers, like Whitman, or bunglers of their mother tongue, like Howells, nor have they been recreant rehashers of the cheap atheism of a previous age, like Ingersoll, but thinkers and recorders of the best thoughts of thinkers, time out of mind.

The next thing I wish to call attention to is the fact that every one in this group or galaxy of England's best gifts to the world—this last one hundred years—has advocated the highest standards of morality and, in some sense, the noblest sentiments of faith and religious devotion. In a word, they have been faithful to, and in

harmony with, the eternal verities, and the eternal laws of this universe. I am not claiming infallibility for any of them, much less am I claiming spotlessness of morality. I am too familiar with all their lives, to play fool on a question of this kind, and I am not here to whitewash any man's heart or home. But even Byron, for all his skepticism, was in some sense a martyr to the noblest sentiments that can possess the soul of man.

My next suggestion is that as American culture has no galaxy of names that can in any degree compare with the list of English authors mentioned, American culture must, in some way, be a very inferior culture, all told, to that of England, as it has existed during the past one hundred years, and as it exists to-day.

Next, I wish to call the attention of the intelligent readers of the *GLOBE*, to the undoubted fact that our representative American writers of a generation and a half ago—that is, the men who stood closest to the English culture out of which we have all evolved, and who drank their inspiration more fully from English fountains, namely, Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne—wrote better English, purer English, told cleaner and nobler stories, and upheld purer and sweeter standards of morality, religion and culture, in every way, than our representative writers of the next generation, or than our representative writers of these degraded days.

It is admitted on all sides that Cooper, Irving and Hawthorne followed very closely after English models, not necessary to be named here. And this is held against them by such amateur and crass ignoramuses as Howells and Garland, and the untaught admirers of that gross harlequin Walt Whitman. On the contrary, I am quite sure that when our eyes are opened to the real and eternal principles of all true literary culture, we Americans shall see that our true lines of literary art will be found in following these beautiful story-tellers of our earlier American genius as they followed their English models and superiors.

I do not mean that we shall follow or repeat their subjects, or their manner of treatment, but that, following their eternal principles of art and of correct English, we shall treat the genius of our generation in the same spirit, with the same dignity, and with the same sense of superiority, that they treated the dominant genius of their generation; and that in this way we shall learn also that mere hacks and scribblers of the surface immoralities of our days are simply hacks, and not literary men at all.

Looking for a moment at the earlier group of English writers named, we simply have no American authors to compare in any sense with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, De Quincey or Charles Lamb. Fortunately our forefathers of the first generation of this century had inherited English culture enough to appreciate the genius of those men—to read them, and to give them genuine admiration; but our forefathers were as conscious as the English themselves, that we had no writers to compare with them.

Coming to the next group of English writers to be classed generally as men of the second generation of this century, again we have absolutely no writers to compare with Byron and Shelley, with Carlyle and Ruskin, or with George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë.

Our literary pages were still blank, except as Irving and Cooper and Hawthorne were beginning to fill them. America was still puzzling over the question how to make wooden nutmegs and sell them for real nutmegs, how to make iron jack-knives and sell them for steel—protected by tariff laws, of course,—how to make paper shoes and sell them for leather; in a word, how to deceive the devil and his angels and avoid the consequences. It is not to be wondered at that the nations of Europe despised us as so many roving herds of untaught and prowling boors. And it is awfully funny to see the newly shoddy-clothed and wealthy Americans of these days turning up their noses at the Italians and the wicked foreigners generally; as though whatever is good and true and beautiful and lovely, in art and life in this land, had not come to us through foreign immigration or foreign infiltration; as though there was anything radically American in this land yet to be admired except the unblushing and ignorant presumption of men like Walt Whitman, W. D. Howells and Bob Ingersoll.

But let us move slowly, coming to the third generation of this century, that is to our own day and generation. What have we to compare with Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Swinburne? What have we to compare with Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Green, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Wallace? Above all, what have we to compare with Cardinal Newman, with Gladstone, or even with Balfour?

Let us give the devil as well as the angel his due, here and elsewhere. Poor Edgar Allan Poe, the one truly poetic soul of our nation, hence a martyr among thieves, is a far-off hint of another



would-be Byron. Dear old Whittier is a still less accomplished hint of Wordsworth. Our tender and lovely Longfellow is a dim, unfinished echo of Tennyson. Emerson is or was a faint twilight sort of pupil of Carlyle. Bancroft and Fiske are the merest school-boy historians compared with Macaulay and Green. The lamented Sidney Lanier was but a child's voice of poetic thought suggested by Browning.

Our scientists, so-called, from Draper to Bob Ingersoll, have been the merest reabblers of the more material utterances of Darwin, Buckle, Spencer. Holmes and Lowell were the artificial revolvers of Matthew Arnold; and as for our modern novelists, E. P. Roe, W. D. Howells, Edgar Fawcett and Julia Ward Howe's daughters—God! but the tallow-dips and the rush-lights have the floor. I see much promise in young Harding Davis. I have freely praised the work of S. Weir Mitchell, and Col. Page; but, after all, these men are amateurs and their audiences are so full of cant and humbuggery, that the audiences will be sure to spoil the artists latest named.

In truth, Carlyle and Ruskin and Newman stand out and shine forth like mountains of star-fire and glory, as the three greatest and supremely worthy representatives of the true English culture of the nineteenth century, and anything any man that America has to compare with any one of these is as a flashing jack-o'-lantern, a phantasmagoric light, the soul of which is miasm and darkness, even unto death itself.

This is but a comparative kodak flash of a panorama that I would love dearly to work out into its minutest details of art, of mental power, of moral glory and spiritual rest, proving my thesis by the light of the eternal stars.

The little friends and admirers of our little men and women now posing as gods, will not agree with me. They will even abuse me for pointing their faces towards the light of truth. But I am not here to mind small men and women. My mission is not with them, but to their children's children, when once the moral and mental heavens of our now closed vision are open again.

Even people who may be inclined to admit the general trend of my suggestions would be inclined to doubt the first part of my proposition, that our literary men are true types of our actual and comparative culture; but if they take the hints I have given them as drawn from all the histories of the past, they will find that my position is the true one, and that they must come to it sooner or later.

Again, people who may be inclined to admit the general truth of my position will and do say at once, but America has been engaged in other, perhaps nobler, work than that of making literary men of superior mould.

America has been engaged in subduing a continent, inventing machinery, building railroads, amassing great fortunes, etc., etc., and could not be expected to keep pace with the older and mother country in the higher realms of literary labor and glory. It is much to admit this, and not many Americans are ready to do so. But admitting the claim for the sake of argument, I desire to point out its utter weakness and folly.

In the first place, the American descendants of England and of other nations have no valid excuse for any intellectual, moral or literary retrogression.

We are, as a rule, the children of the more energetic, the more ambitious, the more intellectual and the more heroic classes of all the nations of the old world.

No land under heaven ever had such a parentage. We are the survivors of the fittest, the sons and daughters of the ablest souls God ever made. We are the heirs of all the ages, the inheritors of the best elements and the best cultures of all the civilizations of all ages and nations of the world.

We are the children and grandchildren of prophets, martyrs, heroes, poets, soldiers, philosophers, and the master workmen in all the vocations to which human intelligence and human hands have ever applied themselves. We have no excuse for being mere smart, crass, ignorant and conceited boors. But that even large majorities of our so-called literary men and women are thus, it is as painful to admit as it is impossible to deny.

We ought naturally to have been ladies and gentlemen full of culture, courtesy and refinement, but we are not, and we know that we are not. We are naked of this and yet not ashamed. We have evolved and chosen in the place of this a certain smart greed of gain, a certain quickness of retort, a certain show of exterior taste, and we plume ourselves in these as the sure passports to all the portals and temples of eternal art and eternal fame.

God Almighty and our forefathers had a right to expect that we would keep pace in the matter of mental and moral culture with the children of our old neighbors who have stayed by the old cradles of the human race. But we have not so kept pace with

them. It is simply the old story over again. A man is subject to that which he serves. You cannot serve God and mammon. We have again and again cried, Crucify this supreme culture of the human soul; give us Barabbas instead. Many even of our smart religious teachers have treated Jesus as a crank, and have thought Bob Ingersoll a much finer fellow. If we had any moral principles—which are the center and soul of all culture—or any exact standards of literature, it would be impossible for such charlatans as Whitman, and such amateurs as Howells, to assume leading rôles in our literary history.

Old Simon Cameron was true American when he exclaimed: "To hell with them damned literary fellows!" And that Unitarian deacon who said to me many years ago, speaking of the poor of my congregation: "Damn their souls, it is money we are after," expressed the watchword of ninety per cent. of all our American ambition. Now, in view of these truisms, you should be patient with me when I reply in all seriousness: "To hell with your Americanism." It is culture I am after; a culture that crowns a man with refinement from the central cells of his marrow to the least expression of his lips and eyes.

You should be patient with me when I tell you that you have money, lots of it, and with it my contempt and God's curse of immortal crudeness upon your foreheads and in your souls. You are all gentlemen, and yet not one man in a hundred thousand of you is a real gentleman from head to foot, or knows the meaning of the word. Moreover, it is plain that your universal education and universal voting, and your universal newspapers are diminishing the number of gentlemen with every succeeding generation.

You cannot, and you shall not, blame this on the great material progress you have made. The blame rests in the accursed and base and harsh and hard selfishness of your own unharnessed and untrained souls.

In the next place, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the English who stayed at home and did not rebel and set up for themselves, but were loyal to the government of their fathers, have not all been idle scribblers during this last one hundred years. In the first place, it was they who conquered the first and most difficult conditions of civilization on this continent; and while we—the children of Sam Adams and Ben Franklin—have been subduing this continent, robbing and murdering the



original settlers, stealing from Mexico and hoodwinking the Esquimo, the English of old England have been subduing *three* continents; that while we until recently have allowed our merchant and armed shipping interests to rot and die, and our whole coast line to become a disgrace, the English of old England have been building and rebuilding navies and merchant shipping beyond all the rest of the world; that in all phases of modern invention the English of old England have either led or kept pace with ourselves, that is, with her recreant children who rebelled and set up for themselves; that the material and commercial work and progress accomplished by the English of old England this last century in Canada, in Australia, in India and in a hundred sections and islands of the seas, outshine our own accomplishments in these same lines on this single continent that we call our own.

We are as smart as steel-traps, almost as able as the gods, but, spite of our monumental benevolences, we are selfish as hell.

When I was a boy in Philadelphia, forty years ago, the smarter American people still despised the English, and talked proudly of having whipped them in the little squabbles of the Revolution and of 1812, and I used almost to regret that it had been my ill-fortune to have been born in England. Two or three years later, when at Yale and Harvard universities, I found that largely through the appreciation of Emerson the new culture of America was waking to the power of Ruskin and Carlyle; and during the last forty years I have been pursuing the studies that have made it possible for me to dare to write as I have written in this article.

Now we are aping the vulgar cockney English—the Oscar Wilde dude and damnation English; by-and-by we will learn the lesson I am here teaching, and through it all see the crying and insufferable blunders we have made these last one hundred years.

It is my belief that all needless rebellion and schism result in a weakening of the mental and moral stamina of any sect or race or nation; and that in spite of our admitted border-smartness, we are actually suffering from the needless rebellions, “reformations” and revolutions of the last three hundred years; that instead of being proud of these and flaunting our flags of independence in the face of destiny, we ought to repent and turn to our primal national and religious loyalties.

Had we been living under the old forms of so-called barbarism, when men did by some hook or crook get at the wisest of their

generation and make them rulers, Goethe would have been Emperor of Germany in his day, Hugo would have been King of France in place of Napoleon, Burns would have been King of Scotland, Newman, Carlyle and Ruskin—not Victoria, Disraeli and Gladstone—would have been the absolute triumvirate of Great Britain, and Emerson and Phillips and Sumner, instead of rotten ranks of politicians and judges, would have been the honored dictators of this newer England of the days to come. That literary rulers are competent may be gathered from the experiences of Solomon and David and a thousand other names that decorate the pages of history.

In truth, the greatest rulers, from Solomon to Julius Cæsar to Leo XIII, are and will remain more notable and honored for their literary accomplishments than for any political acts of their lives. So eternally exalted is this gift of teaching with the pen, and so eternally true is it, that as our literary men are so is the nation, and that their actual culture at any period of the world is the exact measure of that period's approach toward the eternal stars.

I am well aware that the truly cultivated people are few in any country. I am simply trying to point out the fact that the quality of the literary product of any nation represents the comparative advancement of that nation in the civilization of the world, and that this test applied to the comparative culture of England and America during the last one hundred years is immensely in favor of England. The radical trouble among us is that every well-dressed booby thinks himself a gentleman, and considers, moreover, that "he knows it all."

In this brief résumé I have not thought it worth while to mention the scores of England's second-best writers, represented by such names as Sir Edwin Arnold, James Philip Bailey and William Morris; but really these men are greater poets than our American best, and the comparison clearly enough indicates to what grade of culture the average American mind has attained. Nor, on the other hand, have I thought it worth while to mention our younger American poets. Their name is legion, but there are not, all told, more than a half-dozen whose work will bear any test of criticism. Of these I put Maurice Francis Egan and Louis James Block, both of whom have original poems in this issue, far in advance of Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Gilder, not to mention Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox or Dr. Mary Walker. We know the comparative

speed of many horses. We may just as well know the comparative merits of our intellectual women and men.

Mr. Louis James Block, whose new volume of poems I hope to review in the next issue of the *GLOBE*, has but little music in his soul or in his verses, but in comprehensiveness of thought, in the masterly treatment of great and poetic world problems, in fine and finished scholarship, he is infinitely superior to Aldrich and Gilder, though he is hardly equal to them in the matter of correct versification; while Maurice Francis Egan, the deserved literary pet of all our Catholic fraternities, is superior to any one and to all of them in every essential feature of pure poetic feeling and accomplishment.

Here, again, I note the providential recompenses of eternal loyalty. In conclusion, I am fully in sympathy with those American dreams that locate the future gardens of the gods and muses in the great valley of the Missouri and the Mississippi; but thousands of such able youngsters as Hamlin Garland and Eugene Field and the baby boys who run the *Chicago Chap Book* and *The Dial* will have to spill their wits in the gutters of wasted amateurism before any real literary man can make the valley of the Mississippi his congenial home.

W. H. THORNE.

New York, May 21, 1895.

## BEFORE THE RESURRECTION.

LOVE, joy are mine!—all bliss, all happiness,  
 Hope I have lost, but gained the gift of Sight;  
 Stretched in great bands, resplendent in their might,  
 March rows of seraphs,—awful, swift they press  
 Up to the throne,—in dignity, but less  
 Than we redeemed by the sweet son of Light,—  
 Here stand I, in the Vision, on this height,  
 Closed in by Glory of the God I bless!

And yet I know there is a little mound,  
 Where time still moves and there my body lies  
 In peace, in peace!—lies for a human span:  
 I know not sorrow,—ecstasy is found;  
 I gaze at Christ, and long, with ravished eyes,—  
 I, free, a soul.—to be, like Him a man!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



## THE RESURRECTION OF TAMMANY.

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ABOUT twenty-five years ago, good citizens of New York, in common with all decent men in the United States, were rejoicing over the downfall of Tweed and his fellow-thieves, and predictions of continuing political purity were made, in all quarters. The wickedness of Tweed, and his companions, had been so awful, and the very existence of such political corruption, in the leading city of the nation, was such a frightful menace against the continued life of the government, that many good men felt that, having overthrown the miscreants, their fate would serve as an effective preventive of anything resembling their crimes for all time to come.

Scarcely were the joy-bells done ringing, when another set of men, devoid of patriotism or even, in many cases, common honesty, conspired together to obtain control of the municipal offices in the city of New York. This latter band showed that, in a way, its members had profited by the lesson of Tweed, for little by little, and with great ingenuity for secretly accomplishing their ends, they were soon in possession of the city government.

So secretly, indeed, had Croker and Gilroy, and their unspeakable underlings, succeeded in dominating the metropolis that, when Dr. Parkhurst preached his first sermon upon the official iniquity pervading the city, his words were either jeered at by the conspirators themselves, or were thought to be unfounded in fact, by very many of the law-abiding citizens of New York.

Every one knows, now, only too well, that all, and more than all, the awful allegations of corruption made by Dr. Parkhurst were entirely justified; and, in common gratitude, every one should say his word of thanks to the man that had the courage, and the untiring energy, to make possible the ousting of the villains. Less than such an expression of appreciation, of the work done by Dr. Parkhurst, can scarcely be attributed to a willingness to accord to every man his due.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon the good done by Dr. Parkhurst, and the men that he enabled to accomplish the overthrow of Croker and his fellows.

There is, however, a fact come to light, since the late triumph of Reform in New York City, seeming to indicate that all vitality was not crushed out of Tammany and its adherents, as a result of the election of Mr. Strong.

The newspapers have announced the pleasing fact that Croker, and Grant, and their followers, are engaged in the "re-organization" of the delectable society with which their names are so intimately connected, and that these worthies propose to demonstrate, at the next election, that, even if they were knocked over in the last trial of strength, between themselves and the decent voters of New York, they have succeeded in getting on their legs again. That these men have very solid grounds for faith, in their ability to regain control of the government of New York City, appears unpleasantly evident, from the rapidity with which they managed to obtain possession of the municipal offices, after Tweed and his followers had been overcome. When one considers, for example, that, if any respectable business-man, in New York, were applied to, for a position in his counting-house, which involved handling his money, by two men, one of whom was a professional pick-pocket, and the other a professional politician, that the business-man would not regard the difference in their respective pursuits as indicating anything with respect to the probable honesty of the applicants, it seems little short of marvelous that the professional politician, almost invariably, is the dominating force in every large city of the land. And that this is an unquestionable fact, no one, with any knowledge of the subject, can deny.

Indeed, not only is there no denial of the fact, but nearly every decent man distinctly avows it, and contents himself with proposing some explanation. Amongst the many hypotheses offered, to account for the existing political rottenness, perhaps the one most generally accepted by that portion of the community, whose fathers were born in this country, is the enormous immigration that has prevailed since the war between the North and the South.

That this suggestion fails to explain the case appears plain from the fact that, probably, a considerable majority of the leaders, at least, of the disreputable beings who govern the large cities of the nation, are, themselves, natives of the United States; and besides, it is difficult to understand why men, simply from their having been born in some country of Europe, should be more prone to rascality than men that have been born here.

To answer that these immigrants are, or were, for the most part, from the lowest plane of society in their native lands, is an answer that can be turned back upon, probably, a large majority of the men that make it; or, if not upon them, upon their own fathers, or grandfathers, at most.

Very few of the ancestors, of the present natives of the United States, left their homes beyond the Atlantic Ocean, simply because they thought that, in itself, a home under a republican government is more to be desired than a home under a monarchy. To say nothing of the comparatively few persons that have come hither, from religious or other sentimental motives, it is safe to affirm that poverty was, as it continues to be, the principal cause that has peopled this country. And, unless, the mere circumstance that to be born in the United States insures a man's immunity from wrongdoing, an hypothesis that even the most enthusiastic patriot would find it difficult to establish, the explanation of the phenomenon in question must be sought elsewhere. Another favorite method of accounting for the present unfortunate state of American politics is to attribute it to the very large number of Irishmen now settled in the United States. It is commonly said that the names of nearly all the office-holders in New York, before the last election, disclose the fact that they themselves are, or their fathers were, natives of Ireland. As to the justice of this allegation there can be no criticism; but, by itself, it is worth nothing, by way of explaining the rascality of the professional politician in New York, unless it can be shown that these men are the villains they are, from the fact that they are Irishmen. It may be objected that no one considers the evil deeds of these men to arise from their blood, but, from the notorious fact that, wherever there happen to be a considerable number of Irishmen, especially if they are of the same religion, they are extremely clannish, and form, by themselves, a compact society, separate from their fellow-citizens. The truth of this allegation, like the other just noticed, must also be admitted. But admitting the justice of the assertions that a vast majority of the corrupt office-holders of New York are Irishmen, and admitting too, that the Irish, as a race, act apart from other races, there still is wanting something to account for the general official iniquity in the greater centers of population.

While the present writer, unreservedly, admits that he knows nothing, specifically, about the nationality of the officials in the cities of the Northwest, yet, he ventures to believe that, in that section, in which there is a large German population, the offices are filled by men of that race; and, if this be so, there may be found in the fact some indication of the cause of the general political rottenness. In two respects, to advert to no others, the



population of the United States differs, essentially, from the population of any other existing nation. These are (*a*) that, instead of the citizens of the United States having a common ancestry and blood, they are descended from every people, and every clime upon the habitable globe; and (*b*) each adult citizen possesses the power to express his desires in the choice of persons to fill the several public offices.

Owing to the differences in race, there is at work a never-ceasing influence of separation between the citizens, and, except when the country, as a whole, is threatened from without, the tendency of the inhabitants of the country is expressive of a, perhaps unconscious, but none the less real, feeling of nearness of blood. That this is a fact the existence of societies founded for the very purpose of continuing the memory of the fatherland of each race, from which American citizens derive their origin, makes unmistakably evident.

As a result of this essentially disintegrating force, and it is only what might be anticipated, Irishmen, and Germans, and Englishmen, are drawn towards men of their own race rather than towards the thing that they all possess in common, which is something outside them, and which ultimately rests upon a common purpose to provide for their material needs. The other great mark of difference between the inhabitants of any country in Europe, and those of the United States, to which reference has been made, is universal suffrage. Whatever may be involved in the ethical aspect of the problem, and which is not connected with the purpose of this paper, it is a very remarkable fact that, in a community, whose members comprise not only men owning vast amounts of money, or what money represents, but, too, men who scarcely own the rags with which they are scantily covered, the former class, and the rest of the inhabitants down to the latter class, possess the very same political powers and rights.

In one word, the man whose taxes support the government, and the man supported by the government, politically are upon an equality, so far, at least, as the power of the individual to affect legislation, by his vote, is concerned.

As a result of this voting equality, it happens that the man that has everything to lose by improper legislation and from evil-minded legislators, or other civil officers, is at the mercy of every two men that have nothing to lose, but everything, as they may think, to gain, by political iniquity, or even mistakes, for to this latter class any change from their present condition is alluring.

If human nature were other than it is, if men, generally, were as solicitous for the well-being of their neighbors, as they are for their own well-being, and if, added to such unselfishness, all men possessed sufficient intelligence to discern not only where lay the road to national prosperity but also their individual well-being, there, very probably, would be nothing but good following universal suffrage. But, unless one simply close one's eyes and ears, to what is as clear as day, one is constrained to admit that, in the large cities of the United States, however it may be in the rural districts, instead of the government being administered by the better, and really interested, portion of these communities, it is in the hands of men whose manifest purpose it is to reap, from the offices they control, chiefly, if not only, what is for their own advantage.

Having in mind the many races that make up the inhabitants of the United States, and the constantly recurring evidence that, at bottom, these race differences are the determining factor in the political action of an enormous majority of the citizens, it seems a question of the last importance whether, or not, it is to the advantage of the people, as a whole, that every individual citizen of full age, not in jail or under restraint elsewhere, should possess the power to vote for the administrators, and makers, of the law.

Looking only at New York City, because of its prominence, it has been abundantly shown that Tammany Hall, under the rule of such men as Croker, and Gilroy, and the others, has for years been the actual master of that great municipality.

It has been shown that these rulers have exercised a control over thousands of men, as complete as that of the most successful despots that have ever disgraced humanity by arbitrary injustice. And all this iniquity has been carried on in the name of democracy; whereas, in point of fact, the government of the city has been an oligarchy, as certainly as was the government of Venice under the Doges.

That such a condition of things could have been possible, if the great mass of the voters of New York City had been composed of men of more than one race, seems incredible.

The fact that, during the reign of Tammany, the Irish flag was placed over the City Hall, on St. Patrick's Day, affords sufficient evidence that the blood of the dominating race was the bond that held together its members; and this fact is strengthened by the

incident of Gilroy's refusal, while he was Mayor of New York City, to permit the Italian flag to appear, in the same place, during a parade of some Italian citizens.

However displeasing to American citizens, of other than Irish blood, the incidents just reverted to may be, there is much that might be said in their justification, or at least, excuse; for it must be presumed in a land, governed by universal suffrage, that whatever is done, officially, is the act of the whole people and the expression of their will.

The flying of the Irish flag, one day in the year, even from a public building, would be a fact of but comparative insignificance, taken by itself, were it not an indication that a few men, of a certain innate force of character, have the power, by appealing to their common ancestry, to obtain almost absolute control over the political action of the less intelligent, and thoughtful, members of such race. In all probability, a similiar state of things exists in those cities of the United States in which there is a large preponderance of Germans, and if this be so, instead of mending matters, it only makes them worse.

The fact, to which reference has already been made, that Croker, who "retired from politics" during the late investigation of the Lexow Committee, once more displays a renewed interest in the government of New York, indicates with sufficient clearness, that he, and his fellows, are persuaded that nothing that has been done, or that may be done, can prevent them, for any considerable time, from controlling the public offices of that city. And that this faith in their power is well-grounded seems unpleasantly evident, from the history of New York City politics, since the fall of Tweed.

It would be less than fair not to admit that there are very many Irishmen, in New York City, who look with horror and loathing upon Tammany Hall, and all that it represents; but these men are not, as a rule, in any sense, politicians, and like other decent citizens of every race, all that they desire, politically, is a just and stable government.

How to obtain government, in the large cities, that shall be both just and stable, is not only a problem whose solution is of the utmost importance, but it is, under existing conditions, apparently insoluble.

Supposing that it could be demonstrated that the present unsat-



isfactory state of public administration would be set entirely right, by some restriction of the suffrage, the only way by which such restriction could be effected, would be by a voluntary surrender of the privilege on the part, not only of a portion of the well-disposed members of the community, but, too, on the part of many of the evil-disposed.

While, without doubt, a very great number of good citizens of every race and of every religion, would for the sake of better government gladly give up the right to vote, a much greater number of worthless citizens would no more agree to relinquish the right than they would agree to commit suicide.

Just here, is the insoluble point of the problem. Good men are always ready to undergo some deprivation for others, while bad men cling, with all their might, to whatever they happen to possess.

Another difficulty in the way of depriving the vicious of their power to work injury to the community, consists in the fact that although the well-disposed citizens of the United States probably constitute a large majority of the population, yet, as each of these men is engaged in some decent use of his time and abilities, it is, practically, impossible for them to unite effectively in any action for the benefit of the whole country.

On the other hand, the men who make up the professional politicians, both leaders and led, are certain to act together whenever there appears any prospect of their losing anything as a class.

Even the existence of different political parties would be worth nothing, if any attempt were made, or even any plan suggested, to improve the present deplorable condition of politics, for, to a man, the professional politicians would unite in opposition to any effort, which might seem to them to make against their interests.

One thing seems unmistakable, and that is that, unless something very radical be done, before very long, to right what is so awfully wrong, the government of the United States will cease to be. This assertion may seem extravagant, but let any one recall the history of Rome in her later days, and then he will have little trouble in discerning certain facts which might be paralleled, here and in this very day.

At first sight it would appear that there may be ground for hope. that, in a short time, the race differences will be swallowed up in

a people born on this soil, and, that then, there will be no more chance of German or Irish, or other demagogues being able to excite men to do their bidding, by appealing to their race prejudices. To this view there are two very serious objections. The first, and more important, is that it will require probably a great many generations to effect such an amalgamation of the whole people, for it is undeniably patent that the families that have been settled in the country, from colonial times, are as tenacious of their European ancestry, as are the individuals who have most recently arrived. Another significant fact, pointing in the same direction, is that there is, comparatively speaking, little intermarrying between persons of different races.

The second objection, to the hope of a genuine union of the inhabitants of the United States, lies in the danger that, unless the present unhappy condition of public affairs be very soon remedied, the inevitable result will be the dismemberment of the union of States in the triumph of men who will not only *be*, but who will *proclaim* themselves, dictators. The conspicuous assertion, by the English-speaking peoples, of their essential superiority to all other peoples, especially Spaniards, would cause nearly every person, to whom English is his mother-tongue, to scoff and jeer at the suggestion that the United States presents certain characteristics to-day, which make the history of the Spanish-American republics well worth thoughtful consideration, by every one that really desires the continued existence of this government. However much one people differ from another in mass, and they certainly do differ enormously, human nature is, essentially, one the world over; and this unity of essence is not the least markedly shown in the love of power, which every man that has once tasted, is seldom ready to give up.

In any Republic, so long as the will of the majority is effective, the government may be safe; but when the majority come to express only the will of a few unprincipled individuals, then the days of the Republic are numbered.

Does the Resurrection of Tammany have any bearing on the subject here considered?

W. R. CLAXTON.

## LAKE MICHIGAN IN STORM.

I WOULD it were the sea—yon crested waves  
 That shoreward roll in dull monotony,  
 And break their feathered foam in flights and free  
 Their pent-up rage against yon wall that saves  
 Our petted greensward from untimely death,  
 Have some faint semblance of the true sea-foam,  
 Beside whose radiant bubbles we did roam,  
 In our first hours of love, with hallowed breath,  
 All softened, sweetened by the murmuring sea,  
 Whose mystic tones of death and memory  
 Aye salted as our tears—forever flow  
 In requiem anthems loud or low.  
 But all this air is harsh and hard and keen,  
 And love is dead, and memory,—a dream.

*Chicago, October 13, 1894.*

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

## EDWARD VI AND THE MARIAN AGE.

MR. BURKE in his interesting "Historical Portraits" states that Edward's last illness was undoubtedly "pulmonary consumption." No doubt the story of his having been poisoned was treated with utter contempt in the Elizabethan period, as a lying tale invented by the Papists to discredit that great instrument of the Reformation, the Duke of Northumberland, whose son, Lord Robert Dudley, seemed at that time within measurable distance of the seat to which his father had aspired; but the statements of the contemporary chroniclers,\* the medical reports to the Privy Council,† the curious nature of the symptoms, and last, but not least, the laborious investigations of Mr. Froude, who had exceptional opportunity of verification by original documents,—all seem to render it extremely likely that poison was administered; but whether injudiciously as a remedy, or, as more probably, to hasten death, will perhaps forever remain uncertain.

That the supreme crisis was not far off, must have been suspected by the citizens of London for some time, and they must have

\* Machyn's Diary. "Chronicle of the Grey Friars."

† Strype.



already felt its shadow on the first Sunday in July, 1553, when contrary to all precedent, the Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, preaching at Paul's Cross, made no mention of the heiress apparent. "Item the 11th day of July preachyd Doctor Hodskyne . . . and dyd neither pray for Lady Mary's grace nor yet for Lady Elizabeth."\*

The last male child of the House of Tudor expired at Greenwich on the 6th of July, 1553, "towards night."† The event was concealed during the next day. But Mary, who was at Hunsdon, was secretly informed of it during the same night, or early the next morning.

Many historians have asserted that Mary's informant was the Earl of Arundel, but H. Gough Nichols has shown the messenger to have been a favorite servant of Edward's, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who has himself described the circumstances in his poetical autobiography.

"Mourning from Greenwich I didd strayt departe  
To London, to an house which bore our name,  
My bretheren guessed by my heavie hearte  
The king was dead, and I confessed the same:  
The hushing of his death I didd unfold,  
Their meaninge to proclaime queene Jane I tolde,  
And, though I lik'd not the religion  
Which all her life queene Marye hadd profest,  
Yett in my mind that wicked notion  
Right heires for to displace, I did detest,  
Causeless to proffer any injurie,  
I meant it not, but sought for remedie,  
Wherefore from four of us the newes was sent,  
How that her brother Hee was dead and gone;  
In post her goldsmith then from London went,  
By whome the message was dispatcht anon.  
Shee asked if we knewe it certain be?  
Who said Sir Nicholas knew it verilie."‡

It is not here necessary to enter into the guilty attempt of the Duke of Northumberland to change the succession, which so speedily collapsed; historians of every shade of opinion must agree in denouncing his unprincipled wickedness, and vie with each

\* "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London." Hodskyne was an apostate monk who broke his vows of chastity, and became an instrument of Cranmer.

† "Letter of the Council to Sir Philip Hoby."

‡ Mr. J. Gough Nichols, 17 S. Cole, Vol. XL.

other in regret, that the tool and subsequent victim of his treasonable ambition was his own daughter-in-law, the amiable, beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Dudley, but, while deploring both her sad fate and the premature decease of her royal cousin, men of the world can but smile at the irrational endeavoring of bigots and violent partisans to invest the religious opinions of children, however precocious, with any theological weight. It may be casually remarked that the only class, almost entirely in favor of this abortive attempt to change the succession, were the Reformed clergy, Cranmer and Ridley at their head, and the shallowness and instability of the conspiracy presents a very accurate estimate of the little influence that party then possessed, and the utter repugnance of the great bulk of the nation to their recent proceedings.

If Catholics may justly deplore the false light of prejudice, in which this reign has been shown to generations, historians may equally complain that, to suit the exigencies of controversialists, it has been isolated from the sequence of events, and considered without reference to the circle of Tudor changes, of which in reality it forms but a comparatively small segment.

In a former article, I have shown from Protestant testimony "the political and religious anarchy of Edward's reign," the coinage fraudulently debased, the bishoprics plundered, the churches desecrated, the seats of learning deserted, the libraries burnt, the hospitals and other charities of ancient Catholicity disappeared into private hands, the people in many districts utterly destitute of the refining influence of an educated clergy, degenerating into savages; socialistic and infidel principles with immorality in its worst forms widely prevalent, the Reformed preachers united only in hatred to the ancient faith quarrelling amongst themselves, summary executions, and the prisons full to overflowing with Catholic recusants who refused to relinquish the Mass. When one reflects that all these changes were inflicted in their own interest by the violence of a few unprincipled men, carrying with them the sympathy of not one-tenth of the nation, one realizes the unanimous conviction that reaction against a state of affairs already approaching chaos was absolutely necessary for the conservation of the commonwealth, and can recognize the strength of the almost bloodless revolution which placed Mary securely on the seat of her fathers; so clearly did the Reformers perceive that the retention of Northumberland in power could alone prevent their condemna-

tion at the bar of public opinion, that even the most moderate of them (Ridley, Sandysite), on the Sunday after Edward's death, spoke not only of Mary, but also of the Princess Elizabeth, in terms of contempt, as illegitimate.\* But the English people were steadfast to the sacred principle of legitimate monarchy, and even in London, the stronghold and headquarters of the Revolutionary party, the deep sense of justice inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race turned the hearts of the people to their rightful sovereign. As the Duke of Northumberland rode through Shoreditch during the few days of the interregnum, he sagaciously interpreted the popular feeling by his remark: "The people presse to se us, but not one sayeth God spede us."†

The Queen was proclaimed and entered her capital with a wave of enthusiasm. Organs pealed, bells rung, trumpets blew, bonfires burnt in every street. "With good chere at every bonefyer, and wyne and bere and alle" singers celebrated the occasion. Banners and streamers flew. All the ancient guilds, "the craftes of London, in their best aparelles," welcomed her. Money was cast away for joy.‡

Canons and guns of every size were discharged, says the chronicle. "So gladde dyd the pepulles harttes rejoyse in her comynge in, as God save her Grace, and long to contyneu and prosper Her in goodness. Amen."§

Two days afterwards the release of the Bishop of London from prison was the occasion of another spontaneous manifestation of joy.

"The V of August at VII a clocke at Night came Home Edmond Bonner from the Marchelsea . . . alle the pepulle by the way badde hym welcom home, both man and woman . . . and so came to Powlles and knelt on the steppes and sayd hys prayers; and then the people rang the belles for joye."||

In the preceding and succeeding reigns, the injunctions of the Executive, and alterations by Parliament in religious matters,

\* "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London." Elizabeth did not forget this. Many years afterwards she reminded some of her pseudo-Bishops of it in anything but gentle terms.—Froude's History.

† "Chronicle of Queen Jane," Camden Society.

‡ Machyn's Diary. "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

§ "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

|| "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."



required to be enforced, often against violent and combined opposition, by the strong hand of the Government.

In the Catholic restoration under Mary, the instincts and aspirations of the people anticipated the action of the legislature.

"Thursdaye the 24 of August and S. Bartholomew's daye, the olde service in the Lattin tongue with the Masse was begun and sunge in Powles in the Shrowder, now S. Faythes parishe, and lykewise it was begun in 4 or 5 other parishes within the cittie of London, not by commandment, but of the people's devotion."\*

The apostate pseudo-Bishop of Ossory, Bale, gives an amusing account of the joy of the people in his Cathedral City of Kilkenny on Mary's accession :

"They rang all the Bells in that cathedral, they (the clergy) flung up their caps to the battlements of the great temple, with smilings and laughings most dissolutely, they brought forth their copes, candlesticks, crosses and censers; they mustered forth most gorgeously all the town over with *Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis* and the rest of the Latin Litany, for that they were delivered from the grace of God into a warm sun."

Almost Mary's first act was to appoint as Chancellor the celebrated Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, whom she also restored to his See. Ample, if tardy, justice has been done to the memory of this remarkable man in the present century, and a practical unanimity of opinion among all trustworthy modern authorities has finally extricated his character from the lying slanders of Fox and Burnet.†

The first steps of his administration gained him the applause of all parties. He carefully revised and re-issued the coinage,‡ which had been corrupted by the Government during the preceding reign, for the first time tainting the fair name of England, for centuries renowned for scrupulous honesty among the commercial communities of the world.

A Parliament was summoned by him with strict respect to all the ancient freedom of representation. Even Mr. Froude remarks :

"It was, perhaps, the fairest election that had taken place for many years."§

\* "Wriothesley's Chronicle."

† See Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," "State Papers of the Period," "Gasquet," "Lingard," "Dean Maitland," "Sir James Mackintosh."

‡ "Wriothesley's Chronicle," p. 102, "Newe Coynes of Golde and Sylver."

§ Froude, Vol. V.

"Subsidies on lands and goods that had been granted to the Crown by the late Parliament were remitted."\*

The cruel laws of Henry VIII, under which even "a supposed knowledge of conspiracy was sufficient to incur all the awful penalties of treason," were repealed and divine worship was ordered, somewhat ambiguously, to be practised under such forms as had been most commonly used in England in the last year of the Queen's father.

Many years before, when Gardiner, then a *protégé* of Cardinal Wolsey's, was brought by that great churchman to the notice of his royal master, the King remarked that "Young Stephen would be an able statesman in after years," and with all his faults Henry was no mean judge of character. To stand, as Gardiner did, alone during Mary's reign, indeed required an exceptionally strong man. Protestant divines and polemics always seem to conveniently forget that the Chancellor was anything but a *persona grata* to the Queen. The zeal evinced by Gardiner in forwarding the divorce, and his utter want of any consideration for the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, must have often awakened painful memories in Mary's heart, while his defence and strong support of the King's usurpation of the ecclesiastical supremacy had excited the distrust and dislike of the more logical and consistent clerics.†

Within a few hours of his release from the tower, at his first appearance at the Council, high words had passed between him and other members, from whom he insisted on the restoration of his house in Southwark and lands, both being the property of the See of Winchester. No wonder that De Noailles, the French Ambassador, to whom he was especially obnoxious from the uncourteous manner in which on two occasions he had executed the harsh and imperious mandates of his master Henry VIII, complained to his court, that even his four years' imprisonment had not tamed him.‡

The Spanish Ambassador found in Gardiner the strongest and most determined opponent to the projected marriage between Mary and Philip of Spain. According to Froude, he first desired to delay the coronation until Parliament should have met, intending that the first act of the assembly should be to tie Mary's hands;§

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\* Lingard.

† Gardiner, *De vera obedientia*.

‡ Lingard.

§ Froude, Vol. V.

and even after it had opened and the Speaker, in an interview with the Queen, had pressed on her the advantage of marrying a subject, she showed openly how well she knew the ringleader of the opposition. Turning to Gardiner she said: "I have to thank you, my lord, for this business."\* Even as late as the beginning of 1554, the Chancellor seems to have persisted in his dislike to this alliance. Renard writes to the Emperor "that he offered him assistance from the low countries, but Gardiner replied with extreme coldness 'that he had no desire to see Flemish soldiers in England,'" and it has been gratefully acknowledged, by all parties and creeds, that when he found himself powerless to prevent the marriage, the terms which he stipulated for and obtained were admirably calculated to guard the liberties of England. It is at once interesting and gratifying to note that the special Envoy of the Imperial Court, Simon Renard, specially selected as an exceptionally strong and sagacious statesman to initiate and conduct these very delicate negotiations, who, although he possessed Mary's ear and had converted her to his master's interests, was forced on many occasions to admit that Gardiner was more than a match for him, yet spoke in terms of the utmost admiration of the statesmanlike qualities of his political adversary; but it is necessary to remark that Renard was a man of an entirely different stamp than the imaginations of Protestant novelists and controversialists have painted him. He speaks of Gardiner to the Emperor "as a man of moderation and good sense, the only real statesman England possesses at this critical period."† No greater historical untruth has ever been perpetrated than that Renard was the adviser of any religious persecutions. From the first he gave it as his opinion that, "while conspiracy and rebellion should be punished without mercy, theological errors should be solved by gentleness and instruction." Whether he was attached to any particular form of belief beyond his own self-interest and political associations is uncertain, but that he was not a sincere Catholic is obvious from his remark, "that the English Church should bend to the times and leave the Pope to his own fortune."‡

It will be now necessary to speak briefly of the severe measures enacted and put in force against the Protestants during Mary's

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\* Ibid., Renard to the Emperor, January, 1554.

† Grenville, State Papers, Vol. IV.

‡ Special Dispatches to Charles V.



reign and Bishop Gardiner's part in them; and first, it must be admitted that at that time the punishment of those holding unsound doctrines to prevent further contamination of the nation, was a principle thoroughly believed in by all parties. Henry VIII had persecuted impartially Catholics for denying the royal supremacy, and Protestants for rejecting the Real Presence.

Again, in Edward VI's reign, no estimate has ever been yet made of the number of Catholic recusants whom Mr. Froude mentions as being executed summarily,\* to say nothing of thousands of the Commons slain and died of their wounds in the religious rebellion of both periods,† and when the Protestant party recovered the supreme power under Elizabeth, witness the strangling and quartering of Catholic priests, plus the wholesale extermination of the residents of certain districts after the Insurrection of the Northern Earls.‡

Curiously, the author of the recent article "Persecution," in Chambers' Encyclopedia, asserts that "Luther and Melancthon were more pronouncedly hostile to the heretical astronomy of Copernicus than the Catholic authorities," and further states "that the system established in Geneva by Calvin so confounded errors, sins and crimes, as to turn the administration of justice largely into a persecuting organization. In three years there were (in Geneva) fifty-eight sentences of death and over eight thousand imprisonments for the crime of blasphemy."

That Catholics were not influenced and guided in their ethical opinions by the spirit of the times in which they lived, it would be both absurd and untrue to maintain, but it must be allowed that up to the beginning of Henry VIII's reign, religious persecutions in England had been numerically very few, and that the King's suppression of the religious houses and forcible measures for the imposition of his royal supremacy, with the severe statutes and injunctions directed in the Edwardian period against the ancient faith and its adherents, had provoked a reaction beyond control, which only awaited opportunity to manifest itself.

No educated man of any persuasion would, in the nineteenth century, prostitute his intellect to defend the infliction of the

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\* See my article on the Edwardian Period.

† See Gasquet's "Monasteries," also Hoker's "Narrative."

‡ See also account of the Anabaptists burnt in Edward VI's and Elizabeth's reign.—Froude and Lingard Histories.

supreme penalty for religious opinion; and while Catholics must forever deplore with all their hearts that their ancestors created thick clouds of prejudices, which even centuries have only, as yet, partially dissolved against our holy religion, by angry resort in the last years of the Marian reign, to measures so utterly at variance with her spirit and authoritative teaching, they must equally rejoice that the very next day after the first executions, Philip's own confessor, preaching before the court in the sacred robes of his office, denounced from the altar these proceedings, as "being contrary not only to the spirit, but to the text of the Gospel. It was not by severity," he said, "but by mildness that men were to be brought into the fold of Christ; and it was the duty of the Bishops not to seek the death, but to instruct the ignorance of their misguided brethren."\*

But seeing that persecution was held as a duty "no less by those who rejected than by those who asserted the papal authority" both in England and on the continent, at the time of and for long after the so-called Reformation, Catholics have every right to deeply resent the dishonest subtlety which has so successfully branded them with the exclusive exercise of religious intolerance, by selecting three solitary years at the time when a strong flood of public opinion born of the violent excesses of the pseudo-reformers had carried them to political ascendancy, totally ignoring the facts of the preceding and succeeding half centuries.

We have seen the date of Edward's death was the 6th of July, 1553. It will be only fair to inquire what was the general conduct of the Protestant party between that date and the 4th of February, 1555, when the proto-martyr of the Anglican faith courageously suffered for his convictions, and how far they were worthy of the toleration they had absolutely refused to others in the preceding reign?

The treasons of Northumberland, Suffolk and Cranmer and the insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt speak for themselves. On Sunday, 13th of August, 1553, a dagger was hurled at the preacher at Paul's Cross, Gilbert Bourne, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, and a riotous mob of the lowest of the people raised shouts of "kill him." One of their own ministers ineffectually endeavored to pacify them, and he was with much difficulty escorted away to a place of safety.†

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\* See Father Castro's sermon in Lingard.

† "Wriothesley's Chronicle." "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London."

Nor was this an isolated act of violence, the testimony of the preacher, Thomas Hancock, then "Minister of the Worde" in the town of Poole, shows that the Protestants of the remote West were as prepared to resort to force as those in the metropolis: "Qwene Mary was proclaïmed Qwene by my Lord Wylliams in Oxford, St. James's day, who after she was proclaymed, dyd sett forth a proclamation, whych came too my handes, whych dyd declare what religion she dyd profess in her yowthe, that she dyd contineu in the same, and that she mynded to end her lyf in the same religion; wylling all her loving subjects to embrace the same. Thys proclamacion dyd soo encourage the papistes that they . . . wold have the Mas and other superstitius ceremonies in post-haste; and so dyd . . . and others build up an alter in the Church and had procured a fytt chaplin . . . to say these Masse. Butt their altar was pulled down, and the priest was fayne to hyde hys headd, and the papistes to builde them an alter in olde Master Whyght's house, . . . hys man being clarcke to ring the bell and too help the priest too Mas, untyl he was threatened that yf he dyd use too putt hys hand out of the wyndow too ring the bell, that a hand-goon sholde make hym to smartt, that he sholde not pull in his hand again with ease. Soo had the papistes there Mas in Mr. Whyght's house, and the Christians (!!!) the Gospel preached openly in the churches."\*

"On the 25th of September, 1553, a disturbance at Greenwich extended to Southwark, when Gardiner's house was attacked and a plot was discovered to murder him."† Goodman termed the Queen an "ungodly serpent."

"Plymouth had been tampered with, and the mayor and aldermen, either really or as a ruse to gain information, affected a desire to receive a French garrison. For the sake of their cause the Protestant party were prepared to give France an influence in England, as objectionable in itself and as offensive to the majority of the people as the influence of Spain. . . . A set of men, to whom the Spanish marriage was but the stalking-horse for the re-imposition of their late tyranny; the ultra- (Protestant) party plunged again into treason, in which they would succeed only to restore the dominion of a narrow and blighting sectarianism. One of the projects mooted was the Queen's murder, a scheme

\* "Narratives of the Reformation" (Camden Society).

† "Froude," Vol. V, p. 272.



suggested by a man from whom better things might have been expected, William Thomas, the late Clerk of the Council."\*

John Bale, who had retreated with extreme precipitancy from Ireland, shrieked with rage, "that he wished when Henry had pulled down Beckett's shrine he had burnt the idolatrous priests upon it." Before a Protestant had been touched, he almost surpassed himself in scurrilous insolence in a "Declaration," thus rebuking the Bishop of London:

"Be ashamed of thy blasphemous doinges, thou most beastlye bellye God and dampnable dongehill. . . . This beastli & unlearned bastard Bonner . . . more vyle than any kytchen slave . . . thys fylthy swineheard . . . And what is thy idolatrous Mas and lowyse Latine service, thou sowbelly swilbox, but the being deaf of anti-Christ and dregges of the devil."

Thomas Becon, one of Cranmer's chaplains, whom Mr. Froude somewhere amusingly terms "the large-hearted," at the same time burst out into personal abuse of Gardiner.

"That great Wolfe, whose face is lyke unto the face of a she-beare that is robbed of her yonge ones, whose eyes continually burn with the unquenchable flames of the deadly cockatrice, whose teethe are lyke to the venemous toskes of the rampyng lyon, whose mouth is full of cursed speaking and bitterness, whose tong speaketh extreme Blasphemies," etc., etc.†

On Corpus Christi Day (1554), as the procession passed through Smithfield, a fanatic endeavored to tear the Blessed Sacrament from the hands of the priest.‡ Early next month a gun was discharged near St. Paul's churchyard and "the pellet came near the preacher's face that preached at Powlles crosse."§

Speaking of the statutes passed by the Catholic party against the new opinions, Mr. Froude says:

"The Protestants, it must be admitted, had exerted themselves to make Gardiner's work easy for him. On the 14th March, 1554, the wall of a house in Aldgate became suddenly vocal, and seventeen thousand persons were collected to hear a message from

\* Froude, Vol. V, p. 318. But Thomas seems, however, to have been intimate with, and given secret information to some of the most extreme of the fanatics. See "Narratives of the Reformation," p. 84.

† "An Humble Supplication," by Thomas Becon, 1554.

‡ "Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London." Machyn's Diary.

§ Ibid., Ibid.

heaven pronounced by an angel. When the people said, 'God save Queen Mary,' the wall was silent. When they said, 'God save Queen Elizabeth,' the wall said 'Amen.' When they asked, 'What is the Mass?' the wall said, 'It is idolatry.' As the nation was holding its peace, the stones, it seems, were crying out. But the angel, on examination, turned out to be a girl concealed behind the plaster."\*

About three weeks later, on Sunday, the 8th of April, "was a vilanouse fact done in Cheape(side) earlie. A dead catt havinge a clothe lyke a vestment of the prest at Masse, with a crosse on it afore and another behinde put on it. The crowne of the catt shorne, a peece of paper lyke a singinge cake (wafer) putt between the forefeete of the said catt bound together, which catt was hanged on the post of the gallows in Cheape" (side).†

And although the Lord Mayor and Aldermen offered a large reward for the perpetrator of this outrage, he remained undiscovered.‡

On the 14th of the following March, the statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury, that had been repaired and set over the door of the Mercers' Chapel in Cheapside, was broken and defaced, and the same Easter, in the parish church of St. Margaret's, in Westminster, Sir John Shethens, priest, whilst ministering the Blessed Sacrament to his parishioners, was violently assaulted and severely wounded in the head and arm with a knife, by an apostate monk.

How all these unfortunate incidents must have strengthened the hands of those inclined to severity can hardly be adequately grasped in these happy days of religious moderation, comparing with the period under consideration as January to Midsummer. The chronicles and records of the time indicate but too clearly how deeply the foundations of morality and reverence had been tampered with in the violent conflict of party strife.

Polygamy was not uncommon. Some deduced from their new theological discoveries, social corollaries which if acted on would

\* It is worth noticing that this unfortunate girl was not punished with any severity. She was only retained in prison for a short time to be examined, and confessed that she had been persuaded by others to undertake this imposture, who had told her to speak against the mass, confession, etc.

† "Wriothesley's Cronicle"—Stow.

‡ The reward offered was "XX Markes," that is, "VI £. XIII s. IV d." "Wriothesley's Chronicle." Machyn's Diary.

subvert any government. Most of the advanced reformers derided all the fasts and mortifications which the Church had called to her aid in subduing the natural weakness of humanity. Their lives were self-indulgent, and their examples anything but edifying to the gross and uneducated. The standard of right and wrong was palpably lowered; one of the most zealous of the itinerant preachers, Harry Dance, a bricklayer of Whitechapel, who had in Edward's reign discoursed weekly to large crowds on the superstitions of the Roman system, was curiously defended by one of his friends, "who denied that Dance was a drunkard or a bad man, although he was a little weak in the flesh, two women claiming him as their husband."\*

No wonder the upper classes became alarmed, and as Mr. Froude says elsewhere: "The indifferent and the Orthodox alike desired to put an end to spiritual anarchy."†

Yet one of the most learned of the Protestant historians, Dean Hook, asserts that, "If we look to the facts of history, we find at the commencement of Mary's reign, that there was no desire or intention to deal harshly with the Reformers, . . . Two years elapsed after the accession of Mary before any persons suffered the penalties of the law on account of reputed heresy."

In those days political and religious movements were so intimately connected in England that it is almost absolutely impossible to estimate the number of those who suffered purely for their religious opinions. I am strongly inclined to believe that further researches will rather diminish than increase their hitherto assumed total. The fact that many known and many more suspected Protestants were not only totally unmolested, but in some cases advanced to places of honor in this reign, make me strongly inclined to believe that only those, as a rule, who openly assumed an active opposition to the decrees of the National Legislature were interfered with. Some of the Lutheran divines, corresponding to the modern high Anglican school, as Bradbridge and Cheney, Bishops of Exeter and Gloucester under Elizabeth, seemed to have conformed and retained their ecclesiastical preferments undisturbed.‡

A recent Protestant author has even suggested that the long

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\* Burke's "Historical Portraits."

† Froude, Vol. V.

‡ Bradbridge was even collated to a Prebendal stall in Salisbury, 1555.



searched-for hiding place of Archbishop Parker has never been found, for the reason that "there never was any hiding place."

Deplorable as were these religious persecutions and utterly as they defeated their own objects, we shall not thoroughly understand them if we fail to enter into the spirit of the times, so entirely different to the moral and religious atmosphere of the nineteenth century. Dr. Gasquet sagaciously calls attention "to an attitude of mind, which however hard now to realize, was then a potent factor in determining men's conduct." Reverent submission to the properly constituted authorities in Church and State was then held a sacred duty, the breach of which itself was a crime equally worthy of condign punishment as false doctrine.

"Even in matters of religion, the law, as the expression of the will of the Nation, consecrated by royal sanction, seemed . . . to have a claim not merely on obedience but even on conscience.

. . . However overstrained and unreasonable an attitude of mind such as this may appear now, it was then a fact and must be reckoned with."\*

Heath, Bishop of Worcester, in Edward's reign, for example, "though ready to face imprisonment and incur deprivation rather than assent to the New Ordinal, yet declared that if it were imposed he would not disobey."†

Mary Tudor has never been accused of being undecided in her religious opinions, yet even she said: "When the King's Majesty shall come to such years that he may be able to judge these things himself, His Majesty shall find me ready to obey his orders in religion."‡

Dr. Gasquet lucidly remarks: "Such ideas were closely connected with a sentiment of which it is now equally difficult to realize the religious and the patriotic aspects. Men have now been long accustomed to the idea of a people divided in religion . . . Such disunion must have appeared to all fatal to the unity of a Nation, which till then had been one in faith and practice . . . It never entered into the calculations of those who initiated the changes in England that the new system was to embrace anything less than the whole people. This fact must be borne in mind in considering the measures of religious repression commenced under

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\* Gasquet "Edward VI and Book of Common Prayer."

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

Edward and adopted by Mary and Elizabeth. Long before the reign of the latter closed it had become clear to all that the religious unity of England was shattered beyond the power of penal laws to repair. Yet even then the ideal was so powerful that it formed the basis of the ecclesiastical system conceived by Hooker, the first and perhaps the greatest of the Anglican theologians."\*

To return to Bishop Gardiner and the part played by him in these ill-advised measures of retribution. We know that almost immediately after Mary's accession some zealots suggested the committal of the Italian Reformer, Peter Martyr, then teaching Protestant theology at Oxford, to the Tower. The Chancellor peremptorily rebuked the inhospitality which threatened to interfere with the liberty of a foreigner who had come to England by the invitation of the late King, and honorably dismissed Martyr with handsome presents to his own country.

Here at any rate one must acknowledge that he showed the prudence and moderate common sense of a well-balanced mind. But there is not an atom of evidence to prove that the persecution originated from Gardiner. "All we know for certain is that after the Queen's marriage (July 25, 1554) this question was frequently debated by the Lords of the Council, and that their final resolution was not communicated to her before the beginning of November (1554)."<sup>†</sup>

On the 22d of January of the new year, 1555, the chiefs of the Reformed preachers were called before the Chancellor, who warned them of the laws recently passed in Parliament against their non-conformity, and on the 28th, 29th and 30th of the same month, with thirteen other Bishops and a crowd of lords and knights, he sat in commission, at the Church of "S. Marye overies in Southwark" for the trial of six prisoners, one of whom recanted, one asked for time, and the other four were excommunicated and delivered over to the secular power, to be dealt with according to the civil law of the land.

From that date (January 30, 1555,) to the day of his death (November 12, 1555,) he never meddled again in these matters, whatever was the cause, whether he disapproved of the severity of the proceedings, or was persuaded of their futility, or was occupied by more important duties. But we know, that not long before his

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\* Gasquet "Edward VI and Book of Common Prayer."

† Lingard's "History of England."

death, he sent a special note to the Council stating that he "would not obey any order that might be issued to him for burning heretics in his diocese."\*

John Sturnicus, the hot-gospel preacher, bore testimony to the humane and kindly treatment he received from Gardiner. Hadrian Junius, the Anabaptist, physician of Edward VI, spoke in grateful terms of him.†

"When at a later period Sir Francis Hastings applied to him the epithet 'bloody,' Persons indignantly answered: 'Verily, I believe that if a man should ask any good-natured Protestant that lived in Queen Mary's time, and had both wit to judge and indifference to speak the truth without passion, he will confess that no one great man in that government was further off from blood and bloodiness, or from cruelty and revenge, than Bishop Gardiner, who was known to be a most tender-hearted and mild man in that behalf; insomuch that it was some time, and by some great personages, objected to him for no small fault. To be ever full of compassion in the office and charge that he bare; yea, to him especially was imputed that none of the greatest and most known Protestants in Queen Mary's reign were ever called to account or put to trouble for religion.' "‡

The magnanimous nature of the Chancellor, in which even such an adverse critic as Mr. Froude has detected "something noble," appears strongly in his intercession for the life of his fallen enemy, the Duke of Northumberland. His letter to the Queen on the grief of Northumberland for his treason may be seen in the state papers of Mary's reign.

The testimony of one of the most learned and consistent of the Reformers, the celebrated scholar Ascham, to the good heart of Bishop Gardiner is the stronger from its being written under circumstances when such an expression of opinion could be anything but acceptable to the ruling power. Writing to Lord Leicester, he says:

"No bishop in Queen Mary's reign would have dealt so with me, for such estimation in those even the most learned and wisest men (as Gardiner, Heath and Cardinal Pole) made of my poor service, that although they knew perfectly that in religion by open

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\* Sirype, Burnet, Hallam, Dean Hook.

† Burke's "Historical Portraits."

‡ Quoted by Lingard.



writing and privy talke I was contrary unto them, yet that when Sir Francis Inglefield by name did note me specially at the Council board, Gardiner would not suffer me to be called thither nor touched elsewhere, saying such wordes of me as in a letter, though letters cannot blush, yet should I blush to write therein to your Lordship. Winchester's good will stood not in speaking fare and wishing well, but he did indeed that for me whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone."\*

No greater libel on Gardiner has been handed down to posterity than that which represents him as urging the execution of the Princess Elizabeth after the insurrection of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the charge is the more dangerous from the fact that it takes the form of a partial suppression of the truth, thus placing in an entirely false light his part in the transaction. Even Mr. Froude cannot deny that there had been some communication between Wyatt and the Princess. In fact, one of the dispatches of the French Ambassador, De Noailles, intercepted by the Council, seems to have distinctly implicated her. Under these circumstances it was impossible for Gardiner, when approached on the subject by the Imperial Ambassador before the Queen, to deny the danger of her presence to the tranquillity of the kingdom. But Renard's letter to the Emperor of the 1st of May, 1554, shows clearly how the wily Chancellor dexterously shielded the Princess while not contradicting the opinion of her enemies; by delay, and suggestion to the Queen of the advisability of further consideration and the production of more decisive proofs; and when Mary, doubtless influenced by Renard, demanded that the dispatch connecting her sister with the rebellion should be brought to her, it was not to be found! The Chancellor, in whose possession it had been placed, had curiously lost or mislaid it.†

"Il a confessé l'avoir en et reçue, mais il ne savait ou il l'avait mis," wrote Renard to the Emperor. "Credat Judæus Apella, non ego,"‡ and apart from religious prejudice it seems impossible not to believe that the real intention of the Chancellor was to shield the daughter of his old master. If he was thirsting for her blood, as Mr. Froude implies, the document in question would never have been lost by Stephen Gardiner.

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\* Lingard.

† Lingard.

‡ Horace Satire, Lib. 1-6.

I have dwelt at length on the character of Gardiner because he was the last, and certainly not the least, of the great ecclesiastical statesmen of the mediæval period. His power during Mary's reign "almost approached that of Wolsey," and it has been remarked on as unaccountable that no separate account of his life has been ever published. Such a work in the present day would have a special interest as commenting practically on some modern Anglican castles in the air.

The idea of a separate Anglican communion, Catholic in every detail, but cut away from the central Papal trunk, first reached maturity in the minds of Henry VIII, and Gardiner. The utter failure of the scheme, even when essayed by such strong and able men, having at their back the combined temporal and spiritual authorities of the realm, is the most powerful and instructive commentary we can desire on the instability of "opinions divorced from their only logical connections," and we can only hope that those who, in apparent good faith, still remain under the influence of these illusions may, like Bishop Gardiner, in the end edify the world by the depth and sincerity of their repentance.\*

Mr. Froude describes Gardiner in his last illness as working to the very end with indomitable courage, though he felt that the hand of death was on him, and knew that his days were numbered. "He received the Spanish Minister, and for two hours conversed with him on most important affairs of state and escorted him to the door on his departure, leaning heavily on his attendants."

The bitterest enemy of the Chancellor's religious and political views must acknowledge that he died in harness, and that he might have said with Scott's Marmion, "Yet my last thought is England's." And indeed the profound and statesmanlike advice he gave years before to the Protector, "to husband every resource until the King shall come of age for the invasion and conquest of Scotland, which shall be a goodly enterprise for our young master," showed that beneath the peaceful robes of the churchman lay the spirit and determination of his race.

Any consideration of this reign would probably be considered incomplete without some mention of the execution of the first

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\* See Gardiner's Sermon at St. Paul's Cross on the first Sunday in Advent, 1554, from the Epistle of the Day, "Queen Jane and Queen Mary." Camden Society, p. 16. See also his deep regret for his former betrayal of the Holy See. "Negavi cum Petro, exivi cum Petro."—Lingard.

Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer. The terrible picture which recent Protestant historians, Lord Macaulay especially, have drawn of his vacillation and inconsistencies, and the utter want of principle with which this unfortunate man was involved in almost every shady religious and political transaction of the age, is so appalling that those Catholics will be truest to themselves and their religion if they refrain from casting any fresh stones at one whose fall was (from a Catholic point of view) so fearful and so pregnant with injury to the nation; and who, though naturally endowed with many amiable qualities, was by the mysterious decrees of Providence so deeply stricken with such awful moral and spiritual blindness.

Cranmer's great personal courage—he was always first in the hunting field; he would mount, even when advanced in age, the fieriest half-trained horse of his stud; he challenged the Duke of Northumberland; his liberality and hospitality, his forgiving disposition—all rightly endeared him to Mary, but these good characteristics unfortunately were not incompatible with an utter want of moral backbone, an absence of any deep convictions, and a constant surrender of principle to expediency. While his religious opinions, constantly shifting, as he himself acknowledged,\* revealed their own shallowness by the rapidity of the successive phases through which they passed from Catholicism to Zwinglianism, and seem to have been more guided and shaped by, to use his own words, "sundry persuasions and authorities of doctors," than by any recognition of the divine illumination of either the Church or the individual.

Mr. Froude, in commenting on a letter of Cranmer's regarding Anne Boleyn's condemnation, detects a terrible levity and want of seriousness in his character, and perhaps this explains much. But while it is satisfactory to know, on the authority of Dean Hook, that Cranmer was not, as has been falsely implied by Foxe and others, "entrapped into a recantation and then betrayed," yet it cannot but be most probable that the unfortunate man hoped to the very last that the Queen would pardon the terrible wrongs he had done her mother, herself and her religion; and it must be fully conceded that the unforgiving spirit evinced by the Queen or her advisers, or both—for it is probably now impossible to appor-

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\* See his examination at Oxford. Burke's "Historical Portraits," Vol. III. Also "Cranmer's Remains," Parker Society.



tion to individuals their exact share in the degradation and execution of Cranmer—has, to their eternal disgrace, left a dark stain on their administration. Such measures were totally unnecessary. His own conduct had already sufficiently degraded him, and he was morally dead in the estimate of the best and purest of the nation. In condemning him to the fagot they but afforded opportunity for the great physical courage which was one of the best points of his nature to be seen at its greatest advantage, and wring applause from even those who, while in justice condemning the record of his life, would in mercy have spared it, in the belief that the natural span of human existence is, as a rule, but too short for even the best to prepare for eternity. The terrible blow that this act of justice without mercy struck at the Catholic cause in England may be well described in the remark of a dignitary of his own Church, that “the flames which consumed Thomas Cranmer’s body at the stake have cast a false glitter on his character.”\*

As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that from a Catholic point of view this persecution was not only wicked and foolish, but inexcusable. It was carried on against both the advice and example of the greatest and best of the Catholic prelates. We have seen Gardiner’s letter to the Council declining *in toto* to allow any executions for heresy in his diocese, when we know that political and religious strife had been long at fever heat.†

Throughout the wide lands of the County Palatine of Durham, under the gentle rule of the venerable Cuthbert Tunstall, “no man suffered for his opinions.”

Foss, a high Protestant authority, exonerates the Archbishop of York (Heath) from any participation in the persecution.‡

The Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, the saintly Reginald Pole, declared his strong dislike to extremity and harshness.

He remarked “that from his own experience he had observed rough applications rather heightened such a distemper than cured it; that there was a great difference to be made between a country just seized and infected but in a few, and another where the malignity had time to spread and infected all ranks and orders; that it was not to be expected people would be dragged out of their errors all at once—such sudden violence would rather

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\* Dean Hook.

† See my previous article on the Edwardian Period.

‡ Burke’s “Historical Portraits.”

push them upon obstinacy and fix their mistakes, and therefore the better way was to give them time for recollection, to argue them out of their heterodoxy, and lead them back by gentle degrees."

In the western counties only one case of persecution (and that an extremely doubtful one), has been recorded. The last Catholic Bishop of Exeter spent his time in visiting his diocese, repairing the spoliation of the preceding reign, and providing for the necessities and comforts of the poor. The old Protestant, local historian and contemporary, who must have known Bishop Turberville well personally, speaks of him as "a gentleman born, and of a good House, very gentle and courteous. He professed Divinity, but Most Zealous in the Roman Religion, and yet nothing cruel nor bloody."\*

Nor must we blame too much the uneducated who at the time and since have saddled the last Catholic Bishop of London with the chief responsibility for these horrors. To minds devoid of any knowledge of the complex machinery of state administration, the servant of the executive must always be prepared to bear any unpopularity that may attach itself to the system of which he is the agent, and to which his office compels him to enforce obedience, yet nothing can be more certain historically, than that Bonner intensely disliked and resented the number of persons that were sent before him by the Council for examination as to their religious opinions, and the fact that letters from the Council are still extant reprimanding him for his slackness prove beyond doubt that this part of his official duties was most unwelcome to him. Many years before Bonner had endeavored to the utmost to save the unfortunate Anne Askew; nor can it be denied that he had no other alternative but to take evidence as to the tenets of those referred to him, under the authority and written orders of the Council or Commissioners by them appointed. "He was however careful in the proceedings to exact from the prisoners and to put on record the names of the persons by whom and a statement of the reasons for which they had been sent"; and he openly protested against being compelled to try prisoners not of his own diocese.†

"I am," said he to Philpot, "right sorry for your trouble;

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\* "A Catalogue of the Bishops of Excester."—John Hoker, 1584.

† Lingard.

neither would I you should think that I am the cause thereof. I marvel that other men will trouble me with their matters, but I must be obedient to my betters, and I fear that men speak of me otherwise than I deserve."\*

Though the individual responsibility of the sovereign and the members of the council for these harsh and mistaken measures are doubtful, it is a curious fact that most historians seem agreed that the most active, "whether from choice or from duty, was the Marquis of Winchester,† of whom Foxe adds, "No party had faith in his word. He was a Papist or a Reformer when it suited his interests."‡

He brought the crown to Lady Jane Grey. He was in the secret pay of the Spanish Ambassador during Mary's reign. John Knox denounced him in one of his furious harangues, under the title of Shebra the Treasurer, "The crafty fox with the smooth, fair face."

He maintained his office in the Council on the accession of Elizabeth, with whom he was an immense favorite, yet it must be admitted that Winchester was but a type of the instability of his age, a noble always obedient and complying, whom the Tudor princes delighted to honor and Mr. Froude to chronicle; but in justice to the Council it must be said that they were probably influenced by the misguided zeal of the good and high-minded but unhappy Queen. All the Tudors intensely resented any opposition from a subject on religion. Up to her dying day her sister Elizabeth would brook no interference by either house with the laws relating to ecclesiastical administration in which even the Episcopal Bench was prohibited from initiating, apart from her, any alteration or modification.

It is due to Cardinal Pole and the Catholic Bishops to say that they made a strong and sincere, if unsuccessful, attempt to stay the religious disintegration around them.

From the Synod held about a year after the Legate's arrival in England twelve decrees were addressed to the clergy, enjoining strict residence on their benefices, constant preaching of the Word of God, with constant exhortation and instruction in private to their parishioners, instruction of children and the ignorant on the rudiments of the Christian religion every Sunday in church.§

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\* See Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

† Lingard. See also Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

‡ Ibid.

§ Anticipating even St. Charles Borromeo in the Institution of Sunday-schools.



"Example," adds the Legate, "is the most persuasive of sermons, and you who are placed over others should be careful to excel them in what is laudable." Charity and hospitality were to be observed, orphans and widows were to be protected, the Holy Scriptures to be assiduously studied, the clergy to no longer engage in secular employments, the Bishops were to exercise greater care in conferring Holy Orders, in each cathedral a seminary was to be established for raising future priests, the government of hospitals was to be inspected and care taken that the revenues belonging to them were employed in the relief of the poor. The vacant Sees were filled with Prelates to whose moderation history bears tribute, and whose subsequent constancy and sufferings Catholics venerate as one of the brightest pages in their history. At the universities learned men commenced to build up once more the prestiges of those ancient seats of learning. At St. Mary's Hall, the youth of Oxford sat at the feet of the future great English Cardinal, "the purple of whose hat was to be dyed in the blood of martyrs of his own training."\*

But the religious anarchy born of the strife of a quarter of a century could not be healed in a few months. The clergy had diminished in numbers, education and social position, the constant changes, the uncertainty of the royal succession, the various phases of opinion temporarily dominant had utterly confused the poor, while the more respectable classes were debarred by the prevailing uncertainty from encouraging their children to adopt a profession, the endowments of which were gone, and which a change of government might reward any day with the halter or the scaffold.

The older clergy were, some tainted with heresy, some weak and compliable, the rapidly failing health of the childless Queen, the succession of Elizabeth practically secured, the prospect of a return of the Reformed preachers from the continent, isolated by exile, embittered and doubly estranged from the Faith in the atmosphere of Geneva, and flushed with the prospect of again enjoying the political ascendancy, must have cast the very icy hand of death on the English Catholics generally, as on the dying Cardinal in the gloom of the dark November days of 1558.

It was indeed the lot of the last Catholic occupant of the See of Canterbury to drain the chalice of affliction to its very dregs, him-

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\* William Allen, "Froude's History."

self almost suspected by the Holy See, the Queen, the chief pillar of the Church, dead, a godless and unprincipled woman raised to supreme power, no wonder he exclaimed in the agony of his dissolution: "*Domine salva nos, perimus. Salvator mundi, salva ecclesiam tuam.*" But Reginald Pole lived not in vain, nor has his star, though clouded, set across three long centuries. To-day, as in the zenith of his power, we can justly exclaim with his contemporaries: "*Tu est Polus noster*"—"Thou art our pole star." By the calm, clear light and example of his wisdom and gentleness, pointing ever upward to the fulness of national union in the perfect harmony of Catholic charity, the ship of Peter will best be guided among the rocks and quicksands of heresy and prejudice in her eternal mission of rescue to the spiritually shipwrecked of the human race.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS, M.D.

England.

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## THE BELL.

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AGES on ages in the seething earth  
 You lay unformed and waiting to be born ;  
 Great stars were pouring down such light in mirth  
 As should the first strong growth of worlds adorn ;  
 The bubbling masses cooled and flamed amain,  
 The inter-play of forces wrought a wondrous change,  
 The hissing waters fled the vague vast plain  
 Watched of some new and mighty mountain range ;  
 Thick grasses flowed unto the firm-based rock, .  
 The race of men trod through the smiling space,  
 The peaceful murmur rose of herd and flock,  
 The light grew brilliant in the earth's fair face ;  
 Then they made you who answered with a sound  
 That echoed all the grand uprising and round.

Chicago.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

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## BALFOUR'S FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.

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"THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF," BY ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.A.,  
 M.P. NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. 12MO.

Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," whatever defects may exist in it, is one of the strongest and most searching examinations of the grounds of belief which has been written. It is confessedly a

treatment of these questions from a philosophical point of view, but the method is rather critical than philosophical. It is an attempt to show that "the decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers," and that the arguments for our fundamental beliefs are more nearly concerned with theology than with the philosophy, of science, or of ethics. And yet, on its constructive side, it seeks to demonstrate that the difficulties in accepting Christian Theism are less than those involved in Theism, and that these are vastly less than are presented by any system based upon the conclusions of Naturalism. Mr. Balfour set a hard task for himself when he undertook to delineate, and, if possible, to recommend, a certain attitude of mind, in which the difficulties of belief might be approached. His method is very thorough, and step by step he eliminates from authoritative belief nearly everything in science, ethics and religion. When he has finished his work, the most that he can affirm is that Christian Theism, though not free from mystery and difficulty, is, on the whole, the more rational view to take of the relations of God to the world.

To many persons his work appears needlessly destructive, and not until one has mastered the treatise and understands why his treatment is negative, does the larger purport of the book come into view. His object is to eliminate from the problem, one by one, the false grounds of belief, and here, negatively, is the unique strength of the work. It was necessary to set aside a great deal that is false before any constructive steps could be taken. Mr. Balfour did not undertake a treatment that is far removed from the multitude, but, while dwelling on the highest subjects of thought, he has sought to show that any system which may be devised with our existing faculties, must suffer from obscurities, from defects of proof, and from incoherences. The whole work is written upon a high plane of serious thought, and though it is principally occupied in showing what are the false grounds of belief, it clears the way for those primal beliefs, not the fruit of reason, but the speaking forth of instincts and prepossessions, which refuse to be put into words, and yet are the most real things which we know. The principal contention which the author makes is that Naturalism, however impenetrable it may be in its own field, does not furnish any adequate ground for the reality which it does not comprehend. Science falls short when it attempts to interpret ethical truth, or even when it attempts to base æsthetics upon scientific principles. They go a cer-



tain way, but they do not advance beyond limitations. There is more in the universe than they admit to exist. There are certain matters connected with righteousness, beauty, and reason, which seek to find ethical expression and have nothing to depend upon in the field of science. It is felt that there is a nearer and better way of approaching truth, and that without it we have not reached the bottom fact of existence.

In the second part of this work Mr. Balfour enters at some length into the reasons for belief and first examines the philosophic basis of Naturalism. He points out the limitations of the theory and shows that it does not account for all the facts of existence. There are regions where the senses give us no direct knowledge, where experience does not explain all that we are conscious of, and where the scientific beliefs come entirely short of giving any solution to our higher existence. The chief difficulty with Naturalism is that it does not account for facts as we know them. Mr. Balfour searches into all the groundworks of Naturalism only to find that it neither ministers to the needs of mankind nor satisfies their reason. He is still less satisfied with Transcendental Idealism, which attempts by a metaphysical process to furnish a key by which we can properly understand ourselves and escape from the difficulties which in the region of theology, ethics, and science, are left on our hands. It does not prevent the old questions from coming up in a new form. The next point is whether Rationalism can render any service in removing the difficulty. For three centuries the battle has raged around the words Theism, Deism, Design, Soul, Conscience, Morality, Immortality, Freedom and Beauty, but Rationalism has not been able to win any victory in dealing with them. The Rationalists have not been willing to search for first principles, and have added nothing to the removal of the difficulties already felt. In the field of Natural Religion it was hoped that more freedom might be found, but when Natural and Revealed Religion both spring from the same source, one is not to be explained without the other. So far none of the explanations of belief have been sufficient to account for all the facts.

It is evident that one must advance further in order to reach the foundation of beliefs. In the third part of his work Mr. Balfour takes us to a different sphere. It is a question of authority or reason. Even here the storm rages as severely as it did in the fields of Rationalism and of Naturalism. Authority plays an im-

mense, inevitable, and, on the whole, beneficent part in the production of belief, and to reject all convictions which are not the products of free, speculative investigation is impossible. By Rationalism Mr. Balfour understands an explicit principle of judgment, in which the rationalizing temper may for the purposes of argument find definite expression. It is also a "psychological climate," a well-characterized mood of mind, and in this sense authority and reason mean much the same thing. What he undertakes to show is that neither authority nor reason can be accepted as the source of legitimate beliefs. Much exists as a cause of belief before it takes the form of reason. To reason is largely due the growth of new and the sifting of old knowledge, but it is from authority that reason itself draws most of its important premises. It is in unloosing or directing the forces of authority that its most important conclusions find their principal function. It is authority rather than reason which lays deep the foundations of social life, and it is authority rather than reason which cements its superstructure. Mr. Balfour assigns to authority a position above reason as a source of religion and ethics and politics, but while what he says is undoubtedly true, there is some confusion in his use of the word reason. What is of most account in this analysis is that in all the ways heretofore mentioned there is no adequate and sufficient recognition of the full grounds of belief. The facts in life and the obstinate questionings which grow out of our mental and spiritual experience are not sufficiently explained, and one must look in another direction for a sufficient statement of the foundations of belief.

It is in his fourth book, entitled "Suggestions toward a Provisional Philosophy," that he begins to lay an adequate foundation for beliefs, but it is by treating the subject from a different point of view. "The unification of all belief into an ordered whole, compacted into one coherent structure under the stress of reason, is an ideal which we can never abandon; but it is also one which, in the present condition of our knowledge, perhaps even of our faculties, we seem incapable of attaining." Mr. Balfour at the end of his work says that "it seems beyond question that any system which, with our present knowledge, and, it may be, our existing faculties, we are able to construct, must suffer from obscurities, from defects of proof, and from incoherencies." With this admission, no satisfactory solution can be expected, and Mr.

Balfour further states that "no unification of belief of the slightest theoretical value can take place on a purely scientific basis—on a basis, I mean, of induction from particular experiences." The problem is to find a basis to start from. It has been assumed that scientific standards supply the sole test of truth, and that scientific methods are the sole instruments of discovery, but this is an inadequate statement of fact. Mr. Balfour says: "Faith or assurance, which, if not in excess of reason, is at least independent of it, seems to be a necessity in every great department of knowledge which touches on action." Universality and necessity are badges of pre-eminence; they are marks of the elementary and primitive character of the beliefs to which they give their all-powerful, but none the less irrational, sanction. The time has passed for believing that the further we go back toward the state of nature, the nearer we get to virtue and truth." What we are in need of is a view which takes in the whole, and in which a reasoned knowledge includes human consciousness as an element, and refuses to regard any system which leaves large tracts and aspects of that consciousness unaccounted for.

It is necessary to shift the ground in order to obtain a right view of belief, but Mr. Balfour approaches his main point negatively and by slow degrees. While a summary of his argument is impossible, extracts of significant passages will indicate the trend of his thought. In showing that complete correspondence between belief and reality is impossible with the limitations of language such as they are, he points out that "neither in our knowledge of ourselves, nor in our knowledge of each other, nor in our knowledge of the material world, nor in our knowledge of God, is there any belief which is more than an approximation, any method which is free from fraud, any result not tainted with error. The simplest intuition and the remotest speculations fall under the same condemnation." At the same time the conviction that there are Christian verities which, once secured for the human race, cannot by any lapse of time be rendered obsolete, is one which no Church would willingly abandon. Again Mr. Balfour says: "I like to think of the human race, from whatever stock its members may have sprung, in whatever age they may be born, whatever creed they may profess, together in the presence of the One Reality, engaged, not wholly in vain, in spelling out some fragment of its



message. All share its being; to none are its oracles wholly dumb." The question may be raised whether, if knowledge must at the best be so imperfect, if real inner agreement about the object of knowledge can thus never be complete, and if the history of religious thought is one of change and development, the immutable doctrines can be handed on from generation to generation as a sacred trust? "In science and in ethics statements are preserved unchanged through all revolutions in scientific and ethical theory, but they are not explanations of the concrete truths and do not require any patching to keep them in repair. In a great part of our knowledge the conclusions seem more certain than the premises, the superstructure more stable than the foundation, and yet the permanent element in beauty cannot be defined, the ground of moral law is not wholly clear, and we do not know that we adequately comprehend God. The certitudes of religion like the certitudes of science lose themselves in depths of unfathomable mystery. Alike in science, in ethics, in beauty, and in religion, there is the halting expression of a reality beyond our reach, the half-seen vision of transcendent truth."

It is not to be expected that we can completely harmonize the detached hints and isolated fragments in which alone reality comes into relations with us. The difficulties which science, ethics and theology have to solve in common are more formidable than any which divide them from each other.

Mr. Balfour does not believe that perplexities can be avoided in the actual world unless we hold that it is the work of a rational being, and that he has given us some power to understand it. Theism is a principle which science requires for its own completion. To believe that God created the world is a very different thing from explaining how he created it. Neither theology nor science can here furnish an adequate explanation. "The facts which raise the problem of the existence of God in its acutest form belong, indeed, to that portion of the experience of life which is the common property of science and theology, but theology is much more deeply concerned in them than science can ever be, and has long faced the unsolved problem which they present." It is necessary to believe in a God who is not indifferent to good and evil if we are to have morality, and if the existence of God is assumed it involves something in the nature of that "preferential action" which is difficult to understand, yet impossible to abandon. It is plain

from the constant statement of the imperativeness and the difficulty of belief that Mr. Balfour is narrowing the ultimates of life and action to the smallest limits. When we realize the scientific truth that at the root of every rational process lies an irrational one, that reason is itself a natural product, and that the whole material on which it works is due to causes, physical, physiological and social, which it neither creates nor controls, we are obliged to hold that behind these non-rational forces, and above them, guiding them by slow degrees, and with difficulty to a rational issue, stands that Supreme Reason, in whom we must first believe if we are to believe in anything.

It is as easy to trace our ethical beliefs back to sources which have nothing ethical about them, as it is to trace back our scientific beliefs to sources which have nothing rational about them, and we are obliged to postulate a moral God in the interests of morality as much as we are compelled to postulate a rational God in the interests of science. Thus slowly Mr. Balfour is obliged to assume a truth denied by Rationalism in order to find a basis for the only knowledge which Naturalism allows. It is impossible to deny that "the sphere of Divine influence in matters of belief exists as a whole, and may therefore be studied as a whole; and that, not improbably, to study it as a whole would prove no unprofitable preliminary to any examination into the character of its more important parts." "Inspiration thus regarded is limited to no age, no country, and to no people. Its workings are to be traced not merely along the main line of religious progress, but in the side alleys to which there seems no issue." The higher movements of the Hebrew prophets and the great Oriental reformers are assuredly of God and are sources, however unique, from which we draw our own spiritual nourishment.

Mr. Balfour is here rapidly approaching the conclusion of his work. He says: "What I have so far tried to establish is this—that the great body of our beliefs, scientific, ethical, æsthetic, theological, form a more coherent and satisfactory whole if we consider them in a Theistic setting than if we consider them in a Naturalistic one. The further question, therefore, inevitably suggests itself: Whether we can carry the process a step further and say that they are more coherent and satisfactory if considered in a Christian setting than a merely Theistic one?" Mr. Balfour here rises to a plane which is outside of scientific ideas, and where the methods are

entirely different from the accepted canons of experimental research. He says: "Even when we are endeavoring to comprehend the relation of our own finite personalities to the material environment with which they are so intimately connected, we find, as we have seen, that all familiar modes of explanation break down and become meaningless. Yet we certainly exist, and presumably we have bodies. If, then, we cannot devise formulæ which shall elucidate the familiar mystery of our daily existence, we need neither be surprised nor embarrassed if the unique mystery of the Christian faith refuses to lend itself to inductive treatment."

He does not enter into the historical evidence for its authenticity, but takes up the ethical import of Christianity and shows how it ministers to these needs. The commonly recognized ethical need of men can be provided, with any approach to theoretical perfection, only by a future life, such as that which is assumed in more than one system of religious belief. Mr. Balfour again expresses a point in his own language with a force which cannot be improved: "If the reality of scientific and ethical knowledge forces us to assume the existence of a rational and moral Deity, by whose 'preferential assistance' they have gradually come into existence, must we not suppose that the Power which has thus produced in man the knowledge of right and wrong, and has added to it the faculty of creating ethical ideals, must have provided some satisfaction for the ethical needs which the historical development of the spiritual life has gradually called into existence." He believes that in a universe under moral government there is a presumption in favor of facts or events which minister, if true, to our highest moral demands, and that Christianity is fitted in a variety of ways to minister effectually to our ethical needs. The needs ministered to by Christianity increase rather than diminish with the growth of knowledge and the progress of science, and Christianity is no mere reform, but a development of Theism, now more necessary than ever. "The very sense of the place occupied in the material universe by man, the intelligent animal, creates in man, the moral being, a new need for Christianity, which, before science measured out the heavens for us, can hardly be said to have existed." Still another quotation is necessary: "In the world looked at by the light of simple Theism the evidences of God's material power lie about us on every side, daily added to by science, universal, overwhelming. The evidences of His moral



interest have to be anxiously extracted, grain by grain, through the speculative analysis of our moral nature. Mankind, however, are not given to speculative analysis; and if it be desirable that they should be enabled to obtain an imaginative grasp of this great truth; if they need to have brought home to them that, in the sight of God, the stability of the heavens is of less importance than the moral growth of a human spirit, I know not how this end could be more completely obtained than by the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation." Mr. Balfour further says: "They who think with me that, though it is a hard thing for us to believe that we are made in the likeness of God, it is yet a very necessary thing, will not be anxious to deny that an effectual trust in this great truth, a full satisfaction of this ethical need, is among the natural fruits of a Christian theory of the world." He is far from believing that the doctrine of the Incarnation supplies any philosophical solution of the problem of evil, but holds that the difficulty is "much less oppressive under the Christian than under any simpler form of Theism; and that though it may retain undiminished whatever speculative force it possesses, its moral grip is loosened, and it no longer parches up the springs of hope or crushes moral aspiration." "What is needed is such a living faith in God's relation to man as shall leave no place for that helpless resentment against the appointed order so apt to rise within us at the sight of undeserved pain. And this faith is possessed by those who vividly realize the Christian form of Theism. These beliefs do not resolve our doubts or provide us with explanations, but the reality behind them ministers to one of our deepest ethical needs." The point which he reaches is that the least incomplete unification of beliefs open to us includes the fundamental elements of theology, and of Christian theology.

The conclusion which Mr. Balfour reaches is that "no unification of beliefs can be practically adequate which does not include ethical beliefs as well as scientific ones; nor which refuses to count among ethical beliefs, not merely those which have immediate reference to moral commands, but those also which make possible moral sentiments, ideals and aspirations, and which satisfy our ethical needs. Any system which, when worked out to its legitimate issues, fails to effect this object can afford no permanent habitation for the spirit of man." To have reached this conclusion without invading the field of theology, without assumptions which

are drawn from forbidden quarters, without invading fields which are beyond the scientific and ethical beliefs, was Mr. Balfour's purpose and aim. Apparently it has been severely destructive. The book is almost entirely devoted to the exposition of the falsity of the scientific, metaphysical and philosophical explanations of belief. While the writer destroys the systems of others, he seems to have no adequate conception of what should be put in their place, and it would appear as if the greater part of the work were needlessly critical and controversial. At the same time he has shown effectually that Naturalism furnishes no adequate explanation of our deeper beliefs, and that the philosophy which to-day has the highest consideration in British thought is not adequate to the task which it attempts. The fact that his plan was simply to write an introduction to theology has limited him principally to a negative treatment of the subject. Very largely he has shown what are proved to be the inadequate grounds of belief. These are the reasons which have largely dominated in the scientific and agnostic world, and by pointing out their deficiency, without entering into other fields of discussion, he has rendered a great service to the foundations of belief. In presenting the ethical beliefs so that they are seen to be as valid and as necessary as the scientific beliefs, he has indicated sources of truth which have been largely overlooked by scientific thinkers, and has furnished a groundwork for the belief in God and for the central truth in Christianity, the belief in the ethical needs of men, which, as stated from his point of view, greatly increases the strength of what we may call vital beliefs. The fact that the things which are explained and the things about which we theorize are permanent realities, and that they assert themselves in the moral convictions and the necessary beliefs of the human race, has perhaps never been stated with quite the same clearness and force. This is the crowning achievement of Mr. Balfour's book. He has held himself in reserve all the way through, not presenting his conviction of the truth of things any more rapidly than the case allowed, but gradually shifting the emphasis of his thought from a scientific to an ethical basis, and finding in the needs of man's moral nature the root of the beliefs which give him power in this world and encouragement for the next.

We have passed through a period when scientific truth, presented by strong and vigorous minds, and brought out with

unusual force and strength, has dominated the centres of thought. It has seemed as if the scientific method could be made to explain everything, and morals and religion have been invaded by this process and faulted because there was a resident something in their keeping which science could not comprehend and refused to accept. Religionists have been indignant that the spiritual side of life should be invaded by material forces, and the hostility between religion and science has been great. Mr. Balfour has come to the rescue of the friends of religion, not refusing to listen to science, and patiently examining every argument advanced for agnostic beliefs. His refutation of them, though giving his book a controversial character, has been complete, and at this juncture no greater service could have been rendered to the thoughtful interests of our own day. To have glorified the ethical beliefs in antagonizing them to the scientific beliefs would have brought the author greater eclat, but to have understated his convictions in order to be just to the other side is a still greater achievement. No one can read this book through carefully, comprehending its purpose, and following the author through all the detail of his treatment, without gaining gradually a conviction of his fairness and the strength of his argument, which grows stronger and stronger to the end. His remark that "the decisive battles of theology are fought beyond its frontiers" is verified on every page. He never invades the province of the theologian, but his work will render a service to the student of theology and to persons who have been led to place too much confidence in Naturalism, which has not been supplied in any other quarter. Other men have thought out the solution of this question by methods more direct, but no one has had the patience to go through all the intricacies of modern thought and expose the fallacies of different systems, while maintaining a clear and persistent effort to present truth on lines of fact. Even Mr. Balfour, at the point where his argument culminates, will not consent to say that he has reached the essence of things. He simply prefers Christian Theism because it is less open to the objections raised against difficulties than Theism is.

If any one lesson is taught more than another in this book, it is that the problems of human life are not to be solved in the way that we propose. Again and again the work reminds one of Bishop Butler's "Analogy." It does not clear up any question, but the author is satisfied if he can show that the greater probability



is on his side. There are very few things that any one can know thoroughly, and while in the ordinary relations of life we act as if we were treading on solid ground and can act in no other way, we are constantly accepting as settled questions which can never be satisfactorily decided. The knowledge that we would like to possess is only partially given. We are obliged to act upon faith, upon apparent probability, and to leave a great many questions to be settled when the hurly-burly is over. Mr. Balfour's book will help great numbers of people who have halted in their religious belief because they could not understand the mysteries of religion. It will show that while nothing is revealed to us so far as we would like to have it, there is enough supplied to us for the guidance of reason and the support of faith. Much in every direction awaits a larger revelation, and eagerly as we strain our minds against the prison-bars of thought in this world, we have to learn the lesson of patient waiting until the dawn of a brighter day. Cardinal Newman felt the pressure of this blindfoldedness in the earlier part of his life almost beyond expression, and it was then that he voiced in a hymn of wonderful self-revelation the experiences which are common to us all. His words may well be taken as the outcome of Mr. Balfour's method of reasoning:

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on!  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
 Lead Thou me on!  
 Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me."

JULIUS H. WARD.

## CATHOLICA ET APOSTOLICA ECCLESIA.

THE silent, long, unpeopled nave austere  
 Lies stretched before me, only at one shrine  
 Two candles burn and their twined light incline  
 Upon the marble figure there. How clear  
 Against the feet it shines! the folds appear  
 Of the long garment; upward now the line  
 Of light is fading till the head divine  
 And sculptured eyes are lost in blackness sheer.  
 Such is our Church. Upon her feet the glow  
 Of time is poured; we see her firmly tread  
 And love her heavy sweep of priceless garb;  
 But more we do not see. We only know  
 She tends upright, her arms and mighty head  
 Are shrouded from us in the future's orb.

Washington, D. C.

ELIZABETH CARROLL SHIPMAN.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE QUAKERS.\*

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A GREAT man is the child not only of his parents but of the age and nation in which he is born. In fact, a man's true greatness is as is his power of incarnating, assimilating and reflecting in his own life, word and work, the passions, principles, convictions and ruling forces of his generation. So the face of genius ever foreshadows all the light of its own day. In many biographies William Penn has been treated too much as a person apart from rather than as a part of his age, as a sort of special Providence and a separate creation, until, like most heroes, the salient characteristics of the man are in danger of being lost in clouds of mythology and adulation. The object of this paper is to discover and consider how the life of Penn was evolved out of and to what extent it was expressive of English life and society of the seventeenth century, and in what manner and degree the settlement and organization of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania resulted from and are related to that life.

It was the age of English Christian Renaissance, of profound and far-reaching religious awakening and aspiration. The English conscience, chained and tossed about as a sort of King's football for ages, was asserting itself as never before in appeals to rulers for justice, in petitions for freedom to worship God according to its own instincts and dictates. William Penn was one of the most original and forceful incarnations and new-voicings of all that. It was an age of flat rebellion against all unholy, unlawful and unjust pretensions of kings and rulers of every degree—an age of turbulent unrest and the seething and bubbling of those forces which in themselves are always the birth throes of a new creation. William Penn was the quintessence of all this. He was much more and in some respects much less than a Quaker, as we understand that term to-day.

The age of English literature had gone, leaving a spirit behind it that still permeates the world. The age of English Puritanism—that is, literally, of justice and fair play—of which English Quakerism was but a modest kinsman, had come, and in one shape or

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\* Written for the Bicentennial of Penn's Landing in America, October, 1882.

another is revolutionizing all the nations of the earth. William Penn was cavalier, courtier, Puritan, Quaker and rebel all in one, and Providence gave him the opportunity, in one sense forced on him the necessity, of projecting and organizing the best principles and forces of his age into the civilization and the nation of the future.

William Penn was neither before nor behind his age, but of it. His literary ability was trifling and unworthy of notice. No Englishman in his age was literary in any exclusive sense. Even Milton wrote in prose and verse as a prophet of the soul, moved by conscience and the prevailing religious spirit of the century. It was not art but life that moved him. He belongs to what is called sacred rather than to secular literature. Locke and Baxter and George Fox were all Penn's superiors from a merely literary and intellectual standpoint, but what with his wealth, his position, his restless reconstructive energy, he became alike the servant of all and the master of all, but only through infinite and vexing tribulation. He was pregnant of noble impulses and lofty ideas without the literary ability to express them or the executive ability to organize them into society.

"While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakespeare was taking his farewell of this world," April 23, 1616. Twenty-nine years later—years of strain and struggle between King Charles and his Parliaments, June 14, 1645, while Charles Stuart was fighting his last battle against Cromwell and armed Puritanism, battle of Naseby—William Penn was a lusty baby, eight months old; born October 14, 1644. One year before, Hampden had fallen on the field of battle, fighting for the same principle that gave to Penn's life whatever of dignity and lasting honor it had or has. Four years later English Puritanism, in the name of God's eternal justice, had tried, convicted and condemned the English King—a deed unprecedented in the history of the world. It was an age when reform—meaning by that the sharpest practice, acceptance of gravest and bitter responsibilities and sufferings—was the natural air a child had to breathe, and William Penn, born in the parish of St. Catharine's, near the Tower of London, his father a sea captain in the Parliamentary navy, was born to moral conflict, as the sparks fly upward. And again, while William Penn was entering himself of Christ Church College, Oxford, Oliver Cromwell was taking his farewell of this world—



armed Puritanism falling thus with its victorious weapons by its side, while unarmed Puritanism, called Quakerism, was getting itself well born, and born again.

Quakerism and William Penn were of simultaneous birth. It was in 1643—year of Hampden's death, one year before Penn was born—that George Fox felt called to leave his paste-horn and hog's bristles to proclaim the inner light that had smitten him through many a meditative hour, and in 1647 he founded the first Society of Friends. In his preaching Fox said that men should quake at the name of the Lord, and one Gervase Bennett, an independent preacher—evidently more of a wag than a parson—said Fox and his followers were Quakers. Same year, 1647, some of the agitators—lay haranguers of the Cromwell army—are said to have had wild notions about the swift attainability of perfect freedom, civil and religious, and a practical millennium on this earth, for the advocacy of which, leading to flat mutiny, one Trooper Arnold was shot dead then and there. In the army they were called Levelers. They were intent on bringing in a new era to restore the creation to its former condition. "They will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority." They digged and dibbled beans on the common lands at St. Margaret's Hill, near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill in the same quarter. They were brought before Cromwell as disturbers of the peace and as insubordinate members of society. While they were before the General they stood with their hats on, and being demanded the reason thereof, they said because he was but their fellow creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase. "Give honor to whom honor is due," they said: "Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question." All of which very forcibly suggests Penn's conduct towards his father and the civil authorities thirty years later.

It is now April, 1649; Charles Stuart is well out of the way; George Fox has been preaching Quakerism for about six years; Oliver Cromwell has stamped the Leveler principle well out of the Parliamentary army, where there never was nor can be any place for it, and William Penn is five years old. The next year, 1650, Cromwell fights his battle of Dunbar, serving the Scotch Lesley and his army of three-and-twenty thousand men about as he had served King Charles and his royalists at Naseby five years before, the real thing to be noted in these days being that the strong, deep battle of life in those years, as usual, was twofold—armed Puritan-

ism fighting against the injustices of kings, and unarmed Puritanism, called Quakerism, with its inner light fighting against the injustices of Puritans and kings.

Penn's father, Sir William Penn, "knight and sometimes general," was born at Bristol, England, 1621, was son of Captain Giles Penn, several years Consul for the English in the Mediterranean, of the Penns of Penslodge, in the county of Wilts, and those Penns of Penn in the county of Bucks, and by his mother from the Gilberts in the county of Somerset, originally from Yorkshire, and was addicted from his youth to maritime affairs. A robust, genial, brusque man, of the noted type of the English 'squire and nobleman of the seventeenth century; believing in God with some sincerity, but keeping a firm grip on the hilt of the sword; ready to fight for King or Commonwealth as seemed right to them at the dawning or closing of any particular day, and especially addicted to good living and fat estates, with as much peace as possible—such a man was William Penn's father, a man of the world; a man of undoubted valor, full of honors and instinct with determined ambition that William, his first-born, should grow up as the son of an admiral ought to grow up, so that he might advance the family interests and keep his eye on the main chance for all the honors and gold legitimately to be had. It is worthy of note just here that the Penn's country, Southwestern England, was also Cromwell's country, and Shakespeare's country, and Roger Bacon's country, too, thus having the honor of being the birthplace of much that is supremest in English history to this very hour.

Of Penn's mother little seems to be known save that she was the daughter of John Jasper, of Rotterdam. In all that one reads of the Admiral and of William Penn the mother is seldom mentioned, takes, or is given, a retiring position, characteristic of the recognized sphere of woman in those times. But the Jaspers of Rotterdam must be hunted up sooner or later, and all the lineaments of their life as related to William Penn must be gathered and portrayed. That the Jaspers were a solid, earnest people seems beyond question, and there is not wanting evidence to one who reads between the lines that William Penn's mother, like Goethe's mother, had a good deal more to do with shaping the destiny of her son than had the father, whose name and nature were more generally understood.

For services rendered, Cromwell had given the Admiral a hand-

some estate in Ireland, and in 1656, two years before Oliver Cromwell's death—William Penn now twelve years old—the Admiral removed with his family to Ireland. A safe retreat in any possible changing of the tides; tides, in fact, constantly changing; Charles II plotting the restoration, and Oliver Cromwell, surrounded with weaklings, fully realizing that there was not a man among them able to stem those tides when he had gone. Hasten thy education, bright boy, in Ireland. Armed Puritanism is well-nigh done with its work, and the future, God having provided no better, depends very largely on thee. Thou, in a dumb, inarticulate way, art the best that England has to offer the future ages of this world.

William hastened, too, fast enough; "diligently pursued his studies under the direction of a private tutor in Ireland," and at the age of fifteen, some say sixteen, was entered as a student at Oxford; all this about the time that Oliver Cromwell was dying at old Whitehall—George Fox that very day, Friday, September 3, 1658, having an appointment with Cromwell, seeking some respite for suffering Friends, found that he was dead.

Now let William Penn go to Oxford and rebel all he wills. The only thing in England that Quaker or King dared not rebel against is gone. Penn has passed his childhood and, though he knows it not, is master of future kings and nations, as far as there is true reason in his head and true virtue in his soul.

It is not difficult to get a glimpse of William Penn at Oxford, a lad of sixteen—son of an Admiral, dressed with such toggery as such sons were usually clothed in, the picture of health and of innocent, splendid boyhood. Pious adulation says: "He advanced rapidly in learning and cultivated the acquaintance of those students who were most distinguished for learning and virtue"—words which, strictly speaking, are a little too large to apply to Oxford or other college boys of sixteen—"while at intervals he engaged in manly sports"—such manly sports as boys usually engage in—"and athletic exercises, in which he took great delight." That is it, exactly. His emotional nature was large and tended at times to seriousness. He was not strikingly intellectual, but he was a good fellow. His body was the best of him in those years, as it should be with every boy. He was fond of running, leaping and abundant sport and exercise. It was the best blood of England bounding in a healthy boy. And if—yes, if—Oliver Crom-



well had not died and Oxford University had remained under Puritan dictation, and Thomas Loe had not lost his university occupation, William Penn might have got all the pious training his most pious friends of these times could have desired for him. But Cromwell did die, Oxford passed out of Puritan control, Thomas Loe lost his Oxford position and henceforth went into a sort of Moody and Sankey revival business. The exact calibre and type of this Thomas Loe are not easily gotten at, and it is a pity they are not, for henceforth Mr. Loe is destined time and again to be Penn's saviour from the temptations of the world—in fact, to save Penn from himself and his worldly father and the devil and a host of devils. Thomas Loe, the Oxford revivalist, is, in truth, the spiritual founder of Pennsylvania.

With the restoration of Charles II, Oxford University came again under kingly and ecclesiastical control; the boys were expected to attend college prayers and in every way to observe the discipline of the institution.

And here is the first real knotty point of Penn's life, knotty and naughty. It must not be palliated or excused; but, as far as real religious conviction had anything to do with it, must be forgiven. Penn found that some of his fellow students were, like himself, dissatisfied with the established order of worship. Every shepherd knows what this means. The sheep get together in little clumps, hang their heads, and nod and blink and bleat a little. All that is needed is a leader. Never long to wait. The leader clears the fence or jumps the weak place in the hedge and even the lambs soon creep through the holes or between the rails. Penn was that leader at Oxford under the inspiring influence of Thomas Loe's preaching. The boys determined to absent themselves from college prayers; determined to fight the entire college notion of the means of grace in this world; struck for a sort of personal piety, and, it is said, they tore the surplices over the heads of such students as were willing to take their religion according to university methods. Of course, the boys made it a matter of conscience. So did the college, and the only solution is that professors will be professors and boys will be boys.

Penn had no notion of yielding to authority. He never had much of a father's training. His mother fondled him and nursed his impulsive ways. No college will have its surplice pulled over its eyes by a set of boys. Penn was expelled from Oxford for

insubordination; sent home to the Admiral. Admiral Penn was white with rage; felt himself and his son humiliated; but the Jasper mother did her best. "Pious adulation" says that Admiral Penn, being "a man of the world, could not enter into the feelings of his son." Likely not. When William met his father, though, Admiral Penn did manifest a good deal of patience and self-control. He coaxed William, advised him, tried to persuade him that this Loe-religious business was utterly out of his (the Admiral's) calculations touching the destiny of his son. William Penn is now a youth of about seventeen years, tough, pliable, sober, fixed; has notions about freedom of conscience, religious liberty and personal piety; is in disgrace, but does not realize it. His admirers call it patience and religious awakening; some people would call it stiff-neckedness, the result of deficient training, to some extent an excess of spleen, an over-lymphatic tendency and decided cussedness. No doubt this at heart was Admiral Penn's view of the matter, for, after plying William by all the known arts of moral suasion, the Admiral—blessed be heaven that he had sense and pluck to do so—gave William a sound thrashing and drove him out of doors. If a boy's religion is worth anything it can stand that sort of usage gladly. If it is not, the sooner a boy or a man finds that out the better.

Thank heaven there is in a mother's heart a religion that smiles benignly at all college prayers, and is as much deeper than Puritanism and Quakerism as the Atlantic Ocean is deeper than the Susquehanna River. William Penn is not yet ready to become a roving missionary; must not become a mendicant or an outlaw; must in some way be reconciled to the Admiral, his natural protector, and be brought back to the paternal fireside. Nothing can do this now but the Rotterdam mother. The Admiral and William have both got their English aroused. The Admiral has his authority to maintain, and William thinks he must look after Thomas Loe's religion. There is no sense of relenting on either side. The mother talks to the Admiral, steals interviews with her dear boy William, "intercedes for her son." The Admiral relents, forgives, recalls his son. No doubt William has been pretty well scared meantime; has found, too, that communion with God includes some very hard knocks from other quarters, and evidently is not quite sure of his ground.

Two hundred years ago, as now, immature religious impulses

could not well find a quicker antidote than a trip to Paris, and this was the medicine Admiral Penn chose for the cure of his son, 1661 or 1662. William Penn, aged about eighteen, started for France to see the world—something else than the Thomas Loe and Mother Jasper world; a new world always, the world of actual, everyday life and death and sin. Penn had grown docile; was quite willing to do as the Admiral said and try to be a man. He resided first in Paris; saw its sights; took it all in; then went to Saumur; made the acquaintance of Moses Amyrault, professor of divinity at Saumur, acquired a knowledge of the French language, fought a duel, took to Parisian manners and culture as easily as he had taken to Thomas Loe—a receptive, untaught young man, simply getting his bearings and learning how to walk in a world like this. Returned to England in 1664, “a modish person, grown quite a fine gentleman,” with no more notion of Thomas Loeism or “a holy life” than a chicken has of swimming.

The Admiral saw that his little game was working like a charm; was delighted with his fine son; had him entered as a student of law at “Lincoln’s Inn,” the London center of legal lore and training. There is no evidence that Penn ever applied himself with any determined zeal to the study of law. In fact, it looks very much as if the Parisian life had dissipated a good deal of his previous capability of concentration. At all events, in the spring of 1665, within a year after Penn’s return from France, the British fleet, with the Duke of York in command and Admiral Penn as second in command, sailed against the Dutch and William Penn accompanied his father. The English victory off Harwich is well known, and April and May, 1665, there are some very clumsy letters of Penn’s written at Harwich—letters which it seems difficult to believe a son of his years ever sent a father in the Admiral’s position. Plainly, William was not cut out for a filial diplomat. After a short trial of naval life and diplomacy he returned to his legal studies, but to be resmitten with the gospel rather than to persevere in the study of the law. “Man’s necessity is God’s opportunity.” While pursuing his studies London was visited with the plague of 1665. The ravages of it re-awakened all Penn’s early religious questionings. William grew more and more serious. The Admiral observed it, grew anxious and determined to try another cure.

In the spring of 1666—age now twenty-two—William sets out



for Ireland. The Admiral has an estate there. William has a tact for business and can look after the father's Irish interests for a while, till the plague blows over and the spleen subsides. William takes letters of introduction to Sir George Lane, secretary of the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In a word, by every pre-arrangement that worldly planning knows, William Penn is introduced to all the tempting pleasures of the Irish vice-regal court and all that beauty, all that pleasure and luxury can do to thwart the way of Providence were well applied to the life of William Penn in those Irish days. In fact, nature seemed to be working against herself. There was a mutiny among the garrison of Carrickfergus and Penn was asked to join, or volunteered to join, the forces under Lord Arran, second son of the Duke of Ormond, upon whom devolved the duty of quelling the mutiny. Penn caught hold of his sword as readily as he had taken to Thomas Loe, and fought so bravely in putting down rebellion at Carrickfergus one might have imagined he was doing penance for his own mutiny at Oxford. The Duke wanted to make William Penn captain of the foot company, and William was quite ready to be made captain of foot. Like a dutiful son he wrote to his father for permission, and—blindness of blindness—the Admiral refused. It was his last chance for making a man of the world out of William Penn. The Admiral's refusal was the spoiling of a good soldier and the making of something not yet very clearly defined.

“There is a faith which overcomes the world and there is a faith which is overcome by the world.” Things happen very strangely in this world. Unbelief sniffs the mystery at a respectful distance and passes on. Belief too often falls into twaddle and misses the light, which in its true shining is ever brighter than the sun. Somehow, while in Ireland, William Penn went, they say on business, to Cork, and somehow there happened to be Quaker meeting at Cork while Penn was in town, and somehow it was announced that Thomas Loe would attend Quaker meeting there on a given day, and somehow Penn heard of it. The spirit did so much. Penn attended the meeting, and “after an interval of silence” Thomas Loe arose and began a discourse with the above words. Now, Admiral Penn and all the vice-regal and royal courts in this world, and all the devils in all worlds, do your utmost; one with God is a majority. Thomas Loe has outwitted you all. You can never again coax or call or force William Penn back into military life or

Parisian folly. William Penn henceforth, as far as the gods can remake a man, is remade—born again. “The die is cast,” as all the biographers put it. Henceforth William Penn will show a faith that overcomes the world, so to speak. His ways will not be sunny or beautiful, sometimes will be very questionable; but, taken all in all, a thousand admirals, lords, kings and Macaulays can neither make a sea captain or a liar out of this man henceforth. God and Thomas Loe did it, and we would add that the Rotterdam mother made it possible for the work to be done. All very, very queer, isn’t it?

Some time after this memorable meeting, Penn being at another Friends’ meeting in Cork in the autumn of 1667, he was with others apprehended and carried before the Mayor, who observing his dress to be different from that of the Friends, perhaps having an inkling, too, that he was the son of Admiral Penn, offered to set him at liberty on his giving bond for his good behavior, which, refusing, he was, with eighteen others, committed to prison. While in prison Penn wrote an elaborate letter of explanation to the Earl of Orrery, Lord Minister of Munster—a letter quite in the grandiloquent style of the times. Some people profess to see in this letter the germs of universal toleration and much else that the world has not yet fully attained. In fact, the letter is a very wordy protest against unlawful and unjustifiable arrest, with an appeal to be set at liberty. The appeal was granted and Penn immediately released. This first touch of real persecution only doubled his devotion to the cause of the Friends and was his best preparation for missionary labor.

It is passing strange that any one man or set of men, bishops or kings, should ever have conceived the right to dictate what another man or set of men should believe; but they have, and do and will. William Penn found this out to his cost. Penn’s twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth years, say from the summer of 1668 to 1670, were at once among the most pitiable and the bravest of his life. He was constantly struggling with theological questions that were beyond his scope and training; constantly taking up the gauntlet of discussion offered by inferior and fifth-rate dissenting preachers; working himself into heats of debate, and writing just such tracts as never did any good or can do any, and as reward for all this excellent endeavor was half his time in prison.

Thomas Vincent was a parson at Spitalfields. Some of the

members of his flock visited Friends' meeting and became "convinced," as it is called. Thomas Vincent seeing his sheep running in this way was, naturally enough, enraged: Said the Quakers held damnable doctrines, as that is always damnable which affects one's own bread and butter. The Quakers felt hurt; they often felt that way. Penn was determined to defend the Friends and if possible silence this Thomas Vincent. There was a discussion—a doctrinal, religious discussion. Vincent questioned and Penn and Quaker Whitehead answered—answered a good deal more than Vincent wanted answered, and, as usual, the pious meeting broke up in a row. Vincent was more than satisfied; Penn was not satisfied at all, and having no further hope of silencing Vincent by controversy Penn wrote "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." It was meant to demolish Vincent, the doctrine of imputed righteousness, the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, and a good many things and isms not quite cleared out of the way to this day, nor likely to be.

"This work gave great offense to the clergy, especially to the Bishop of London, and Penn was sent to the Tower, confined there with great rigor and his friends denied access to him. After having been some time in prison he was told by his servant, or some servant of his father, that the Bishop was resolved he should either publicly recant or die a prisoner. Penn answered: "All is well; the prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot," and he at once set to work on his pamphlet, "No Cross No Crown." It shows plainly enough that at heart Penn had a true grasp on the one and only true spirit of religion; further than that, the less said the better. And Mr. Penn was not original in this line of thought and speech. For seventeen hundred years it had been as familiar to true believers as it was to Jesus and to Paul. Penn grew very weary of the prison. Wrote a letter to Lord Arlington, pleading that my Lord would represent his (Penn's) case to the king. No answer. Penn budged quite a jot; wrote his tract: "Innocency With her Open Face," presented by way of apology for "The Sandy Foundation Shaken." It is of small moment whether this tract was a recantation of the doctrines in the "Sandy Foundation" or no. Those doctrines have as many statements and shades of explanation as a sunset after a storm. This third tract was considered a yielding on Penn's part. It evinced at least a less rebellious spirit, and more than



likely the Admiral interfered, and it is said the Duke of York had a hand in it, too. Penn was released. Penn had said that the Tower was the worst argument in the world to convince him, but it did convince him considerably, and he never was quite so doctrinal again.

The same year, 1668, Thomas Loe is about leaving this world—a clear, steady, pious light, mixed with a good deal of cute reserve, gleaming from the old man's face as he passes on to the unknown. William, soon as he is out of prison, goes to see Thomas Loe and to say a long good-by. It was a touching scene, and were there time it is worth dwelling on. This visit done with and Thomas and William each going his way, the Admiral once more sends Penn to Ireland, to look after the Irish interests again. William proceeded with alacrity. While in Ireland he wrote a letter to the Young Convinced—meant as much for himself as for anybody; aided in securing the release of some Friends from prison in Ireland, completed his business there and returned to England in the year 1670; had a sort of reconciliation with his father—was, in fact, growing less aggressive and pugnacious himself and more manly.

This same year the noted "conventicle act" was revived. Nominally it was intended to prevent seditious gatherings of the people, but practically it was made to fit the harmless assembling of the Quakers. One day Penn went to meeting in Grace Church Street; found the door guarded by soldiers. "No admittance, Mr. Penn. Sorry, sir, but you can't get in. 'Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one.'" But Mr. Penn's sword has gone long ago—that is, for a time. Penn and the Friends did not resist; did not break open the doors, but after standing awhile in silence Penn felt moved to preach. This, of course, was worse than preaching inside. Penn and Linen-draper Quaker William Mead were arrested by the constables, warrants all ready, and this time Mr. Penn and Mr. Mead are huddled off to Newgate. From Newgate Market, at the sign of the Black Dog, under date of August 15, 1670, Penn writes his father a letter explaining the situation and tacitly seeking his mediation. But the gentlemen have been legally arrested and must stand trial.

This trial is historic and can only be glanced at here. It was an infamous farce from beginning to end. Penn was clearly master of the situation, and this only enraged the Justices so that they forgot all law and all reason. A jury was chosen. Penn and Mead

pleaded not guilty and the farce began. The Quakers came into court with their hats on. Some of the court lackeys took Penn's and Mead's hats off. The Mayor ordered their hats on again and then fined the prisoners for keeping their hats on. Penn wanted to know by what law he was to be tried. The Recorder replied: "You are an impudent fellow. It's *lex non scripta*." And surely it was. The prisoners were abused and the jury commanded to bring in a verdict of guilty. Jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." Were sent back three times to get a different verdict, the Recorder assuring them the third time: "We will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it." God did help them, and again the verdict was "not guilty." On the solid basis of the fundamental laws of England Penn now demanded his liberty, but instead the prisoners were haled to the Baledock and from thence back to Newgate for the non-payment of their fines. O Justice, thy name is Chameleon, and when thou art needed thou art never there. Never? Nay, in the long run, always there!

The year 1670 is the year of Admiral Penn's death; sails all furled, and no more orders or thrashings from Admiral Penn. While William is in Newgate the Admiral is on a bed of sickness; bed of death. Under dates of September 5 and 6, 1670, William writes touching letters from Newgate to his father; some way gets out of prison; hastens home, and, harshness now all gone from both sides, there is some fine, high talk between father and son. The Admiral has learned to admire Penn's pluck, and William has suffered enough to have had a good deal of his early nonsense cleared out of his head. Every man is a good preacher on his death-bed. Much that the Admiral said has been said over and over again under such circumstances. But one thing as pregnant of a great deal in the same line that has since been repeated too often may be worth repeating here: "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of living you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." All of which proves plain enough that "Sir William Penn, sometimes General," was not as good a prophet as he was an Admiral. In truth, the Penns were but indifferent teachers of religion; their real work lay in other spheres. "Bury me by my mother. Live in love;" and thus ended the stormy life of Admiral Penn.

It was now the heyday of William Penn's existence. He minded a prison as little as a palace; had abundant religious con-

viction, and, at his father's death, about fifteen hundred pounds a year to sustain him. Same year, 1670, he had a spirited discussion with one Ives, who, from his pulpit, had cast injurious reflections on the Society of Friends. He visited Oxford, and finding the Vice-Chancellor dealing in tricky ways to entrap Quakers and other non-conformists in order to prosecute them, Penn wrote the Vice-Chancellor a letter of "severe reproof." Same year he wrote and published a tract called "A Seasonable Caveat Against Popery," endeavoring to show that the Pope and the Catholics were all astray on the religious question, too. Latter part of this year was again arrested at a Friends' meeting, and after a determined discussion with Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, touching the necessity of oaths, Mr. Penn is once more marched to Newgate, and is now decidedly haughty, telling Sir John there is no need of soldiers to take him, Penn, to prison—that he knows the way to Newgate.

This time Penn got better treatment in prison, and while there addressed a spirited remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament on account of the unreasonable enforcing of the conventicle act. And on once more leaving Newgate took a trip into Holland and Germany, in order to preach the gospel, see another part of the world and have a quieter time for a little while. Nothing is known of this first religious visit to Germany, and let us hope it was not unmixed with such recreation as a man of his years naturally craved.

Love-making seems almost as foreign to William Penn as to George Washington, but no doubt they did it. Mr. Penn's little story is treated very decorously: "After his return from his first religious visit on the Continent, Penn, then in his twenty-eighth year, 1672-3, entered into the married state." That is very neat. But what would not modern gossip give for a real glimpse of Gulielma Maria Springett's face and heart just as they dimpled and palpitated in those immortal days? Not a word! She was the daughter of Sir William Springett. Who cares for Sir William? She had a beautiful name, a beautiful face, they say, and "a woman of extraordinary merit and sweetness of temper." "Penn considered it a match of Providence's making." Does not at all say how much he (Penn) had to do with its making. Says, however: "She loved him with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors." There was much in that, but senti-



ment would hardly be welcome here. It was a sweet, true love, and Gulielma Maria, it seems, did the choosing. Billing and cooing? Honeymoon? Hush! They went to live at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire.

In the year 1672 Charles II issued a declaration of indulgence, by which the penal laws against non-conformists were suspended, and the Friends, among others, enjoyed a short respite from persecution. Penn at Rickmansworth is a milder, pleasanter man than he has ever been before. 1672 or 1673, in a confidential letter to Justice Fleming, he wrote: "I know of no religion that destroys courtesy and kindness, which, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians." One of the very best things Penn ever said. Next year, 1673, accompanied by his wife, who is also a Friend, Penn and George Whitehead visited West of England. At Bristol met George Fox, who had just returned from his visit to America. Had great meetings at Bristol and a happy, genial time. Then there was another discussion with Thomas Hicks, and yet for the life of him he could not get his Quaker friends appreciated or understood. Same year, 1672, Penn interposed his influence with Lord Baltimore in behalf of some sufferings of Friends in Maryland, and this is the first touch of his interest in the great New World, which was to occupy the future of his life. In 1673 Charles II revoked the declaration of indulgence, issued the previous year. Friends were again subject to persecution and Penn always doing his best to relieve them.

In the year 1664 the Duke of York, proprietary of the province of New York, assigned to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret the tract of country to the east of the Delaware River and extending to the Hudson and the Atlantic. In honor of Carteret, who was Governor of the island of Jersey, this territory received the name of New Jersey.

Lord Berkeley, in the year 1675, for the sum of £1,000, sold his half of the province of New Jersey to John Fenwick, in trust for Edward Byllinge and his assigns.

Fenwick and Byllinge, both members of the Society of Friends, became involved in a dispute about the property, and, having confidence in the judgment of Penn, they agreed to refer the matter to him for arbitration. The dispute being at length adjusted, Fenwick embarked with his family on the ship Griffith, accompanied by several other Friends, to take possession of the land assigned

him. They landed at a "pleasant rich spot" on the river Delaware, where they commenced a settlement, to which he gave the name of Salem.

In order to promote the settlement and proper government of the colony a constitution was drawn up in the spring of the year 1676, under the title of "Concessions and Agreements of the Proprietors, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Province of West New Jersey," which was subscribed by one hundred and fifty-one names, and in the summer of the same year a deed of partition was signed between Sir George Carteret, on the one part, and Edward Byllinge, William Penn, Gawen Laurie and Nicholas Lucas on the other part.

This deed assigned to Cartaret that part of the province next to New York, under the title of "New East Jersey," and to Byllinge, Penn and others the part bordering on the Delaware, called "New West Jersey," the line being drawn "from the east side of Little Egg Harbour straight north through the country to the utmost branch of Delaware River."

This arrangement gave to Cartaret the settled part of the province on the Passaic and Raritan and to Penn and his friends the uncultivated portion on the Delaware, then mostly in possession of the Indians.

The early Friends had a good many apostolic notions and plans touching the speedy conversion of this world. And, of course, it was not their fault that the world was not immediately converted. It was a much tougher job than either Paul or Penn thought it. In the year 1677 William Penn and George Fox and other Quakers set out to visit the brethren in Germany and make all the converts they could. Most stages of the journey have grown dim enough and need not be recalled, but one episode in it will never grow dim while Penn's name endures. This year the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Frederick and Elizabeth, of Bohemia—she that refused Ladislas, the young King of Poland, because he was Catholic and she was Protestant—was living at Herwerden, in the county of Ravensburg. And it was here, sometime in the late summer of 1677, that Penn and Barclay found her quite ready to be preached to by a man like William Penn. "They were received with more than ordinary expressions of kindness, mostly bestowed on Penn, as is clearly enough gathered even at this late day. There were several meetings, and here is the pious sketch of the last meeting:

"The following day being the first of the week they had a morn-

ing meeting in their chamber at the inn, and at two in the afternoon they had another meeting at the palace, which was attended by several citizens of the town, as well as the family of the Princess. In this meeting the power of divine grace was eminently manifested, and at its close the Princess, taking William Penn by the hand, endeavored to express 'the sense she had of the power and presence of God;' but she could not proceed, and, turning aside, she sobbed aloud, saying: 'I cannot speak to you—my heart is full.' She pressed them to visit her again on their return out of Germany, and they took their leave of her and the Countess, 'praying that they might be kept from the evil of this world.' " Gulielma Maria was not present.

During 1678–9 Penn was in England, writing religious tracts, political pamphlets, taking sides with Friends, helping Algernon Sidney, all the time growing more interested in New Jersey, and through this interest his thought dwelling even more constantly on the western banks of the Delaware, with wondering as to what an earnest man might do there for himself and for his fellow men. He inherited from his father a claim on the British Government for money advanced and services rendered to the amount of £16,000, and in the year 1680 petitioned Charles II to grant him, in lieu of this sum, a tract of country in America, lying north of Maryland, "bounded on the east by the Delaware River, on the west limited as Maryland, and northward to extend as far as plantable." Boundaries between Maryland and Pennsylvania, to be, were fully discussed in the King's Privy Council, and at length, after many delays and much solicitude, Penn had the gratification to learn that his patent was prepared for the King's signature, which was affixed to it under date 4th of March, A.D. 1681.

Within a month from the date of the charter, the King issued a declaration stating the grant had been made to Penn, and requiring all persons settled in the province to yield obedience to him as absolute Proprietor and Governor. About the same time Penn addressed the following letter to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania:

"MY FRIENDS:—I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to let you know that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my lot and care. It is a business that, though I never undertook before, yet God hath given me an understanding of my duty and an honest mind to do it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your change and the King's



choice, for you are now fixed at the mercy of no Governor that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution and has given me His grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness I shall heartily comply with, and in five months resolve, if it please God, to see you. In the meantime, pray submit to the commands of my deputy, so far as they are consistent with the law, and pay him those dues (that formerly you paid to the order of the Governor of New York) for my use and benefit, and so I wish God to direct you in the way of righteousness and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true friend, WM. PENN." (And he was.)

"LONDON, 8th of the month called April, 1681."

This letter, together with the King's declaration, was taken out to the province by Captain William Markham, a cousin of the Proprietary, who was commissioned to act as his deputy.

The commission to Markham, dated 10th of April, 1681, contains the following directions:

First. "To call a council and that to consist of nine, he presiding." Second. "That he does there read my letter to the inhabitants, and the King's declaration of subjection; then (or there) take the inhabitants' acknowledgement of my authority and propriety." Third. "To settle bounds between me and my neighbors, to survey, set out, rent or sell lands, according to (my) instructions, bearing date the 8th of the month called April, 1681." Fourth. "To erect courts, appoint Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace," etc. Fifth. "To call to his aid any of the inhabitants of those provinces for the legal suppression of tumults," etc.

Captain Markham arrived at New York on the 21st of June, O. S. (then 4th month), where he obtained an order from the Lieutenant Governor of that province for the surrender of the territory embraced in the charter of Pennsylvania, which had hitherto been under his jurisdiction. Markham was, also, the bearer of a letter from the King to Lord Baltimore, apprising him of the grant of Pennsylvania to William Penn, and requiring both parties to adjust boundaries. "Lord Baltimore being in the province had an interview with Markham at Upland (now called

Chester), which resulted in discovering, from actual observation, that Upland itself was at least twelve miles south of 40 degrees, and that boundaries (claimed by Baltimore) would extend to Schuylkill." This discovery ended the conference and gave fresh incentives to Penn to obtain from the Duke of York a grant of the Delaware settlements.

In the autumn of this year, 1681, three commissioners were appointed by the Proprietary to proceed to the colony, make arrangements for a settlement, lay out a town and treat with the Indians.

Their names were William Crispin, John Bezar and Nathaniel Allen. Never were men better or more completely advised, and the commissioners bore a characteristic letter to the Indians.

In the spring of this year William Penn was full of arrangements for his first voyage to America, drafting a form of government for the infant colony, writing farewells to wife and friends, all things considered, one of the noblest springtimes of his or any man's existence in this world. Milton had drafted an ideal constitution. Locke had tried his hand on a constitution for Carolina. Penn had a good deal of help with his, but they all hang on to history a good deal as a man's overcoat fits a small boy: either the boy is too small or the coat is too big, nobody knows which. They don't fit, for the simple reason that constitutions, like human bodies and human histories, grow and are not made. Penn's constitution consisted of twenty-four articles, and the following are some of the most important provisions: The government to consist of the Governor and freemen of the province, in form of a Provincial Council and General Assembly, by whom all laws shall be made, courts erected, officers chosen and public affairs transacted; the freemen to choose by ballot, at the first election, seventy-two persons for a Provincial Council, one-third of them to serve three years, one-third two years and one-third one year; and at every succeeding annual election to choose twenty-four persons to serve three years, so that one-third should go out every year, and the body always remain seventy-two in number.

This frame of government was followed by a code of laws, forty in number, agreed upon in England and intended to be altered and amended by an assembly in Pennsylvania, as was done the following year. These laws described the qualifications of freemen entitled to vote or to be elected, which included not only land-

holders but "every inhabitant, artificer or other resident that pays scot and lot to the government."

The things that lay nearest to Penn's heart in the new Constitution did not work the best; in truth, things worked then as now, according to the character of the people themselves. Penn was no more anxious to have churchmen in Pennsylvania than the churchmen had been anxious to have Penn and the Quakers in England. Penn was willing to tolerate all religions, but he would have been very glad if the Episcopalians and others had kept away, so that Quakerism could have covered the ground. Man proposes and God disposes, they say, and every ism has its day.

Never since a ship's sails first caught the winds of heaven did a purer company of human beings risk their lives on the ocean than those who gathered at Deal and sailed in the little ship *Welcome*, late in the summer, say August 30, 1682. The heart of it was peace and peace only. It had a much higher ideal even than the good ship *Mayflower*, and that its ideal has never been realized must not detract from its own especial glory. The *Welcome* had about 100 souls aboard, mostly Friends from Sussex—a cleanly, thrifty people as ever wore drab home-spun and calico gowns. Every provision had been made for the comfort of the passengers. There was lots of fine conversation and much religious meditation on the voyage. The very angels, it seems, might have taken special charge of the *Welcome*, but they did not. Nobody knows why. In some sense perhaps they did. But the *Welcome* was one of the most ill-fated little ships that ever crossed the sea. Smallpox broke out on the voyage and thirty of the one hundred passengers died of that loathsome disease, dropped overboard there in mid-ocean; keeping silent meeting to this day. What a time people have getting a place to pray in, so they may only preach when the spirit moves.

The *Welcome* arrived off the Capes October 24, 1682, and the Delaware and the march of events henceforth, over all its regions, were to be full of William Penn. But though he tried very wisely and persistently, Penn never became to any great extent a part of Pennsylvania up to his dying day, and is less a part of it now than ever. But here are the *Welcome* and William Penn in the Delaware River before New Castle, October 27, 1682. Landed at New Castle on the 27th; next day produced his deeds from the Duke of York and received possession of the town and country adjoining,



"which was signified by the delivery of turf and twig and water and soyle of the river Delaware." To this day New Castle, Del., is a good deal more like Penn, and what Penn meant to make Philadelphia, than is the great city of his own founding. Of course the New Castle folks received him gladly, and of course he made a "speech to the old Magistrates, in which he explained to them the design of his coming, the nature and end of government, and of that more particularly which he came to establish."

He next renewed the Magistrates' commissions and received from them and some of the other inhabitants written pledges of fidelity and obedience.

October 29, 1682, Penn reached Upland and, after consulting with Thomas Pearson, a leading Friend among the Welcome's survivors, Penn named the place Chester, after old Chester in England, whence Thomas Pearson came. From this time dates are somewhat uncertain. Some say the Welcome kept on her way; others that Penn traveled from Chester to Philadelphia in an open barge. Nobody knows. After passing four miles above the mouth of the Schuylkill they came to a place called Coaquamock, where there was a high, bold shore, covered with lofty pines, now foot of our Pine Street. There the site of the infant city had been established, and from this point gradually the Swedes and the Dutch will fade out and the Quaker and still other silent and less silent worshippers will come in. It is an endless story this, that is beginning somewhere at the foot of Dock Street or Pine Street, last of October and first of November, Anno Domini 1682.

The site of Philadelphia had been determined by the Commissioners in conformity with the Proprietary's instructions before his arrival, and it is probable some progress had been made in laying out the streets and building houses.

From Philadelphia Penn ran over to New York—route not given—to pay his respects to the Duke of York by visiting his province. Pennsbury Manor was then being built, and Penn probably went from Philadelphia to Pennsbury by barge; but that is for the antiquarians, as was said. At the end of a year after Penn's arrival about one hundred houses were finished in Philadelphia, besides a fine quay three hundred feet long, and two years later there were six hundred houses. Let those keep track of them that can.

There is no historic data for the story of William Penn's treaty under the old Kensington elm, long ago blown down, and on the whole treaty business these points seem pretty clearly established :

First. That the first land purchased from the Indians for Penn was acquired before he arrived, by Governor Markham on July 15, 1682.

Second. That during the fall of 1682 Penn had no special conferences with the Indians in any representative capacity ; that he was not in those months as favorably impressed with the " noble red man " as he had been at the distance of three or four thousand miles away in England.

Third. That Penn never held any special treaty with the Indians simply for the purpose of an understanding of goodwill and friendship, or if he did no record has been kept of it.

Fourth. That June 25 and July 14, 1683, Penn did hold conference with the Indians, when purchases of land were made and beautiful treaties entered into, with the understanding that " we will transmit this league between us to our children. It shall be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean without rust or spot, between our children and our children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon and stars endure."

But, alas ! the children on both sides soon began to eat sour grapes and, taking the juice too freely, got their teeth on edge, and from that day to this Indian treaties have been broken faster than and before they are made.

Two years have gone since Penn and his fellows sailed from Deal ; years full of life and every variety of changing scene and endearments to William Penn ; years of quiet waiting and watching through many evil reports to Gulielma Maria Springett Penn at Rickmansworth in Hertfordshire. Gulielma has found that there were many things not entirely covered by William's wise counsel to her, and while Penn is hobnobbing with Indians she is sick in England, heart-sick and broken in other ways, and Penn turns his face toward home again.

Governor Penn embarked on his return trip on the Endeavor, 12th of August, 1684, and reached his home in about two months, not long before the death of Charles and the accession of James II, who manifested the same interest in the son that he had shown for the Admiral, and among other marks of favor entrusted him with a commission to William and Mary, which had for its subject the advancement of religious liberty. In 1687 King James issued his indulgence to Dissenters, suspending the non-conformity laws and dispensing with tests. This declaration was greatly due to

Penn's influence, which continued with James throughout his reign, being founded on the basis of personal regard and respect. During the next reign this intimacy was the cause of much inconvenience to Penn, who was three times arrested on charges of disloyalty. The last time his danger was serious, two important conspirators having implicated him. Whether the seclusion he sought was forced or voluntary remains a matter of doubt, but it appears that the charge most distinctly formulated was that he was a Jesuit in disguise. While in this position his enemies sought in 1692 to combine the government of Pennsylvania with that of New York, urging as a pretext that the Friends would not contribute to forts and military defenses. Fortunately at this important crisis Lord Preston became an outlaw and Fuller was convicted of perjury; these were the only witnesses against Penn. His friends among the Lords then successfully sought a pardon from the King, which Penn declined to take advantage of, but insisted upon and secured an acquittal before the Privy Council.

So twelve or thirteen years move on, years in which Penn tries to serve King and Quakerism in one breath. And even when in these years Gulielma dies, Pennsylvania, especially Philadelphia, grows away from its founder and is rapidly growing to be a city after its own inclinations and destiny.

In the year 1696 William Penn was married to Hannah, daughter of Thomas Callowhill, of Bristol. The same year he lost his eldest son, Springett, who died in his twenty-first year. This period between his first and second visits to America was altogether the most trying period of Penn's life. It was during these years that those events occurred which led to Macaulay's bitter charges against Penn, most of which charges have been proven either to have been groundless or greatly exaggerated and distorted. On this point it may be said in general that whoever takes William Penn for a disinterested saint is as wide of the mark as Macaulay, who, it seems, took him for an arrant knave. And of the specific charges, the one touching Penn's lucre-agency in the case of the Taunton girls, seems wholly false. That in reference to Penn's questionable conduct in regard to old Baptist Kiffin there seems to be a basis of truth not favorable to Mr. Penn. And in his diplomatic relations with Dr. Hough there might have been a use of blamable cunning. But politics were not run by the Sermon on the Mount in those days any more than now, and Mr. Penn was a good deal of a politician.



December 1, 1696, Penn again visited America, took up his abode at Pennsbury and lived in a style becoming his wealth and high position. Pennsbury has been described again and again. It was taken to pieces nearly a hundred years ago, and what one sees there now is not what William Penn saw. His second reception in Pennsylvania was all that he could have desired, and he no doubt expected to finish his eventful life here in usefulness and tranquility. But the unforeseen project on the part of his foes at home (to change the form of his government from colonial to regal by the introduction of a bill to that effect), by which they would frustrate all his dynastic methods, induced his return to England. He sailed from Philadelphia on the ship *Dalmahoy* in October, 1701, after a residence in the province of about two years, having, on the 29th of that month, convened the inhabitants of Philadelphia and presented them with a charter for the city as an evidence of goodwill. The next day he appointed Andrew Hamilton Lieutenant Governor and James Logan Secretary of the province. After a swift passage of thirty days to Portsmouth he arrived safely in England. Queen Anne ascended the throne the next year, and when Penn presented an address on behalf of the Quakers she gave him a gracious reception, and said: "Mr. Penn, I am so well pleased that what I have said is to your satisfaction that you and your friends may be assured of my protection."

While in this country in 1697 he advanced the proposition to bring all the colonies under one control, and thus really foreshadowed the American Confederation, if not the Constitution and the Union of these late years. Large and comprehensive ideas were as natural to him as was his inability to express them forcibly and build them into society.

Truly, in passing through this world a man plays many parts, and William Penn played more than most men. Born in the reign of Charles I, he lived and held his own through Cromwell's ascendancy, through the brief reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and in his old age Queen Anne was kindly disposed toward him, as has been said. During the latter years of his life, from 1701 to 1718, he made considerable effort to sell out Pennsylvania to the English Government, but never quite succeeded. Like other good men, one of Penn's misfortunes was that he bred sons so unlike himself that the most charitable thing to do is to forget them. Springett might have amounted to something, but of course

Springett died. And what with three successive attacks of paralysis, his memory impaired, his intellect clouded, though his sweetness of temper remained, the declining years of Penn's life were those of mildest second childhood, touching all hearts with sympathy rather than with admiration.

Nature takes and nature gives. To some it is true, and to some it is not true, that while much is given here in life, more is taken quite away. July 30, 1718, at Ruscombe, England, aged 74, William Penn breathed his last. No more discussions, no more imprisonments, no more worry about quit-rents and debts and "Friends." A long silent meeting with silent graves and silent stars; perchance in other cities of other dreams. They buried him at Jordans, old Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, placed him once more beside his long-lost Gulielma Maria; dust to dust; hearts now all gone to dust; while the windy ways of man are as dust that rises up and is quickly laid again. Nobody knows which is Penn's grave. It does not matter. But this matters: While Penn is dying at Ruscombe and taking his first long rest, one Benjamin Franklin is dabbling in printer's ink in Boston; 1723 comes to Philadelphia and stays. And our future belongs to free speech and such æsthetics and other religion as the mind of man may conceive.

W. H. THORNE.

## THE FIRST FROST.

ON through the frosted early morn, came stealing a sunlit ray,  
A message from the sun it bore, through tangled branch and twisted limb to the  
leaf, as it stopped on its way.  
It kissed the frosted blushing leaf, and onward sped its love to bring  
To the fern, the gorse, the sea, the world, nor stopped on its way to sing.

The kiss it gave the leaf so red was but the touch of death,  
For fluttering down to the earth it fell; the grass its tears in silence wept  
And the early breeze in sorrow crept,  
As it lay with dying breath.

New York.

O. H. P. LaFARGE.

## SINCERITY IN ART AND LITERATURE.

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EVERY day experience affords abundant evidence that "the style is the man." When the dictum is applied to art, in any of its forms, it is found to be much more just than when it is applied to conduct. In both cases "style" stands for external manifestation of internal state, and, therefore, style is an indication of sincerity or its contradiction. As no man can invariably be a hypocrite in his life, owing to surprise, or sudden emotion, even the most insincere man must occasionally give expression to his genuine thoughts, or feelings, in his intercourse with his fellow-men.

In the case of art, however, it is quite possible for a man to deliberately determine upon a definite manner of expressing himself, and to always confine himself to that manner. Hence, in any form of art a man may be invariably sincere, or not, as he chooses.

Especially in literature may a man be genuine and true, or spurious and false, as it shall please him. If a writer in his oral conversations with others give expression to opinions, for instance, full of optimism and faith in humanity, which in his written communications he flatly contradicts by bitter pessimism and sneering skepticism, it is quite impossible to believe that he is sincere in both these manifestations of himself; and for the reason just given the chances are that there is more of affectation in his written than in his oral speech. In an analogous way a man whose oral speech is simple and direct, and whose written language is fantastic and involved, is probably posing back of his pen. It is only the man whose oral and written speech are consistent that can be regarded as sincere in his inmost nature. Such a man was Carlyle, for it is the unanimous verdict of every one, that was fortunate enough to see and hear him in social intercourse, that the doughty old Scot gave out from his lips just such rugged speech as he formed with his pen. Therefore, whatever else may be said in criticism of Carlyle, it may not be said of him that he was wanting in sincerity as a writer, or that he was weakly striving to imitate any other author's style.

It is a very far cry from Carlyle to George Meredith, but in one point of view the novelist suggests the philosopher. In a very tiresome romance of Meredith, entitled "Lord Ormont and his



Aminta," there are presented to the reader half-a-dozen persons. Each one of these individuals gives out sentences chiefly distinguished for being apparently started in the middle, and for an inconsequence which makes the reader to supply in imagination almost any beginning. Not only in the incompleteness of their sentences, but, too, in the awkwardness of their thoughts, any one of these impossible personages is virtually only the reproduction of all the others.

Of course such writing is "rugged," and so far suggests Carlyle, but there the resemblance begins and ends. Carlyle must impress his reader that his "ruggedness" covers clearness of thought and vision. Meredith must impress his reader that he has started out to imitate Carlyle, and that he has ended in simply being grotesquely absurd. It may be that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but that can be only where there is an honest admission on the imitator's part that he is an imitator; otherwise to rob a people by counterfeiting its coin is a pleasant way of complimenting such a people, and should be regarded as an honor by those to whom the compliment is paid. Without doubt there is such a thing as unconscious imitation. So, without doubt, two persons pursuing the same line of thought may parallel each other's work. Such imitation may be due to the limitations imposed by nature upon the human intellect, which being under a necessity to operate in certain definite directions, and subject to certain definite laws, always, when normal, arrives at a certain definite conclusion. Take, for instance, the well-known case of Darwin and Wallace. To this very day it is an open question which of these great explorers of physical nature was the first to discover the laws governing its development. But neither Darwin nor Wallace made any attempt to reproduce the work of another, still less to attempt to offer it as his own. The honesty and modesty of true genius made such pettiness an impossibility on the part of either of these two men, to whom the world is so deeply indebted. And yet in this case there was unmistakable imitation, just as it was unmistakably unconscious. La Marck influenced both these men, and probably did much to give direction to their thought, but neither Darwin nor Wallace undertook to make himself a likeness of La Marck.

Originality, strictly speaking, there is none, and there can be none, for no one can rid himself of what is in his memory that he has got from others, nor can one always be sure that the thought

of any moment, which seems to him to be entirely his own, is really more than something that he has in the past derived from another. At best, the nearest approach to originality which any one can reasonably hope for is the development of some thought which, in its incipency, one has obtained from another, and so far one may be original, but only so far. If it be demonstrably true that the present state of every material object is due to a state of that object in the past, it is just as demonstrably true that the present state of each man's intellect is what it is because of his past experiences.

If men were pure spirit, that is if they were beings composed only of perfectly unclouded intellect and absolutely free will, they would necessarily agree always as to what constitutes the true and the good; but men are not pure spirit, for a part of each man's self is his body with its animal passions and imagination. The important difference between men, the difference that makes one man rational and another man irrational, is that in one man the imagination and the other animal constituents of his nature are under the control of his intellect, while with the irrational man the reverse order obtains.

As the intellect, if supreme in man, would perceive the absolutely true, it follows that the nearer it is to that condition the more clearly and justly will it judge. When the intellect is dominated by the imagination, which is necessarily occupied with material objects, it is almost certain to be misled in its judgments. The man of original thoughts, then, is not the man that gives being to any idea, but the one that sees and gives due form to what is already existing.

Not only does the intellect tend to operate in the choice of the true, but the will enters in to choose the good. Here, again, the difference in men is made manifest by the preponderance of the intellect, or the imagination. While the will is free in man its freedom is relative, not absolute, for it can choose only what is offered to it by the intellect, or the imagination; it cannot of itself originate any object for its choice. Hence, when the will adopts a certain course it is simply choosing one of many courses offered for its acceptance by the two faculties just named. In the choice of that object, however, it is only free when it is clearly cognizant of the relative importance of all the objects presented to it, and when it is under no restraint.

The proper term of the activity of the will is the essentially good, but that can be discerned only by the intellect, untrammelled by the imagination, or the passions; but as in the case of the vast majority of men the imagination and the passions are far more likely to have the mastery than the intellect, it is exceedingly probable that very few of their actions can be called free. Even when under the control of the passions the will of man can choose only some apparent good; that is, something which to it, at the moment of choosing, seems good, although, in fact, such object of choice be in essence bad.

The man worthy of praise, the man that humanity can point to as a credit to his race is, then, the man that has subjected his imagination and his passions to his intellect. Only such a man is capable of discerning the really true, and of choosing it as the good. Such a man was Darwin, for modesty is a mark of the spiritual man, and modesty was one of the distinguishing traits of the author of "*The Origin of Species*."

While it may be that in certain of his hypotheses he was misled from the truth, that can have been only because of some defect in his powers of ratiocination, and as he himself in his beautiful humility admits he was not disciplined in metaphysical reasoning. Here, again, is displayed one of the conspicuous traits of the man of real greatness, an appreciation of his own limitations.

In the abstract it seems strange that any man, honest of purpose and void of self-conceit, should have difficulty in measuring his own intellectual capabilities, for very few men fail to appreciate the limitations of their bodily powers; but when one applies the test to oneself the difficulty is unmistakably apparent. If a man attempt to lift a weight he will very soon know whether it is beyond his strength; but if he set about doing some work proper to the intellect the chances are extremely great that he will appreciate less than any one else whether he succeeds. Why should this be? Why should it be easier for any person to measure his bodily strength than to measure his mental capacity?

Simply because in measuring his bodily strength, the agent that he employs for that purpose is not the agent that has been exerting itself; whereas, when he endeavors to estimate his mental capacity, the agent in both cases is the same.

It is quite impossible that any judge can do impartial justice in his own case, for either he will, from modesty, underestimate his own merits, or, from vanity, he will overestimate them.



Hence, it so often has happened that men great in literature or some other form of Art, have quite disagreed with all the rest of the world as to the relative merits of their various works. In addition to the difficulty of estimating one's own mental capacity, just adverted to, supersensitiveness has without doubt prevented many a man from even attempting to do what, if he made the effort, he could do well. To a very sensitive person the fear of failure, or the dread of hostile criticism, is as real an obstacle at the threshold of his efforts, as are the prison walls to him that is confined within them.

Another barrier in the way of many men inherently capable of really superior work in Art, is poverty. Many similar actions may proceed from dissimilar motives, but in their finality every human act will display, more or less distinctly, the motive that caused it.

A painting, a book, anything, in a word, that is the product of intellectual effort, must be, in a great measure, the reflection of its author's mental and moral condition while he was engaged in its production, for every work of art is, in its last analysis, the external manifestation of its author's hopes and aspirations. To express clearly one's conception of truth or beauty, one must be wholly under its influence, for otherwise the beauty will be marred, or the truth incomplete. If one set to work upon a picture, or a book, as a means of relieving one's poverty, there must appear in such picture or book something incongruous with perfect beauty or truth.

The only motives adequate to the production of as perfect intellectual work, as a man is capable, must be a desire to benefit humanity, an irresistible impulse to express something beautiful or true, for its own sake, or some religious prompting.

Such motives as these are noble, because of their unselfishness; the desire to overcome one's poverty, on the other hand, is nothing but selfishness, and, however commendable, can never be, by itself, the source of noble effort.

The oft-told tale of Goldsmith having Dr. Johnson to pass upon the "Vicar of Wakefield," so that its author might free himself from one of his manifold creditors, seems, at first sight, to make against the proposition that noble work cannot be the fruit of poverty. But Goldsmith, poor as he always was in money, was rich in a joyous temper, and, so long as the debtors' prison did not

loom up before his eyes, he was not troubled with meditating upon it, and so, although he knew the bitterness of poverty, it never was the motive that set in action his beautiful imagination.

Indeed, it is self-evident that, if a man be prompted to exert any of his faculties by the need of extricating himself from pecuniary difficulties, he will be under the constraining necessity of striving to do that which will please, instead of being able to freely express himself, and the result of such effort cannot be a sincere manifestation of the man's true self.

There are, however, many forms of human activity whose results are very little, if at all, affected by one's pecuniary condition. The clerk in the bank, the salesman in the shop, can, probably, do what is put before them, just as well whether they are earning much or little, but this is simply because their work consists in dealing with subjects quite outside themselves.

To add a column of figures, or to sell a yard of cloth is, to the person familiar with such efforts, largely mechanical, for it makes no demand upon any of his hopes or beliefs. From this circumstance it arises that many men engaged in such pursuits come, in time, to present the appearance of automata, and to be almost devoid of spontaneity. It is only when a man attempts to give out something that is in him that he displays sincerity, or hypocrisy; and as Art, in all its forms, is an expression of something human, Art is, essentially, subjective, and, therefore, the product of sincerity or hypocrisy.

W. R. CLAXTON.

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## MODERN ORIENT AND MODERN OCCIDENT.

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THE earth grows larger as we learn more of it; yet smaller, too, as the means of communication and the swifter circling of thought and observation bring its remote portions closer together.

Here are two books, issuing from the press at the same time, which put the mental hemispheres of the globe—Orient and Occident—into strange nearness, yet present them also in sharp contrast. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's volume, "'Out of the East': Reveries and Studies in New Japan" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an enchanting group of chapters composed by a veritable artist in words; delicately touched with legend, full of vivid portrayal

of actual life, and giving an insight into the sources of the strength Japan now shows in public affairs.

"The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets," by Vida D. Scudder (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is, on the other hand, a thoughtful, searching, partly religious study of the subject named in the title; admirable in its kind, yet marked by the overstrained intellectual keenness and minuteness characteristic of much modern Occidental criticism.

I am strongly of the impression that many of the valuable and progressive perceptions of the European and the American mind could be better, more vitally, stated in one half the space and bulk of words now usually allotted to them; and Miss Scudder's work, with all its merits, corroborates this impression.

In books about the far East we are used to expect dreamy effects of effeminacy and picturesqueness, mingled with a good deal of Buddhism, Theosophy, Shinto religion, Feng-Shui superstition and the like. Mr. Hearn does not fail of our expectancy in the matter of Buddhism, with which he seems to be pretty well saturated; but he gives us a delightful surprise in his presentation of the vigor and virility of Japanese individual and national life.

The idea one gets from him, although he does not so state it, and might object to such a formulation, is that the Japanese are the Americans or Yankees of the Orient, in energy and skill, but with immense differences in certain qualities and principles. "The Japanese," he says, "lives not by thought, nor by emotion, but by duty." That is perhaps not especially an American trait, now, though it was so in the flourishing days of the New England conscience. What we have to observe about it is, that this vertebral element or structure of duty gives great firmness and coherence to Japanese life. It sets up and puts into action a principle of devotion to the empire or nation, which, the author says, would be but faintly expressed by our word "loyalty." Various instances of it are given, scattered through these discursive but graphic essays and sketches. One, which is both stimulating and pathetic, is that of the young soldier—formerly a pupil of Mr. Hearn's—Kosuga Asakichi, who had always "wished to die for His Majesty the Emperor," and came to see his teacher on the eve of departing for the Korean war. As they talked in the summer night, with the stars and the electric lights of the citadel twinkling



out together, "from Kiyomasa's fortress rolled into the night a sound deep as a thunder-peal, the chant of ten thousand men :

' What if Earth should sundered be?  
What if Heaven fall?  
What if mountains mix with sea?  
Brave hearts, each and all,  
Know one thing shall still endure,  
Ruin cannot whelm,  
Everlasting, holy, pure,—  
This Imperial Realm.' "

The gallant youth had his wish fulfilled, and fell in battle. It seems that last autumn, at the outbreak of the war, while the public calm was externally unruffled—the nation becoming more self-contained the more its emotions came into play—the government was obliged to decline the freely proffered services of myriads of volunteers. "Many killed themselves on being refused the chance of military service." In another chapter we read of the universal mourning, the closing of theatres and cessation of all pleasuring, in sympathy with the grief and mortification of the Emperor at the attack made upon the visiting Czarewitch in 1891. Innumerable private individuals also sent messages and costly gifts, even old heirlooms, to the imperial young Russian, and costly telegrams direct to the Czar, by way of reparation. Mr. Hearn dwells much on the impassiveness of the Japanese; but all this appears to me closely akin to the emotionalism of the French, or to that of the Americans at such crises as the deaths of Lincoln and Garfield. The difference, however, is that these Orientals were not moved by a sense of national loss, but by a mystically exalted sympathy with their Emperor's sorrow at the outrage done to the Czarewitch. Finally a pure and lovely young girl, a serving-maid, yet bearing the old samurai or feudal name of Yuko (meaning "valiant"), commits suicide, offering up her young life that the sorrow of the august ruler may be appeased; whereupon it is appeased, and the nation ceases to mourn.

Without undervaluing the purity and unselfishness of her motive, which the author sets forth in glowing terms, I am irresistibly reminded of the fanciful story of the brilliant young French journalist, who, it was said, offered to blow his brains out, in order to relieve the despair of a printing office where all hands were vainly trying to decipher one of Balzac's cobwebby corrected and interlined proof-sheets.

After all, are the Oriental and the Western mind and temperament so radically unlike as Mr. Hearn supposes?

There are, however, pith and momentousness appealing to reflection, in his remark that "there can be no question at all that, as a nation, Japan possesses an individuality much stronger than our own. Indeed we may doubt whether Western civilization has not cultivated the qualities of *the individual* even to the destruction of national feeling."

Individualism certainly is a bind-weed which, with us, has overrun the field of social life, often strangling the growth of faith and loyalty. There have also been many evidences of late that the high and manly national spirit which was strong in us, so lately as the time of the war for the Union, has suffered a great deterioration. It appears to have dwindled away, as self-interest has increased in greediness, and as indifference to the vital truths of religion has spread through a large part of the community.

It is to their ingrained religiousness that Mr. Hearn seems to attribute the great strength of the Japanese national character. It must be owned that he is rather puzzled by the mixed character of their religion, but he plainly shows reverence for some of the effects of their beliefs on their living, and for their sublime if sometimes distorted and fantastic sense of duty. His own notions of religion appear to be very misty and groping. He bases everything, in this all-including aspect of existence, upon Herbert Spencer as "the world's greatest philosopher." To make mere philosophy the underpinning of religion, is in itself absurd enough. How doubly absurd it is, then, for Mr. Hearn, resting upon Spencer, to assume to speak for and of Christianity as though he understood it; which he manifestly does not, and cannot, in his present frame of mind.

Yet, in mentioning a few of the ethical principles of a Japanese peasant (which are also present in Christianity) he says to Christians: "Since all your past labors have only served to confirm a few of the beliefs stored up in his simple mind, is it any folly to presume that your future labors also may serve to prove the truth of other beliefs of his, which you have not yet taken the trouble to examine?"

He exemplifies that habit of inexcusable ignorance, illustrated by many American and English authors, of assuming that they may sum up or measure Christianity without really knowing anything about Catholic faith and standards. The love of the Japanese

for their dead, and their belief that these are always present to them in spirit, though pleasing to him, is but dimly apprehended and seems to him a complete novelty, unknown to "the Western mind." Surely, any one who writes as though he were of the Western mind ought to know what the greater part of it has thought and felt about the dead for nineteen centuries!

Mr. Hearn's chapter "Of the Eternal Feminine" is extremely interesting and suggestive. In the Far East there is no dominating ideal of woman, corresponding to ours. Yet, he says, "the ancient faith of Shinto has been at least as gentle to woman as the ancient faith of the Hebrews . . . in a thousand shrines throughout the land the memory of woman as wife and mother is worshipped equally with the memory of man as hero and father. . . . Neither can the later and alien faith of Buddhism be justly accused of relegating woman to a lower place in the spiritual world than monkish Christianity accorded her in the West." He forgets always, or does not appreciate, the lofty position of the Blessed Virgin, and the influence which veneration for her has had in advancing the Western nations. But so far as he alludes to the chiefly human passion of exalting woman "in the æsthetic evolution of our Occident," he may reasonably ask as he does whether "the predominating influence itself has been the highest possible, and whether there is not a higher, known perhaps to the Oriental soul;"—something more impersonal and universal.

Millions of flowers have to be destroyed, to produce certain stimulating perfumes or perhaps healing essences. So, too, the poetry of the centuries—though not destroyed—has to suffer distillation through the minds of critics, analysts, philosophers, thinkers, before the essence of it can be condensed for ready use. It is the "life of the spirit," which Vida D. Scudder thus endeavors to extract for us from the modern English poets. In spite of having had to watch a great deal of this sort of process and often to conduct it myself, I never yet have been able to find the highest enjoyment in condensing and distilling poetry, or to change the figure, in submitting it to the blowpipe of criticism, nor in seeing any one else do so. Nevertheless, it seems to be a part of the punishment imposed on mankind for original sin, that it must from time to time "size up" what it has accomplished in the loveliest of arts, and gauge its progress or retrogression.

The more simply, naturally and spontaneously the results are



stated, the better, it seems to me, is the effect upon us. The exposition should not be loaded with rhetoric; neither should it be too didactic or too minute and spun-out in its discriminations. Let us have the results of analysis in accurate form, yet one that shall also be vivacious and pleasure-giving.

Miss Scudder presents us with the best and most comprehensive review of the changing or advancing spiritual tendencies in modern English poetry, which has yet been produced; because in her volume the subject, while studied with precision, is judged by a clear and high standard of the ideal, of spiritual truth. I do not say that the standard is absolutely right. I do not think it is, in all points. But it is largely right; and it represents a noble and aspiring view.

The authoress presents clearly the fact that the power of (natural) scientific thought has passed its prime, and that there is a reaction now towards mysticism: which, however, I should prefer to call a clear, common-sense, modern, daylight perception and avowal of the supernatural. She refers to Wordsworth's prophecy that the poet would always be ready to follow the steps of the man of science and make the latest discoveries the object of poetic art. But more than that, she shows that the whole modern conception of evolution was stated by three poets—Shelley, in "Prometheus Unbound" (1819), Browning, in "Paracelsus" (1833), and Tennyson, in "In Memoriam" (1850)—long before Darwin brought out his "Origin of Species" in 1859.

While we do not by any means accept all the surmises or assumptions that have been put forward in the name of evolution, there is in this theory an approximation to a part of the central truth. It is well to have the circumstance brought out—though it has been hinted at by various writers, before now—that the poets do not merely follow natural science, but really spring ahead of it, pioneer the way, cut out or build new roads through the wilderness of time, and arrive at new points of view by an instinct as unerring as that of birds, or of Indians who find the shortest route to a place they have never been in previously, outstripping their conventional white guides who are familiar with the beaten track. The point of view, when attained, may not be the best or truest; but the interesting fact is, that the poets get there first.

Miss Scudder states the general truth forcibly when she says,

later on, that "The mysticism of the past has become the science of the present." Material certainty and plodding investigation always follow in the wake of these flights of the unconscious and more or less divinely inspired imagination. Many persons suppose imagination to be simply auto-suggestion, an influence exerted by the human mind alone upon itself. To me it appears rather a willing and submissive responsiveness to eternal truth, which opens the mind to divine realities. Of course there may be the bastard imagination which responds only to evil; but not a single one of the world's greatest poets has followed wholly this kind of imagination. Even with Shelley the objective point, the general aim, was lofty; though the way of approach was devious and his own condition of mind unhealthy.

"The central word of Dante is Obedience; the central word of Shelley is Freedom. The poet of the revolution longs for a state of absolute equality, unrestrained liberty; a state where, as we instinctively feel, growth cannot be. Dante, disciple of Virgil, servant of Beatrice, worshipper of God, mounts forever because his eyes are forever fixed on that which soars above."

On another page, Miss Scudder says: "Freedom through obedience! Here is the Christian conception. Freedom an innate right! Here is the revolutionary thought. Christ places Freedom at the end; the revolution places it at the beginning . . . the Catholic answer of Dante, inadequate though it may be, meets fact and satisfies need better than the evasions of Shelley. If the modern thought of salvation is broader, to attain it we are left with less help. Shelley offers only the unlimited extension of limited conditions, and our souls weary of the thought; the poet of the *Paradiso* promises the knowledge of the Most High."

The writer displays with a masterly hand the broadening scope and the steady advance of English poetry, from the time of Chaucer to the present, in the direction of realizing the life of the spirit more and more richly, in grander chords of music and of intellectual definition. She makes the most of Tennyson's hesitating progress to a sort of twilight faith, and indicates the nullity of Swinburne's neo-paganism. But she is too unstinted in her praise of Shelley, and she asserts too much of Browning when she says that "a definite and devout Christianity shines through his work." Browning's Christianity is by no means definite. It is splendidly human in its frank desire to attain to the truth, but

seriously clouded in its perceptions and in its acceptance of what it sees.

Still, in the main, the authoress is right in declaring that "the faith of the poets, so far as it goes, is Apostolic and Catholic." That is the line upon which they have advanced, ahead of natural science or in company with it.

So much for the finest expression of the modern Occident, in poetry. Now, what are we to think of its relation to the modern Orient? Mr. Hearn considers it quite impossible that Japan should ever accept Christianity, for racial reasons. He contends that the Christian converts there (the followers of Protestant missionaries) already wish to "create a new and peculiar Christianity, to be essentially Japanese and *essentially national* in spirit."

Of course. That is just what many persons are trying to do in the United States; among them, I am sorry to say, certain Catholics. They wish to create a new and peculiar Christianity, essentially American and *national* in spirit. Now, Christianity is not new or peculiar. It is not national in spirit, but universal; it unites everywhere the human with the divine, always on the same terms. Mr. Hearn himself admits that the Jesuit missionaries to Japan understood and controlled the interior emotions, and life of the Japanese as no others have ever been able to do.

Although he surrounds their customs with an atmosphere of awful incomprehensibleness, they seem to me, from his account, very much like other peoples in the elements of nature; in their inherited feudal ferocities, in their family affections, their patriotism; their strong impassiveness, through which intense emotionalism breaks as it does with the hard-headed Yankee; their love for the dead, and prayers to them and for them, such as have prevailed among thousands of millions of Catholics from the time of Our Lord.

They are somewhat reckless of life in Japan. They kill other people; and, more especially, they commit suicide. So do we, Catholics and Protestants alike; although it is against religion and law. Only, over there, they do it on strict lines of supposed duty, and with great decorum, while among us it is a frightful madness. Here we have brutal and fiendish "lynch law," there they do not have it.

In Japan the people have been laboring for centuries to produce a civilization. They seem to have succeeded. In some



respects they far exceed us as to delicacy, courtesy in private and social life, simplicity of living and enjoyment of nature and art. They are also devoutly religious in their way, and often willing to accept Christianity ; while many of our people, with every opportunity for accepting, reject it.

Miss Scudder's book shows that, for centuries, English poets have been trying to grasp and express Christianity. If at last they have begun to succeed in doing this, with something approaching completeness, why despair of the Japanese ultimately coinciding with them? There is no insuperable barrier between the modern Orient and the modern Occident.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

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## LOVE IS BUT A DREAM.

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LOVE is but a dream at the best,  
Dear, love is a foolish dream ;  
In the bosom of God seek rest,  
Dear, love is a foolish dream.

Love has but its winglets of gauze,  
Dear, lives in the sun alone,  
And dies in a night without cause  
Dear, death alone can atone.

Love is but a mirage of hope,  
Dear, and when its hope hath fled,  
Love is less than a broken rope,  
Dear, of sand, utterly dead.

Nay, love is forever divine,  
Dear, true to the heart and core  
Of eternity and of time,  
Dear, and lives forevermore.

And love has its winglets of light,  
Dear, its pinions of flame,  
Far reaching beyond death and night,  
Dear, Love and Christ are the same.

*New York, May 15, 1895.*

W. H. THORNE.

## THE HOMERIC EPICS IN ART.

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HOMER stands as the representative of the prehistoric world. It was his task and vocation to sing of times when men led a more natural, leisurely, festive life than now, when hunting and fighting with the long spear and swift dart were man's most glorious occupations. It was a life full of dramatic action and interesting situations that he described with magnificent similes and felicitous phrases. He embalmed in imperishable verse its most precious essence. Seen through the lens of his wonderfully vivid imagination the heroic age appears before us sharply outlined and brightly colored.

In Homer we get glimpses of almost every phase of life in the legendary period. We find ourselves moved by the emotions which men felt three thousand years ago. We see them in the hours of triumph and rejoicing, of defeat and mourning. We live over their sadness and blithesomeness. We suffer with them in adversity, and experience something of the joy that comes from out-of-door life in prosperity and fine weather. We enter the fierce fray. We hear the din of combat, the clanging of armor, the inspiring shout of strong warriors, the neighing and trampling of high-mettled steeds. We behold the hosts of Trojans and Achæans, archers and spearmen, fired with the impetuous onset and delighting in battle. We view with admiration and wonder the terrible valor and unutterable striving of bronze-mailed chieftains.

The pages of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" everywhere abound with fine subjects for the painter and the sculptor, embracing the whole round of the pursuits and activities of the ancients. Pastoral scenes, occasions of feasting and merrymaking and toil; primitive war, with its attendant horrors and sad mischances, also its bright spots of generosity and fidelity; religion, with its impressive ceremonies, solemn mysteries and supernatural marvels, and, not least, the events happening in private or domestic life, these are the things Homer describes in sonorous lines and striking epithets. The artist finds in them noble suggestions, delightful contrasts and pleasing accessories. There are innumerable places where the actors are grouped naturally, but in sculpturesque atti-

tudes and amid picturesque surroundings. The opportunities are exceptionally favorable for studies of the nude and the flowing lines of classic costume.

To us in this over-refined age there is a charm in the primeval world, especially when seen on its softer and better side. We admire its finer and nobler features. The gentle and chivalrous elements captivate us by reason of their contrast with the coarse and brutal. The domestic virtues shine in true women, and high qualities in men of spirit and manly instincts. Beneath the rough surface of uncivilized life we find the same characteristics of human nature cropping forth that are seen to-day amid widely different conditions and environments. So far are we from the plain and simple that we are held in thrall by the beautiful and touching stories of old Greece and Troy-land. Thus the "Iliad" still remains the most wonderful work in literature. To read it makes one's blood course more swiftly. Never before or since was a war so sung as the Trojan. So much has Homer magnified this petty contest that the ten years' struggle for the recovery of Helen is exalted as the most important event in the universe, even the gods of Olympus mingling in the conflict, meantime losing sight, comparatively speaking, of other peoples. Homer had the advantage of living at the right distance in time from the Trojan war. He knew it through tradition, and idealized it in the picture he drew with the potent aid of imagination. The artistic reconstruction of this age is now a more difficult achievement, yet it is irresistibly tempting.

Men seem never to tire of the attempt to restore the life of this far-off epoch, with its varied mixture of the graceful and the heroic, the charming and the sublime. They continue to find an abundance of fair scenes and pictorial incidents in the storied age of civilization's dawn, when physical might and physical beauty were everything. This ability to attract artists perennially is another proof of Homer's manifold and unrivalled genius. It may be doubted whether any other poet of ancient or modern times did so much to inspire the ambitious painter and sculptor. It would be hard, indeed, to conceive what imagination and language could suggest or describe better suited for artistic purposes.

Before the siege of Troy was ended, Helen was found by Iris engaged in weaving and embroidering the battles of Greeks and Trojans in tapestry. A few years after the sack of the city of



Ilium, Æneas is represented by Virgil as being greatly moved at seeing the familiar events of this renowned struggle already pictured on the walls of a temple in rising Carthage. In this interesting passage of the *Æneid*, a concise and graphic account is given of no less than eight distinct paintings, such as we would call frescoes: the victory of the Trojans under Hector; the victory of the Greeks under Achilles; the death of Rhesus; the death of Troilus; the Trojan matrons before the statue of Athene; Priam as a suppliant before Achilles; Memnon in battle; and the battle of the Amazons with the Greeks. This list includes some of the most memorable events of the Trojan war. From other ancient writers the conclusion may be drawn that Augustan artists and those of earlier times often went to Homer for their most ambitious subjects, especially for the frescoes of houses and villas of wealthy citizens and for the temples of the gods. Theon (360 B. C.) painted a series of pictures on the Trojan war in the portico of Phillipus at Rome. Says Woermann: "We hear of splendid mosaics adorning several saloons in the giant ship of King Hieron of Syracuse, which represented scenes from the Trojan war."\* In 1848 the valuable discovery was made in a house on the Esquiline Hill, of a series of antique wall-paintings representing several episodes narrated in the *Odyssey*.

At a very early period Greek and Etruscan vase-painters made crude attempts at pictorial representation of legendary exploits and poetical stories of the olden times. From a vast fund of myths and fables that had accumulated during ages, they took subjects which lent themselves readily to the peculiar conditions of the ceramic art. Many incidents of the Trojan War and of Ulysses' wanderings depicted by them were taken from the mass of songs and tales current among the people. These were sung or recited by bards and story-tellers besides Homer. Ancient vase-painters can hardly be called illustrators of Homer, but of Greek mythology and tradition. Their fictile representations are often at variance with his narrative.

Later, in the golden age of Hellenic art, were artists more dependent upon the Homeric epics. Subjects from both poems were sculptured and painted on temples and public buildings; they adorned tombs and monuments; they were wrought into mosaics and woven into cloth; stamped upon coins and medals;

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\* History of Painting, Vol. I.

carved or engraved on gems, lamps, mirrors, caskets, toilet-cases and other household articles which the ancient Greeks, Etruscans and Romans were wont to decorate with artistic designs of prehistoric heroes and celestial beings. Especially noteworthy for their success in such efforts are many of the most celebrated names in the history of antique art. Among Greek painters may be mentioned Polygnotus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius and Appelles; of sculptors, Phidias, Scopas, Onatas, Euphranor, Praxiteles and a host of less gifted workmen who drew their inspiration directly or indirectly from the blind minstrel. To what extent they were indebted to him can be very imperfectly traced, owing to the destruction or the mutilation of the most famous works of antiquity, and also to the meagre descriptions of pictures and statues given by Pliny, Pausanias, Strabo and other contemporary authors.

Fortunately much remains of the works of minor and unknown artists who copied and imitated the masterpieces of genius. By the excavations made in Pompeii and Rome during the last century, and by recent archæological discoveries in Etruria, Greece, Cyprus and the East—art-treasures of almost infinite variety and untold value have been brought to light, such as pottery, cameos, intagli, coins, medallions, mosaics, wall-paintings, tapestries and splendid ornaments of all kinds. On these were figured nearly all the gods and heroes of old, in well-known situations and attitudes. While some of the subjects of the designs are supplied by Homer, a large proportion of them are drawn from other sources. They relate to the Argonautic expedition, the labors of Hercules and other fabulous performances. One of the mythical scenes, of which Homer says little or nothing, is the “Judgment of Paris,” a theme offering exceptional artistic possibilities. But in this pictorial incident, as in many others from mythology, artists unquestionably owe to Homer their conceptions of the chief characters represented. Without his aid their ideas of pagan deities would be extremely vague and degraded.

The revival of classical learning in the fourteenth century brought an old yet new world to mediæval scholars and painters. It opened a storehouse not only of knowledge, but of inspiration. The study of Greek and Latin authors enriched art as well as literature. Sculptors and painters began to choose subjects from ancient mythology and poetry. This tendency received an addi-

tional impulse during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, thus increasing and developing the æsthetic resources of art and letters. During the latter part of the Middle Ages, Greek myths were at first laid under contribution in works of a decorative character.\* In the pictured fabrics and hangings of French and Flemish manufacture, Homer and later classics furnished many popular subjects, which were generally mediævalized almost beyond recognition. Mythological figures were found well adapted for wood and ivory carvings. They gradually appeared in the ornamentations on panels, cabinets, caskets, tiles, armor, glassware, plate, porcelain and other domestic utensils. But the antique spirit was still sadly wanting, and prehistoric events were treated in modern style and with modern setting until Angelo, Raphael and other great painters produced examples of high art that rival, if not excel, those of antiquity. In more recent times the Ibsen vases, the Wedgewood and Haviland faience were decorated with elegant designs in imitation of Greek vase-painting, in which appeared graceful forms of gods and goddesses, of heroes and nymphs. Various scenes from the Homeric epics and classic legends were represented on English, German, French and Italian pottery. Efforts more ambitious than these have been made to embody Homer's noble conceptions by a large number of modern artists, who were attracted by the beautiful, the grand and the heroic subjects in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Of distinguished painters are Guido, Annibale Caracci, Van Dyck, Carstens, Turner, West, Henri Regnault and many others; of sculptors it is sufficient to speak of Canova, Preault, Pradier, Thorwaldsen, Schwanthaler, Thornycroft and Valentine.

Among the many attempts to illustrate Homer, those of Passé,

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\* And, sooth to sayen, my chamber was  
 Full well depainted, and with glass  
 Were all the windows well yglazed  
 Full clear, and not an hole ycrased,  
 That to behold it was great joy;  
 For wholly all the story of Troy  
 Was in the glazing ywrought thus  
 Of Hector and of King Priamus,  
 Of Achilles and of King Laomedon,  
 And eke of Medea and Jason,  
 Of Paris, Helen, and Lavine.

—Chaucer's "*Book of the Duchess*."



Caylus, Tischbein, Schnorr, Stothard, Terpstra, Marellier, Genelli, Triqueti, Inghirami and Engelmann deserve particular mention. In the Ambrosian Library at Milan is a remarkable "set of fifty-eight miniatures cut from a lost manuscript of the *Iliad*, which probably dated from the fourth or fifth century A. D." These antique pictures are reproduced in Cardinal Mai's Latin edition of the *Iliad*. An elegant specimen of the mediæval decorative art is the *Illuminated Homer* at Naples, in Greek, Florence, 1488. During the last few hundred years many translations of Homer have been published, with illustrations of original drawings or compositions after the antique. The more important editions are as follows: The *Iliad* in modern Greek, with 138 woodcuts, Venice, 1526; the *Iliad* in French, Paris, 1523-30; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, with plates by Schoonebeck, Paris, 1682; Madame Dacier's *Odyssey*, with plates, Paris, 1711-16; the *Iliad*, translated by Pt. L. Cl. Gin, with plates, Paris, 1789; Bareste's *Homer*, with 300 woodcuts and 24 large compositions from ancient monuments, drawn by A. de Lemud, Paris, 1841; Schaidenreisser's German translation of the *Odyssey*, with woodcuts, 1537; Voss' *Homer*, with 40 illustrations by F. Preller, Stuttgart, 1872; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* translated into Polish by Przybylskiego, with plates, Krakowie, 1814-15; the *Iliad*, illustrated by Ogilby, London, 1660; the *Odyssey*, illustrated by Ogilby, 1665; Pope's *Homer*, 2 vols., with plates, London, 1715-26; Sotheby's *Homer*, with 15 plates reduced in outline by Moses after Flaxman's designs, London, 1834; the sumptuous gift edition of Chapman's *Iliad* with 24 full-page illustrations in heliotype, by Henri Motte. Worthy of special honor are Flaxman's outline drawings, which appear in French, German, Spanish and Italian editions of *Homer*—a high compliment to the genius of England's great artist.

In the *Iliad* the action revolves around Achilles as the central figure; in the *Odyssey*, around Ulysses. Associated with them are many heroes whose exploits offer an immense variety of themes susceptible of artistic treatment. Besides the subjects drawn from the deeds and words of Achilles and Ulysses are many occurrences in the careers of persons incidentally mentioned which engage attention and are worthy of representation by brush and chisel. Leaving out the theogony of the poems, a field too wide for this article, the subject of the Homeric epics in art divides itself into two parts:

First. The Story of Achilles, including most of the ground covered in the *Iliad*.

Second. The Story of Ulysses, consisting chiefly of his adventures as related in the *Odyssey*.

The wrath of Achilles, with its direful results to Greeks and Trojans, is the subject of Homer's matchless epic. The cause of his anger at Agamemnon is related in the first book of the *Iliad*. In the tenth year of the siege of Troy the priest of Apollo goes to the Grecian encampment to ransom his daughter, who has been taken by Achilles as a captive of war and given to the commander-in-chief. Unwilling to part with his slave, Agamemnon disregards the wishes of the assembled Greeks and rudely dismisses Chryseis with a threat. Apollo, angered at this insult, sends a pestilence to the Achæan camp. To arrest the destruction of beasts and men, Chryseis is given back to her father by Agamemnon, who in turn requires Briseis from Achilles. In rage and grief Achilles retires with his troops from all active part in the siege. He prays to his goddess-mother, who moves Jupiter to succour the Trojans and thus to bring the offending leader to terms. Disaster after disaster overtakes the Greeks, yet the wronged hero proudly rejects overtures of reconciliation. Not till the death of his dear friend, Patroclus, does his anger give way to desire for revenge. Briseis is restored untouched, with many gifts, by the repentant Agamemnon. The Trojans, for a while victorious, are driven back with great loss. Hector, the brave son of King Priam, is slain by Achilles and his body dragged around the city. Patroclus is mourned over and buried with honors. His wrath appeased, Achilles complies with the request of the suppliant father for the corpse of his son. With the obsequies of Hector the poem closes.

The *Iliad* is filled with the infinite variety of events connected with ancient warfare, the siege, capture and sack of cities. We see chiefs engaged in single combat, or dashing through the contending hosts in blood-stained chariots, dealing out death on either hand; warriors attacking and retreating, inflicting and receiving mortal wounds, lying dead or helpless on the field of battle while mighty champions fight with desperate valor over their fallen companions—exhibiting nearly all the motions and postures of heroic action; and, in the background, wives and children grieving at home for husbands and brothers absent or slain, watching the con-

flict from afar, and in the last struggle falling into the hands of the enemy. They are men and women having supple limbs and sound bodies filled with the exuberance of animal life—the finest specimens of physical strength and beauty. The artist is fortunate who can find in these degenerate days models of such noble aspect and superb bodily development. He must have something of the poetic nature, and reproduce within himself the scenes and actors of a vanished world before he can represent them by means of the plastic or pictorial art. A skilled hand and a knowledge of archæology are not sufficient.

Among the works of ancient sculpture which illustrate various events in the life of Achilles are the Iliac Table, a bas-relief referred to the time of Nero by Fabretti, now in the Capitoline Museum, Rome; a sarcophagus, found early in the seventeenth century in the tumulus called the Monte del Grano near Rome, and inside this urn, now in the Capitoline, was the celebrated Portland vase; a marble sarcophagus found at Ephesus, now in Woburn Abbey, England; also a marble sarcophagus from Crete, in the British Museum. Many of the hero's exploits, not described by Homer, appear on countless Greek and Etruscan vases. One of the luxurious residences exhumed in Pompeii is named the House of Homer, from the wall-paintings in the vestibule, whose subjects were taken from the Iliad.

The reconstruction of the Heroic Age has been attempted by some modern artists, such as Giulio Romano, who painted four scenes from the Iliad on the walls of the Corte Reale, Mantua; Sabatelli, who represented eight Homeric subjects for the Hall of the Iliad, in the Pitti Palace; Cornelius, aided by Schlotthauer and Zimmerman, whose frescoes adorn the Trojan Hall in the Glyptothek; and Schnorr, who executed designs from Homer for the ceiling of the new Royal Palace of Bavaria. The deeds of Achilles were treated pictorially by Guido de Colonna in an illustrated manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (No. 15477); by Carducci, in the Gallery of the Prado; by Creti, in the Palazzo Publico, and by Gavin Hamilton in five paintings. Mention should be made of a number of tapestries representing the History of Achilles; one manufactured at Brussels in the seventeenth century, a Saint-Germain, a Mortlake and a Flemish tapestry (the two latter being in eight pieces, after paintings by Rubens), also of the cartoons on scenes from the Iliad by



Delhai and Deshayes for two Beauvais tapestries of the eighteenth century, and a Gobelins (after Antoine Coypel).

The *Odyssey*, as a work of literary art, is a remarkable production. The author shows a distinct falling off in fire, as though his genius had mellowed with age after the *Iliad* was brought forth. The poem was largely made up of a tissue of fairy-tales, dexterously woven into the story of Ulysses' wanderings, thus forming a romaunt of intensest interest. It enters the realm of fancy and wonderland. It brings in giants and sirens, seers and enchantresses, nymphs and phantoms. It takes Ulysses to unknown peoples and countries. The ten years' siege of Troy over, he sets sail for Ithaca, passes through a variety of misfortunes and strange experiences, and at last reaches home after an absence of twenty years. Meantime his infant son, Telemachus, has grown to manhood; and, at the beginning of the poem, is represented as departing on a journey in search of his father. His wife, the fair and chaste Penelope, has long been vexed by insolent wooers. Ulysses' return is most opportune—the day having come for the Queen to choose one of the suitors for a husband. With the help of Athene and a few trusty servants, he slays all his would-be successors and establishes himself again at the head of his kingdom.

The incidents in the history of Ulysses form the subjects of numberless ancient and modern designs. These for the most part illustrate his wanderings after the sack of Troy. His previous career was noted for brilliant and daring achievements, and some of them were depicted by the greatest painters of Greece and Rome. Parrhasius and Euphranor painted the young hero in the act of feigning madness to avoid going on the Trojan expedition. The same theme has been pleasingly handled by Heywood Hardy, who represents Ulysses plowing the sea-shore with a horse and a bull, and reining his team aside from his infant son lying in the furrow. His discovery of Achilles at Scyros has always been a popular subject with artists. Two important modern works are "Ganser's Mosaic of the Parting of Ulysses and Penelope," and "Danby's Departure from Ithaca," in which Ulysses is seen with his wife and child at the water-gate of his palace about to set sail upon a swollen sea.

There were various notable events of the Trojan war in which Ulysses took a prominent part. Eminent for his shrewdness and

wisdom, his eloquence and valor, he was the most versatile of the Grecian chiefs. He was readiest in counsel and danger, and the first to be chosen for any difficult enterprise. He was the companion of Diomed in capturing the horses of Rhesus and in stealing the Palladium. These extraordinary night adventures attracted many artists of ancient and modern times. Other circumstances that have been treated pictorially are his reproof and punishment of Thersites (Il. II, 244), his interview with Achilles (Il. IX, 225), his venturesome visit in Troy disguised as a beggar (Od. IV, 243), his strife with Ajax for the divine arms of Achilles (Od. XI, 544), his stratagem of the wooden horse, and, what was less creditable to him, his cruelty to Astyanax.

But the marvelous myths and thrilling adventures told in the *Odyssey* are the chief sources of the works of art in which Ulysses figures. These furnish a multitude of scenes not only well adapted for the decoration of pottery, but for the most ambitious efforts of the painter. These exercised the skill of Polygnotus, Zeuxis and other illustrious painters of antiquity, who have been succeeded by men of Italy, Germany, France and England—rivals scarcely less gifted and certainly better equipped in knowledge and technical resources.

First, should be named the great Italian artist Primaticcio who, with Abate, decorated the walls of the gallery at Fontainebleau with fifty-eight pictures of the deeds and wayfarings of Ulysses. Unfortunately these magnificent frescoes were destroyed when the palace was repaired in 1738; etchings of them were made by Theodore van Thulden. The adventures of Ulysses were also subjects of the admirable frescoes in the Palazzo Pozzi, Bologna, painted by Tibaldi in the sixteenth century. Six apartments of the new Palace of Munich were painted in encaustic by Hilten-sperger, from Schwanthaler's drawings of scenes from the *Odyssey*. Preller's celebrated aquarelles are perhaps the most elaborate and successful pictures of the places described by Homer, or similar localities. Preller's cartoons of his *Odyssey* landscapes are in the Museum of Leipsic. He also adorned the drawing-rooms of the Palace of Weimar with frescoes on subjects from the *Odyssey*. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed upon Flaxman's outline illustrations of the *Odyssey*. His spirited and statuesque drawings embody the conceptions of the poet in a masterly manner. Would that this unrivaled sculptor could have had the opportunity to

realize in marble some of his beautiful and impressive designs! Another illustrator of the Odyssey is Jelgersma, who prepared a set of fifty-one pen and sepia drawings. Besides these should be mentioned the compositions from the Odyssey by Hollar, Henri Motte and Heidel, the Swedish sculptor.

*Chicago.*

EUGENE PARSONS. 3

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## ABOUT CRITICISING THE HIERARCHY.

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THE Editor of the GLOBE has received various indications that his recent criticisms of some of the secular utterances of certain members of the Catholic hierarchy have not been altogether pleasing to those gentlemen themselves or to their over-enthusiastic admirers. In truth I have palpable evidence that certain priests, not at all in the best standing with their own spiritual superiors, and certain Catholic laymen whose toes have been trod upon, have been using these utterances of mine in a very subtle and behind-the-door sort of fashion—a fashion unfortunately proverbial among certain types of men these many hundreds of years—with a view to undermining my own influence and the acknowledged influence of this REVIEW for good in the cause so dear to all Catholic souls. In view of these indications and evidences I am moved to make the following remarks:

*First.* I am delighted with every genuine feeling and mark of reverence expressed by Catholic laymen for their spiritual superiors. It is so different from the feelings and treatment usually displayed by Protestants toward their ministers; and it is very beautiful. It is as it always should be; but I sometimes wish that it were a little more discriminating; and I sincerely wish that all the representatives of the Catholic Hierarchy would confine themselves more exclusively to their own heaven-appointed and exalted vocation, because I am perfectly conscious that only as they do this can they, in the long run, maintain and secure their beautiful and exclusive position of reverence in the zealous devotions of our Catholic people.

Indeed I am perfectly and profoundly convinced that, while it is quite possible for certain members of the Catholic hierarchy to win temporary and so-called popular applause from certain sec-



tions of the Protestant world by haranguing political audiences on Fourth of July and other celebrations, and by making popular speeches at Press clubs, and by giving Temperance Lectures—so called—and by parading their “humanity” and their giddy-headed humbuggeries on the single tax question, and the like—the members of the hierarchy or the priests so engaged are belittling their own vocation, laying themselves open to partisan and sectional disrespect and deserved abuse, as well as to partisan and popular applause, and at the same time are gradually undermining and virtually destroying that beautiful feeling of reverence which all good Catholics love and delight to feel and express toward their worthy spiritual superiors. In a word, I am fighting to preserve and not to destroy this zealous regard we all feel for the men appointed over us in the Church of God.

*Second.* I wish and intend, here and now, to make this discrimination between the spiritual vocation of a priest, a bishop or archbishop—wherein we none of us presume to criticise him—and his own various and voluntarily assumed sphere of excursions into the secular world, so clear “that a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err” or mistake my meaning.

The sacred and exclusive vocation of a priest or a bishop, as I understand it, is this, that he is the Heaven-appointed and reliable guide of the religious observance, the moral life, and the theological or Christian belief of the human soul. In this sphere, I have never presumed to criticise the action even of a priest, not to speak of the action of any member of the hierarchy.

But when a priest voluntarily—and from any motive whatever—steps out of this sacred and exclusive sphere of his; forgets the cross of Christ and its teachings, and flouts the flag of this or that state or nation, or temperance sect or single tax party in my face, and still demands my respect and reverence for himself in this sphere also, I simply tell him to go learn of his betters, to mind his own business; to study the deeper facts of the subject he has in hand; to cease parading his ecclesiastical folly on secular themes that he does not understand; and I tell him further that as long as he pursues this secular course of folly I will criticise him and expose his folly: that this is the very work this REVIEW is here to do—in a word, to prevent this land from being swept to death by the folly of fools, ecclesiastical or other, and to point men’s minds to the clearest truth of the age.

This I know to be the only way to make the "American Citizen of the Future" a more upright, honorable and religious being than he is to-day. I have, however, very little hope of his speedy improvement; am in no way contented with the average species of the present, and am sure that unless something stronger and deeper than mere high-flown or hierarchical-rhetorical buncombe is applied to him he will still be very largely the child of the devil, in this or that party, and no matter how many ballot-boxes he stuffs every year or every four years. My advice to these wandering ecclesiastics is that they preach the Gospel, and drop the American flag for awhile.

Of late I have noticed in very much respected Catholic ecclesiastical reviews cautions to editors touching this very theme, but without any of the discriminations I am here making; and, of course, I am familiar with the recent utterances of the Holy Father himself bearing on this question; but again without any of the discriminations I am here making, and my advice to those ecclesiastical reviews, and to all persons in authority in the Church, is that they try to understand the discriminations here made. I further beg to assure them that the first advice needed in this country at this hour is to those ecclesiastics who, from whatever motive, are so constantly found away from their own dioceses or archdioceses making political, journalistic, temperance or single tax speeches, and to the effect that they confine their labors more exclusively to their own territory, and especially to their own exalted vocation. Here let me assure every reader that I, and I alone, am responsible for these words. No ecclesiastic or other person has ever suggested them to me, and no ecclesiastic knows that I have such thoughts until they are printed in this REVIEW. I am my own master here, and I am on ground that has been my camping ground for more than a generation.

When I moved this magazine to Chicago in 1892—soon after I had been received into the Catholic Church—and when my heart and mind were as the heart and mind of a child toward every priest and member of the Catholic Church, I was amazed to find that a very ordinary and somewhat bumptious priest, aided by a rascally protégé of his—rather, that the two together—were conspiring in an underhanded way to control this magazine and my utterances therein, and though, as I have previously remarked in these pages, "I often allow a knave to take me for a fool rather than

let him see that I know him to be a knave," I was not willing to play fool to the extent of letting these men tie my hands without letting them know that I saw their ropes of sand and spurned them. Since then no priest or ecclesiastic has attempted to control the utterances of this review. Hence do not blame anybody but me, and know that I am always ready to take the consequences of my teachings.

If my enemies or my friends are dreaming of other inspiration for these criticisms than is to be found in the absurd positions criticised, they may find it in the worldly and questionable schemings of those gentlemen prominent in the Church, who are unfortunately afflicted with more rhetoric than reason, with more subtlety than sense, with more ambition than ability, with more vanity than charity, and who seem to act as if they were the sole authority of the Church in this land, whereas the Church alone is equal authority over us all, and no bishop, priest or man in it is authority over any other man except in the well-defined sphere of dogma and morals, and then only in the parish or diocese wherein this authority has been delegated to him by the mother and master of us all. I have not the slightest feeling or dream of opposition in this sphere, but I will not recognize the arrogant vanity or the uninformed secular prejudices of any man as authority over my utterances or my life; and if anything could compensate me for the faithlessness of the men I trusted and even loved on first entering the Church, it is the clear knowledge thus gained that there is a vast difference between my relationship to a priest as a priest and to a priest as a man; and when men quote Brownson to me and say: "You will see as he saw that this attitude is at fault," I tell you that the foundations of my faith and life are altogether different from those of that gifted man, and my work in this world as different from his as this age differs from the age in which he lived. Having made this explanation I do not expect to treat or touch this theme again.

I have not voted at any State or national election since the second election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. That was many years before quite a number of our present American ecclesiastics were naturalized; and now if any one of these, rising in the new-fledged glory of his American citizenship and filled with the clap-trap of American politics, tells me publicly or privately that I am not a good American citizen because I have not voted



these last twenty-five years, I tell him that he states what is not true; that he is treading on unfamiliar ground, that he is filled with the garbage of cheap politicians and the cant of untamed winds. I tell him further that good citizenship consists in obedience to the laws of the land—even unto death—stupid though many of these laws may be; that there is no law binding an American citizen to vote, that were there such a law it would be an infernal tyranny, that a *vast majority* of the American citizens who do vote—sometimes early and often—are untaught fools, dominated by political rogues; that I am one of a small minority of intelligent American citizens—some native and some naturalized—who have deliberately, very deliberately and for many years, made up their minds that their votes are helpless and useless under the existing order of things, and in such a congregation of fools and knaves. I do not object to any citizens' voting, I do not bully any ecclesiastic because he chooses to vote at every election, I do not question his politics or presume to say which party or what man he should vote for. I do not attempt to impugn his citizenship or his honesty; neither on the other hand will I allow him to impugn mine.

If he steps into the political or the journalistic arena he steps into an arena where I am as free as he is, and, mayhap, infinitely better informed.

We are approaching perilous times, not only in Europe, but in this land of so-called liberty. The Church is divided against itself on many of the great questions of the day. I do not question the right of any American priest or ecclesiastic to express his opinions freely on every question that occupies the human mind; I simply want him to understand that on all questions outside the domain of religious dogma and morals—already defined by the Church—I have the same right that he has, and will use it, and I pity that man as an unutterable coward, who, instead of trying to answer my criticisms will go about, Judas-like, trying to destroy me. Do not dream that this is wild talk, or that I am losing my head. I am not mad, most noble Festus, but am speaking the words of truth and soberness.

This land, this continent, does not belong to any one party, race or nation. Every nation of the earth has contributed not a little to its present stage of advancement, and the land belongs to God Almighty, and to such circles and areas of human liberty as

no narrow-headed partisan or temperance crank is able to conceive of.

Americans are as yet but fledgling Americans, pin-feather Americans; but the best heads and the best hearts among us are consciously or unconsciously pledged and set apart, as by heaven itself, to these larger dreams of liberty—liberty defined and protected by wise and universal laws. Let us drop all small prejudices and be out and out broad-souled nineteenth century American Catholic men.

The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ was not built on subterfuge, intrigue and hypocrisy, except as the vile treachery of the betrayer of our Lord became the divine accident of His eternal atonement. The Roman Catholic Church, which, with all my heart and soul, I believe and know to be the only true and entire Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, has never been helped by the political intrigues or the personal plottings of animosity of its so-called friends. Christ, the true Church, and Christianity are made of nobler and truer stuff, viz. : of love and truth, and liberty and heroism and martyrdom for these, time out of mind, and until time shall end. If I am false to these, trample upon me, condemn me, plot against me, destroy me. But as long as I am true to these, I can and do pity every plotting man of you. And I pray that you may escape the fires of hell.

W. H. THORNE.

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## THE NEGRO IN FACT AND FICTION.

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WHEN Abraham Lincoln, by a stroke of his pen, emancipated four million Southern slaves, he committed the most gigantic robbery of private property that has ever taken place since the world began. For this monstrous crime he was punished by a swift, sudden and awful death; and the members of his cabinet who were most active in demanding the abolition of slavery—the implacable Stanton and the fanatical Chase—were swept away in the course of a few years by untimely deaths. The cry to heaven of the impoverished widow and orphan was heard.

I say this with the utmost deliberation, with perfect sincerity and with an absolute conviction that slavery was a blessing to the

slaves and an evil to the slaveholders. Well-fed, well-clothed, well-treated in health, well-cared for in sickness and in old age; with regular hours for work and regular holidays; with no cares in the present and no anxieties for the future, the Southern slaves were cheerful, happy, healthy.

A million white men died that four million happy slaves should be made unhappy freedmen. Slavery is dead and buried, and can have no resurrection in this land of universal freedom. I am not here to defend slavery, but I am here to condemn the deep damnation of emancipation without compensation. The slaves were the most valuable property of the South, and the Southern people were just as much entitled to hold them and to be protected in this property as the people of the North were entitled to be protected in their houses, their stocks and their bonds. The Constitution of the United States recognized slavery, which fact caused the most violent abolitionists to denounce that immortal instrument as "a league with death and a covenant with hell."

The abolition of slavery not only robbed the Southern people of their lawful property, but was the direct cause of a train of immeasurable evils, the beginning only of which we live to witness, but whose fatal consequences will continue as long as the American republic exists among the nations of the world.

Gradual emancipation, with compensation to the slaveowners, was advocated by Henry Clay, John Randolph and other leading Southern men; but immediate and uncompensated emancipation, with political equality in the immediate present, and social equality as a dream to be realized in the near future, was not thought of by calm-thinking men anywhere. It was a monstrous injustice to deprive four million men, women and children of their homes, and send them adrift to support themselves in a land desolated by four years of war. This was a hideous mockery of philanthropy.

The calm, deliberate, wise and thinking Southern slaveholders, fully recognizing the evil effects of slavery upon the white race, were honestly in favor of its extinction by gradual emancipation and the colonization of the freedmen in the native land of the negro—Africa. They regarded this as the true and only solution of the negro question. They never for a moment advocated immediate, uncompensated emancipation; they never for a moment dreamed of putting the ballot into the hands of ignorant negroes. The advanced Southern thinkers knew that immediate emancipa-



tion would prove a far greater evil than slavery, and they knew that the right of suffrage was a privilege too precious to be given to a semi-barbarous, wholly uneducated black race. To be a Roman citizen was a privilege so great that kings deemed themselves honored by it. Is American citizenship so poor a thing that it is given indiscriminately to men who cannot read the ticket which they vote? The mad political Quixotes who first robbed the Southern people of their slave property, and then made the freedmen the political equals of their late masters, were traitors to their race and unworthy of the grand old Anglo-Saxon name.

What, after all, has the ballot done for the negro? It has done him no practical good. On the contrary, it has made him the tool of unprincipled politicians. The negro has changed masters. He has passed from a good, kind master, who supported him comfortably, to a political master, who uses and abuses him; who uses him as a footstool by which to reach the stirrup of vaulting ambition. As the lamented Henry W. Grady said in his famous speech: "I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from American soil." But the freedman remains with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note the appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil, with equal political and civil rights, almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility, each pledged against fusion; one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war; the experiment sought by neither but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace to the end. Never has such a task been given to human stewardship. Never, before, in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed, because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of the Republic, because he is held as an alien and inferior. The red man was the owner of the land, the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable—but they hindered *both* sections, and are gone. But the black, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good, at any hazard and at any cost, his anomalous position.

The people of the North know little or nothing of the negro as he is in the South. This is not a blissful ignorance on the part of

the Northern people, for it is fraught with an impending danger to American civilization. The negro in *fact* is a natural-born and habitual liar; he lies without cause; he lies without reason; he lies directly; he lies indirectly; he lies unceasingly; he lies unnecessarily; he lies always; he lies at all times, and under all circumstances; he lies when he knows he will be found out the next minute. Lying is as natural to the negro as stealing, and in both he is an accomplished adept.

The negro, in fact, is shiftless, shameless, brutal, deceitful, dishonest, untruthful, revengeful, ungrateful, immoral. The negro in fiction is a simple, good-natured, docile, affectionate, honest, almost angelic creature. The former is a hideous reality; the latter exists only in the imagination of a certain class of Southern novelists, who ought to be ashamed to draw so attractive a picture of a degraded and dangerous race, whose existence is a menace to the civilization of the South.

Read the history of the world; peruse the pages of Herodotus, Tacitus, Gibbon, and you will find that, neither in ancient nor in modern times has the negro ever achieved anything, or attained to anything compared with the magnificent progress of the white race. On the contrary, left to himself, the negro is an inevitable enemy of progress. Left to himself, he is a savage everywhere. He is worse than a savage in name and in fact, as in Africa; a savage in fact, as in Hayti; a savage in name and in fact, as in some portions of the South; a savage in fact in the North. Who can escape his destiny? What God has decreed must be now and forever. Almighty God made the negro what he is, and what he will be until time shall be no more. The origin of this immortal curse takes us back nearly four thousand years—to the fatal day when the young Chanaan found his grandfather Noah intoxicated in his tent, and with irreverent spirit exposed his condition to his father, Ham, and both son and grandson made fun of the unconscious patriarch. When Noah learned what they had done, he said: "Cursed be Chanaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said: Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, be Chanaan his servant. May God enlarge Japheth and may he dwell in the tents of Shem, and Chanaan be his servant." From that time to this the descendants of Ham have been the servants of the white race all over the world. The negro bears upon his face the everlasting curse of God. In intellect, he is only one degree above the baboon; in instinct, he is below the brute.

For thirty years the negroes of the South have been free in fact as well as by the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. During this time they have had a good opportunity to gain an education. What has been the result? As a race they have proved themselves incapable of intellectual culture. Their dull African brains are incapable of receiving the education which makes the white race the dominant race of the world. The brand of inferiority placed upon the black man by the eternal God four thousand years ago, has been indelible, irremovable, everlasting. It was placed there to stay, and has stayed. It was placed there by God, and God has kept it there.

The noble mental qualities which distinguish the white race from the black are the power of analysis; the intellectual quality of pure reason; the desire of perfectibility; the wish to know the unknown; the ability of observing new phenomena and new relations. These are the distinctive qualities of the white race unknown to the black. No training, no education, no possible chain of circumstances has, or can make the negro anything except a negro. The high civilization attained by the white race is impossible to him. Neither mentally, nor morally, nor physically can the black race ever equal the white race. The two races cannot exist in the same country upon terms of equality. The whole history of the world proves this to be a fact beyond dispute. The black race always has, and always will yield to the superiority of the white race.

It is not his black skin alone that distinguishes the negro from the white man as it is his black nature. The negro does not improve his condition because he has no respect for himself, without which progress is impossible. Therefore he has remained, unchanged by circumstances, upon the lowest plane of humanity since the dawn of history. The black race is the only race living among civilized men which is not affected by the commission of crime. A black man may lie, steal, get drunk, and be habitually guilty of other low vices, yet he does not lose caste among the people of his race as a white man would under similar circumstances.

In his first inaugural address, made on the 4th of March, 1861, Lincoln declared that he "had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery where it already existed." He said, further: "I believe I have no lawful right to



do so, and I have no inclination to do so. . . . I take the official oath without any reservation, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules."

Within two years after solemnly swearing to support the Constitution, which guaranteed slavery, he proclaimed the emancipation of the Southern slaves, and robbed the Southern people of one thousand millions of dollars. I dwell upon this matter because I am deeply impressed with the unparalleled injustice to the slaveholders of emancipation without compensation, because I am convinced that the instantaneous setting free of four millions of slaves was a cruel injustice to the freedmen, because I deplore the outrageous attempt at racial suicide made by putting the ballot into the hands of the blacks with the avowed purpose of making them the political rulers of their former masters. Such deliberate malice is unparalleled in the history of the civilized world.

The negro has been the cause, directly or indirectly, of all the troubles that have taken place in this country since the formation of the Government. He was the cause of the sectional division of the country into North and South. He was the cause of the bitter feeling between the two sections which finally culminated in the Civil War. He was the cause of the death of one million of the flower of American youth. He was the cause of the expenditure of one thousand millions of dollars. The negro is still the one dark spot that overshadows the fair land of the South with the darkness of the Dark Continent.

The negro question is the most vital problem in American politics to-day. Compared with it the Tariff and Silver questions sink into insignificance. It is not a national question; it is a sectional question. Its solution belongs to the South. Let the South deal with it without any interference on the part of the North. The interference of the North in this question will have a fatal effect upon the negro.

The North must recognize this one thing: that the so-called "manhood suffrage" is merely a political sentiment, not an actual fact. The people of the South would be wanting in the splendid characteristics of the great Anglo-Saxon race if they allowed themselves to be ruled by a horde of black barbarians.

People come here from all parts of Europe—the Swedes, Norwegians, Scotch, Irish, English, Germans from the North; French, Spanish, Italians from the South; Austrians and Hungarians from

the center, and in a few years they are merged into the great American people. The negro has been here for nearly three hundred years, but he is still an alien, and will be to the end. Why? Because he can never assimilate with the white race.

The right of suffrage has been denied to the Chinese, whose civilization is three thousand years older than ours. It has been denied to the Indian, who was the master of this Continent a thousand years before the white man set foot on American soil. Yet this great privilege has been indiscriminately given to the negro, who can never form a part in our civilization; who can never enter into social relations with us; who can never be better than he has been and is,—the most ignorant, the most degraded, the most hopelessly depraved human being that the world has ever seen. All the blood and treasure that has been expended to set the negro free, and put him upon an equality with the white man, has been thrown away. The negro is now, and always will be, the servant of the white man. The relation of master and servant is the only relation that can exist between the white and black races. They have been from the beginning master and servant, so they will be to the end. No change in the Constitution can change the inevitable laws of nature. No change in the laws of man can change the immutable laws of God.

For more than a hundred years San Domingo has been under the entire control of the black man. That once lovely land has become Africanized. The worst superstitions and practices of the west coast of Africa have been revived there; serpent worship, child sacrifice and cannibalism. Morality is unknown; immorality is universal. The negroes in the United States belong to the same family as the Haytian negro; they have the same nature, the same passions, the same instincts. What San Domingo is the South would become under negro supremacy. The South will continue "solid" so long as the negro threatens the political life of the Southern people. The solidarity of the South is the salvation of the white man.

In 1790, the negro population of this country was 700,000; in 1860, it was 4,000,000; in 1890, it was 7,000,000. What will it be in 1950? Probably 70,000,000. Think of it! 70,000,000 of black people crowded into the narrow limits of the Southern States! Can we imagine life in the South under a condition of affairs like that?

In the face of such a prospect, I cannot find language sufficiently strong to denounce the Southern novelists who describe the Southern negro as a lovely, angelic being, whose presence is a benediction, whose sense of honor is what Poe called "Quixotic," whose truthfulness is child-like, whose honesty recalls the days of King Alfred. In describing the negro in this way the Southern novelists encourage a sentimental feeling toward the negro which can do no good and may do much harm.

This is the white man's country. This Government was formed by white men for white men. White men have made this country what it is among the nations of the earth, and the black man shall not destroy the noble institutions of this magnificent Republic, and degrade this land to the condition of Hayti and every other country where they have had domination. We are the descendants of Revolutionary sires, and we will not yield a place to the descendants of African slaves. Our ancestors fought at Eutaw, at Cowpens, at Yorktown, and we will not accept as our equals men whose ancestors ate their prisoners of war. We are the sons of Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and we will never receive as brothers the sons of Ethiopian cannibals and devil-worshippers.

*Baltimore.*

EUGENE L. DIDIER.

## GLOBE NOTES.

THESE Globe Notes may as well begin with explanations and apologies. Perhaps they will rise to something higher as we go along.

In the first place I have been unable to prepare the paper on Bismarck which should appear in this number, and I substitute a paper on William Penn, done thirteen years ago and published in the *Philadelphia Times* the day the City of Brotherly Love was standing on tip-toe doing honor to its founder.

In the October issue of *THE GLOBE* I fully expect to continue the Life of Bismarck, dealing in that issue especially with the delicate question of his relations to the Roman Catholic Church.

In the same number I hope and expect to publish a long-promised article in answer to the question: Why I became a Catholic. "The cares of office" have been too numerous the



last three months to admit of the necessary work demanded on these papers.

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In the last January issue of this REVIEW I made the mistake, it seems, of giving his Lordship, Bishop Spalding, the credit of being a "convert," and not to the Catholic manor born. My impression was at the time and still remains that I received my information from Catholic sources that I believed to be reliable if not infallible. Perhaps I was and am mistaken; perhaps the sources were as I thought, except in the matter of reliability. I am sorry to say that Catholic sources so-called, that is Catholic newspapers, books, directories and individuals, are often a very long way from being reliable, not to speak of infallible, at all. We have this treasure in earthen vessels, and the vessels are too often shallow and gaudy, pretentious and conceited, stiff and unbeautiful, presumptuous and deceiving: merely the whitewashed and garnished shams of truth, not to speak of genuine piety. However, I owe the gifted Bishop Spalding an apology which I herewith gladly offer for having attributed to him the inevitable heroism necessary for a strong mind like his to work its way out of the contradictions and imperfections of Protestant creeds into the beautiful and restful unity of the one Church of God. I am glad he never had to suffer that, though perhaps his Lordship's poetry might have been more poetic had his rich and beautiful nature been subjected to so great a strain. I believe that he will forgive me, has already forgiven me, and that he knows I did not mean to detract in any way from his value or dignity as a splendid representative of what a great and liberal churchman ought to be. To err is human, to forgive is divine.

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Now a word in regard to some of the contributions in this issue. I am quite pleased to have the associate editor give Dr. Parkhurst a kindlier pat on the shoulder than I was moved to give him in the last issue. It is not that I think less of Dr. Parkhurst's pugnacious persistency than my fellow-men, but that I see so clearly the very shallow and temporary character of his kind of reform. As I put it in the last GLOBE, the Lexow gentlemen put Pat Cashman out only that Mike Cashman may get in. Yesterday it was Tweed; to-day it is Croker; but a pox upon your making targets of two or three men when the whole head is sick and the whole heart of the nation sore with general lying and robbery.

Philadelphia is as bad as New York. Wanamaker and Quay—both excellent natives and sons of pious parents, are as bad as Croker and Gilroy. If the Philadelphia newspapers would simply lift the veils from their pigeon-holes some very religious American and Republican gentlemen would hide their crimson faces in the flames of hell-fire before attempting to reorganize their Tammany under the same or another name.

Chicago is quite as vile as New York or Philadelphia. In Topeka, Kansas; in San Francisco, the story is the same. In New York, Parkhurst and Co. simply closed the front doors of small saloons on Sundays, but kept the side doors open, and did not presume to close the front or side doors of the large hotels, where you can have all the liquor you desire.

They raided houses of ill-fame only to drive the poor girls into the streets and around the corner to open their trade elsewhere. They closed A's gambling house on A street only to make way for B's gambling house on B street. But they have not lessened the immoral tone of the city a hair's breadth.

In fact it is none of Parkhurst's business whether the saloons are open on Sunday or no. In truth, it is none of Parkhurst's business whether Mrs. B. runs a house of natural convenience or no. But it is his business to preach the gospel in such a way, and so to live before the world, that men and women will receive some moral impetus toward self-respect from his words and life, and will not be inclined to passion or crime.

I have seen and read so much of this Cheap John reform in the last fifty years, and have seen, every time, that it amounts to nothing—that I am simply disgusted quite as much with the Parkhurst gangs and methods of reform as I am with the characterless corruptions of the masses themselves.

What would I advise? Mind your own business, and let other people mind theirs.

If it is your business to teach religion, teach it; first live it, understand it, and get some other lady or gentleman to follow your example—a whole church of them if possible. It is awfully slow, but there is no other way.

The man who calls drinking a vice and a crime is an untaught fool, and does not know what stimulants do for at least 80 per cent. of the working and thinking men of this world. A pox upon your baby talk about its being only a whip and spur. A pox upon your

lying school books teaching the physical effect of alcoholic drink. Of course the drunkard is as much of a fool as the temperance crank, but fortunately he knows enough to admit his folly, while the prohibitionist considers himself a wise man and a saint. Your Uriah Heaps never drink. They simply lie and steal and run mission schools, and try to make other people decent and upright instead of being decent and upright themselves. I hold that your common every-day pious and underhanded deception is worse even than drinking, and I am here to make you understand this.

The question of race or nationality should never be brought into these questions of reform. If there are more Irish rascals in New York than in Philadelphia it is simply because there are more Irishmen in proportion to the total inhabitants of New York than in Philadelphia. All our greatest political rascals, from Aaron Burr to James Blaine, to M. Quay & Co., have been native born. But we send our clerks to prison and help the stealing cashier to fly, yet dream that we are employed in Christian reform.

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I welcome with great pleasure to this issue Dr. Julius H. Ward's review of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief." It is a very able book, and it will certainly number among its readers more Catholics than Mr. Balfour expected. We see that he does not see what we see and believe; but no man yet born has struck such a powerful blow against the absurd and irrational claims of modern rationalistic naturalism so-called. Carlyle righteously and properly enough sneered and laughed at its hollow pretensions. Ruskin despised them alike from the artistic and the moral heights of his exalted soul; Emerson, being a socinian and untrained even in the rudiments of eternal morality, not to speak of the eternal and true sacredness of religion, became enamored of the principles of naturalism and tried to weave, or thought he had woven these into some sort of harmony with what he supposed to be his own transcendental and original sight of spiritual things, all the while forgetting that what little true vision he had of the soul or of its relations to God and immortality he had absolutely derived by birth and heredity from eighteen centuries of Christian truth. In all my writings up to this date I have followed the examples of Carlyle and Ruskin, not in their way, nor in their spirit, but out of a clearer sight of my own and in full view of a faith in God and in the absolute authority of His moral law, that it was never given



those two men to see or proclaim. In my article on "The Vagaries of Modern Thought," written ten years ago and published in No. 9 of this REVIEW, I pointed out many of the weaknesses of naturalism emphasized by Mr. Balfour in his excellent book.

Mr. Balfour is the first respectable English scholar, however, who has deliberately, and at first out of a sympathetic union with the principles of naturalism, shown their utter hollowness and shallowness, their borrowed glory from higher sources which they pretend to despise, and their utter inadequacy to meet or deal with the higher problems of the human soul.

All Catholics know this instinctively. In truth, they all know it logically, and they see just as clearly that Mr. Balfour, though beautifully competent to expose the faults of naturalism, has neither the theological training nor the religious faith to become a true teacher of true morality or true faith in God, or in the authority of His Church in this world.

In one sense, therefore, we must say of Mr. Balfour as Carlyle said of Voltaire, on quite other grounds: "Hast thou only a faculty for destroying, not for building, then take our thanks and thyself away." Had I not found rest in the Catholic Church—a rest which makes all moral questionings and speculative doubt needless if not impossible, I should refer Mr. Balfour to my own system of natural-supernatural rationalistic Cosmotheism as the final expression of human reason on the themes he discusses; as it is, I am only inclined to assure him and others like him, that obedience to divine authority is better than speculation; that sure as the sun still rises and sets, all imperfect forms of naturalism and of speculative human reason are slowly losing themselves in that broader and perfect unity of truth and faith for which the Catholic Church stands, and of which it is as certainly the divine expounder as that there is any divine meaning in the affairs of this universe at all. Love is the law of knowledge, and the martyrdom of divine love is the keynote that unlocks and glorifies all the mysteries of eternity.

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Readers of the Globe Notes in our April issue may have noticed the apparent discrepancy between the recognition given to the moral aspect of the New England Abolition movement and my own frank avowal that the consummation of that movement had been a fearful curse upon the Southern States; and readers of

Mr. Didier's paper in this number may be inclined to think that the Editor of the *GLOBE*, who was an avowed Abolitionist in his earlier years, has lost his one-time ability of moral discrimination.

I frankly say, therefore, *First*, that for the last twenty years I have been slowly changing my views and feelings in regard to the negro question. *Second*, I have long seen—even from my experience with the negroes of the North—that education, as far as it has had any effect upon the race, has had the effect of making the negro a less useful, and a more dangerous and offensive member of the human family; that after my visit to the Southern States, last March, these convictions were not only strengthened and intensified, but that I then became thoroughly convinced, and have since freely expressed the conviction that the South must either reinslave the negro, or export him, drive him out of the land, or kill him.

Mr. Didier approaches this question from the standpoint of a Southerner, indignant at the so-called gigantic robbery perpetrated on the South by the Proclamation of Emancipation. To me, however, that ground is somewhat weakened by the reserved rights and the last appeal of battle among the warfares of all nations. We were at war with the South, and, in the sight of the infernal laws or rights of war, had the same right to free or capture or burn the enemy's negroes that we had to burn his defences or free his chickens. I do not defend this position on moral grounds. I think and have always taught that all human wars are infamous travesties upon the ideas of human brotherhood, and an insult to the very essence of Christianity. But as long as wars are waged the opposing forces will weaken their enemy's camp or fort, or home or property in any way that may help to turn the victory; so I leave that phase of the question; and I am perfectly aware of the gravity of my consent in allowing such a paper as Mr. Didier's to appear in these pages. I admit it because I think that, at bottom, it is God's own truth; and a truth that we shall yet have to wrestle with till, like all truths, it forces itself into our unwilling hearts and minds.

My own changed position in regard to the negro problem is wholly on other and more practical grounds. As already stated, I am convinced that the freeing and so-called educating of the negro have been a curse to the negro himself; have unfitted him

for the work that he could do under certain circumstances, and never have and never can fit him for the work that education is supposed to fit men to do.

The people of the North cannot understand this, because with us the negro is in a small minority, and his status, influence or what-not is about the same as it was before the war. It is true that even in the North since the negro has the right of suffrage he is an added element of purchasable corruption in the hands of unprincipled politicians, but there are not enough negroes in the North to make this a serious question. In the South, however, this is all changed, and the political and social aspect of his case are presented in a very lively manner by Mr. Didier.

He does not, however, deal to any extent with the aspect of the subject that impressed me most vividly and powerfully when I was lately in the South. I refer to the fact that the Southern States, though the most beautiful and fertile of all this broad land, are practically a deserted, uncultivated, neglected and barren portion of this country. The negro—above all, the Southern negro—will not work except under the lash. For the last twenty years he has been a loafer, a thief, and an immoral fungus upon the fair life of our Southern lands.

No law of honor or of obligation can enter his skull, or keep him in the field or at any vocation one hour longer than it suits his momentary freak; and I emphasize the fact, above and beyond all Mr. Didier's facts, that the negro is an unmitigated curse to the South because he is an insufferable loafer. He can work; the soil of the South is crying to heaven for workers, and the negro must be made to work or go; nothing but some sort of re-enslavement can make him work, therefore he must be re-enslaved or driven from the land.

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Nothing could well furnish more conclusive evidence of the unmitigated inability of the United States Congress to legislate for this country than its latest law of income tax, about which all the editors and all the judges have been debating these last six months.

In the first place, any income tax law at all at the juncture of its issue and while the taxpayers of the United States were already overburdened with various other taxation, was a deliberate insult to the patient and long-suffering of our law-gagged American people. In the next place, if any income tax law at all were



necessary it should have included all incomes over \$1,000 a year, and it should not have squinted at and left out any income from any sources whatsoever. I am sorry that my income is far less than \$4,000 a year. For I would gladly pay any just and universal income tax that a sane and capable legislative body would enact. As it is I am not included and, therefore, am not complaining on my own account.

To show how utterly ignorant and incompetent Congress is one has but to remember that up to this hour no intelligent body of men, judges or lawyers, business or professional adepts have been able to agree as to the meaning of this latest legislative abortion; and I protest that legislators who can do no better than our recent representatives in Congress have done regarding the income tax, the tariff, the negro problem and the general questions of national and international legislation, ought to be whipt and shot out of existence by the first hand able to wield the lash or fire the gun.

I have always favored an income tax, but I would make it apply to all incomes over \$1,000 a year, and to all incomes from every actual source of income whatsoever, and I would make it so plain and simple that even Wanamaker could not dodge it, or the simplest fish-woman fail to understand it. But this should be the only National or State tax duty or license to be collected from any individual man or corporation whatsoever, and I would make the percentage of income tax on the annual total income of all the inhabitants of the land so careful, exact and liberal that the annual budget of State and National expenses could be amply met thereby. But you cannot expect a fool Congress to look at any National question in this broad light, and one simply grows weary of complaining of their contradictory laws.

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Since the last issue of the GLOBE I have received from the Catholic Publication Society, 9 Barclay Street, New York, three volumes of the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy, giving a familiar and entertaining account of the work and experiences of these dear women in Ireland, England, Scotland, the British Colonies and America. And though these books are not new, and are probably known to most Catholic readers of the GLOBE, I am inclined to give them a good word of greeting. The volume that treats of Ireland is full of charming specimens of Irish wit as displayed by all classes of the Irish people toward the sisters in their early days. And the

volume treating of England shows in a very unostentatious way how well and how thoroughly the sisters and the priests of the Catholic Church did the work a half a century ago, and have doubtless gone on doing it ever since, that General Booth and his crude and noisy assistants are only trying to do in these days. The volume on the colonies and the United States well holds the interest created by the previous volumes, and altogether they are simply texts, about which "Stories of Courage" might be written, till our own selfish lives might almost be moved to follow the examples of these messengers of heaven—alike to the wealthy and the poor. God bless the dear sisters, everywhere, and help us all to help them in every hour of need.

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In closing these Globe Notes I wish to convey my special thanks to the hundreds of subscribers who have responded so promptly to bills sent them during the past quarter, and to thank those especially who have accompanied their remittances with kindly words of encouragement. It is no child's play that we are engaged in, and though the Editor of the GLOBE is not supposed to be lacking in courage, or to be especially dependent on the encouraging words of his friends, I am free to confess that he would many times have given up in despair during the last five years, had it not been for the numerous and constant streams of blessing and good-fellowship sent to him by readers who seem to understand something of our aims and to appreciate the very imperfect efforts we are making to realize them. In the same spirit I only pity the captious and carping few, who, priding themselves on their own ruffled starchiness, seem to imagine that the GLOBE will live or die as they breathe favorably or unfavorably upon it. Not at all, gentlemen. Keep up your antics. I have various lenses that convey your portraits to me, and in due time you may have the pleasure of seeing how charming your very dignified and official utterances read in the finely printed pages of the GLOBE REVIEW.

W. H. THORNE.

*Decker Building, New York, May 23, 1895.*

# THE GLOBE.

NO. XX.

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OCTOBER, 1895.

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## LIFE OF BISMARCK.

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### CHAPTER XXII.—BISMARCK AND THE CHURCH.

WE here reach the turning point in Bismarck's great career. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," leads on to the highest conceivable altitudes of which the soul is capable, but which, neglected, misinterpreted, taken wrongly, leads only to quicksands, eddies, misfortune, wreck and final ruin. The Church was the rock upon which Bismarck drifted, and was storm-tossed and wave-beaten to the end; the wheel of fate upon which he was broken; the light mistaken that led his bark to wreck and despair. Men may quibble over this till doomsday; try to prove that the great Bismarck was never wrecked; that there was simply a beautiful decline in a prosperity that found no obstacle beyond his master-powers; but the men who know history know this to be false, and know perfectly well that the last generation of the great Chancellor's life was one of intense chagrin and bitter humiliation.

The currents of human history no more certainly converge toward and diverge from the birth and death of Jesus of Nazareth than the currents of Bismarck's life converge toward and diverge from his attack upon the Church of Rome. As all ancient civilization fell upon the crucified Carpenter and tried to crush Him, only to be dashed to pieces, and destined to float henceforth as wrecked and broken thoughts, systems, dreams and aspirations along the shores of time, so this giant of modern Protestantism, wealth and power fell upon the harmless priest and Father of the Church, only to find himself outwitted, confronted and finally humbled and conquered by a power he never understood, could not comprehend, and did not know how to battle with. How are the mighty fallen



once more, thanks be to God. Unfortunately, however, it is true that in this, more than any previous battle of his life, Bismarck was the mouthpiece, the executive officer, of a subtle and slumbering infidel sentiment that had taken deep root in large numbers of the German Protestant communities. Austria was ever and has remained the most Catholic portion of the German nations, so Catholic, in fact, that it never could be worked over into German ways. And there is no telling how much this bottom fact had to do with those plans the execution of which crowded Austria not only out of German leadership, but out of the German brotherhood.

The German nations were never conquered by the Romans, as were France and Britain, and they were the last of Europe to yield to the softening and elevating civilization of Roman Christendom. There is a grit and willfulness, an independence, and withal a majesty of manhood in the Teuton that shrinks from the humiliaties of obedience to spiritual rule. It is the last thing he will learn. It is the last thing we any of us learn. He understands the obedience due to kings and generals. But he comes very slowly to the idea that, purely on spiritual grounds, he owes allegiance absolute to the divinely-ordained and appointed representative of the crucified Redeemer. This is altogher higher ground than philosophy has ever trod. The fighters, the kings and philosophers of this world come to it only by slow degrees. This is, as ever, the new and old battle-ground of the race. It is the invasion of Semitic sight and faith, overrunning and sweetly conquering the Teutonic battle-axe and intellectuality. It is the sunlight and art of the South, say of heaven itself, capturing and directing the might and mind of the northern nations. It has to sweep and girdle the world. We are approaching one of its fiercest conflicts. Bismarck was and will remain the ideal representative of the natural and pagan element of the Teutonic race, and the Church the representative of all that has been refined and beautiful, true and restful, divine and glorious in the heart and soul of man.

The Kulturkampf was no new fight in this world, but in this last instance it was between the proud, degraded and degenerate infidel elements of Protestantism and the loyal servants of the Prince of Peace. Schism leads to schism; leads to multiplied rebellion. From Luther to Bismarck the work of Protestant rebellious disintegration had been going on, meanwhile, and, spite of much subtle persecution, the Catholic Church in Germany had been re-

building its waste places, growing in spiritual unity, reasserting its divine right to exist by its self-control, its splendid bearing, its calm endurance of misfortune, its cohesive, religious and social power, and its political significance.

At the zenith of his matchless diplomacy, made proud and mighty by the victories of a statesmanship that had at last brought Austria at Prussia's feet, and bound all the other German kingdoms in a Prussian confederation, but still finding himself confronted with German red-tape bureaucracy on the one hand and the increasing opposition of lawless socialism on the other, there was one royal and glorious road to immortal and splendid fame open to this giant of the conquering races of the world, that was, to make fast friends of the Catholics of all Germany, and so to realize all his splendid dreams of imperialism on the one hand and of Bismarckian nepotism on the other. I am not here asserting that these dreams in either direction were justifiable, much less that they were the best for Germany, or even for the future of the Bismarcks. That they were the absorbing ambitions of his life is well known, and I am simply pointing out the one and only way to their accomplishment. But, blindness of blindness, he stabbed as a foe the only friend that could have lifted him into a well-rounded and glorious fame.

The Catholic Church has ever been the friend of law and order, ever on the right hand of any government that has given it a fair field and a friendly recognition. Time and time again it has borne many oppressions from without and much false teaching from within, before asserting the unconquerable majesty and power of its opposition or condemnation. Notably in Prussia, from the historic convention of 1821 to the days of the beginning of the Kulturkampf, at the zenith of Bismarck's dominion, Prussian Catholics had, in their loyalty to the crown, suffered many discriminations against them to go unnoticed rather than incur the odium of disloyalty. They were excluded from important privileges in the government, advancement in the army was made difficult if not denied them. Still their loyalty was unquestioned, their attachment to the rising and reigning house of the Hohenzollerns was manifest and sincere, and there was nowhere any indication of the truth of that false slander that loyalty to the Church was incompatible with loyalty to the king, and it seems clear that nothing but jealousy of the steady advancement of the spiritual power and

the social power of the Church in Germany, and an utter ignorance of the true essentials of her very being, could have moved the Evangelicals, and the Nationalists, and the Socialists, and the infidels of Germany, with Bismarck at their head, to enter upon that warfare against the Church, which ended in Bismarck's utter defeat, and has left the new German Empire simply an armed camp of millions to keep other wrangling factions and millions in order, and to check and undo the work that Bismarck's insatiable ambition led him to perform.

From the day of its birth till now the true Church of Christ has been supreme in its own special sphere, and must remain so till the end of time. All churches directed by State authority either as to creed, education, appointment to clerical office or honor, are merely bastards by the very nature of the case and could the Roman Catholic Church have yielded to Bismarck's dictation she too would have been bastard and the mother of bastards to the end of time. Bismarck did not see this. The world does not see it to-day. Not seeing this, and mindful only of his easy victories, first over the diplomats of European nations and then over the nations themselves, Bismarck dreamed of still easier victories over the peaceful bishops of German dioceses, and plainly assumed that the Pope himself must yield to Prussian domination and commands. As well might he dream of scaling the stars and hurling God Himself from His eternal throne. Alas, He maketh the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder thereof doth He restrain. But the fight is on, and, of course, these tricks are of the subtlest known to the master-statesmanship of this world.

The Kulturkampf is really a misnomer. It was not a culture battle to try to make the supernatural natural, the spiritual physical, the religious sentiment material and secular. All the world's real culture battles have been just the other way; that is, to raise man above his brutal, animal, natural, material and fallen selfhood into some higher likeness of the ideal martyr of the race; into some likeness of the divine. The Church has been the Prince of all culture battles since Jesus died in blinded anguish to open the eyes of a murderous world. Culture is to make the soul so superior to sin and wrong, that kings and armies will be needless blots upon the fair face of a redeemed world. And yet this giant of Prussian diplomacy and Prussian militarism would call his battle against the Church a battle for culture—as if to murder an angel were to ad-



vance the esthetics of humanity ; as if to kill God were to solve the problem of universal law. As with us, as in France, as in England in earlier times, so in Germany the " Liberals " so-called from 1867 to 1869 agitated in favor of suppressing Catholic " denominational " schools and religious orders ; that is, they would cut out the heart and soul of the nation in order to make its firearms more important and effective. The debates in the Prussian Diet during 1868-69 " gave ample proof of the hostile disposition of the Liberal Party, but the government still held aloof," still thought it possible to utilize the Catholic vote. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that up to this point, Bismarck, knowing the peppery and talky character of the various factions of the Diet, would have gladly harmonized with the Church had that now been possible ; not, however, because he loved the Church, but because he saw how he could use it for his own ends. But even his supposed willingness to keep his hands from persecution must be set down to his favor in making up the verdicts of history. Granted that he was not naturally burning with hellish zeal to destroy the Catholic Church, he no sooner became convinced that the Liberals and Evangelicals would become more friendly to his general schemes, provided he undertook the slaying of Rome, than he entered upon that task with all the burning ambition of a demon.

The Kulturkampf may be called Bismarck's battle to force Prussian mental and military discipline upon the Catholic Church of Germany ; to oblige priests to march at the point of Prussian bayonets, and even in their spiritual offices to compel them to do the bidding of kings ; in other words, it was the effort of wrong-headed imperialism to force its temporal power upon the spiritual work of the Church ; to make the temporal power supreme in all things, to march, in high boots and decorated with rifles and swords, up to the sanctuary and take possession. It is the old, foolish dream of pagan kings, yet, under the presumption or assumption that the Roman Catholic Church stood for the " darkness of the middle ages," and represented an element of the German population that should be Prussianized, the series of laws that were instituted and enacted against the Church in Germany during the third generation of the nineteenth century, have been called the Kulturkampf, or the culture battle, that is, the fight to fire Prussian light into Catholic eyes.

All the world knows that the passing of the decree of infalli-

bility by the Vatican Council became the signal for the uprising of hell, Bismarck included. To the eyes of natural human reason the moment seemed most inopportune for this decree. But when a good man is most pressed by the furies he utters his noblest words, and it is when a great man proclaims his greatest thought that his worst enemies most bitterly hate and oppose him. It was when infinite wisdom and infinite love became incarnate in the chosen Soul of our race that all the enemies of truth and righteousness, especially the starched and robed, padded, pious hypocrites of the race flew into their wildest passion, deeming it their great opportunity to extinguish the one clear Light of all this world. So the dogma of infallibility—so contrary to all the blundering ways of man—became the opportunity for world-wide opposition to the Church; many, even of its greatest scholars, doubting and only giving their slow and reluctant assent to the same. Above all it became the opportunity for all Catholics with any tendency to insubordination to express their feelings of pride and rebellion; among these latter classes were some well-known English and American prelates; above all, the native Teuton found it difficult to accept the decree.

When, however, the German bishops submitted to the decree, the government, by every means in its power, promptly supported those men of letters whose opposition to the dogma developed at last into open schism. As early as the 30th of September, 1870, the Minister of Public Worship, Müller, announced to the Academic Senate of the University of Bonn, that the Archbishop of Cologne was not empowered to exact from the Professors of Catholic Theology the recognition of the Vatican decrees. In a word, the temporal power asserted its supremacy in spiritual affairs. The Prussian bayonet penetrated the realm of theology. Bismarck, via Müller, his slave, assumed that he, the unutterable Pagan—was God's vicegerent, superior to the Pope and all his hosts of obedient ministers.

Thus the Kulturkampf is under way. The Bishop of Ermland had suspended a teacher of theology at Braunsberg for openly protesting against the Vatican decrees; Müller protected him in his office, and declared the suspension null and void. The bishops of Prussia made a formal complaint to the Emperor on this account, September 7, 1871. This protest was rejected, but the government gave its promise that in future, in all matters affecting the Church,

it would respect the united voice of the Episcopate; would not undo or repent of the mischief it had done, and would respect, not the Pope's decrees, but the united voice of the Prussian Episcopate; in a word, it would be stiff-necked, and, hoping for a divided Episcopate, it gave a promise with no intention of keeping it. The devil is cunning as hell, but always a shuffling and stumbling fool. Look him straight in the eye and he will wince like a clown.

The Catholic laity of Prussia, alarmed at the measures of December, 1868, had already protested strongly against any change in the "denominational" character of the primary schools, and had resolved to send delegates to the Diet pledged to their views. Spite of these preliminary skirmishes, Bismarck announced in October, 1870, that a favorable moment was at hand for a struggle with the Catholic Church. The split on the Vatican decrees seemed to him much wider than it was. Had he known church history better he would have known better than this. But at this period of his life he knew only his own power and the success it had won him.

Müller had been a willing tool in Bismarck's hands, but the tool was not strong enough. January 12, 1872, he was dismissed, and ten days later Privy Councillor Falk was appointed in his stead. We will now mix law and gospel and Krupp guns in strangest fashion, and shoot in a manner to be "heard round the world"—certainly.

It must be admitted, however, that Bismarck and his lieutenants had some show of reason in their proceedings looking to a more complete State control of Catholic as well as of other "denominational" schools. German Catholics as well as Lutherans had long accepted some measure of State control of these schools; priests as well as parsons at the head of such schools had accepted their pay from the State, and whosoever's pay you accept, his servants, in some sense, you are. Here was the secret and subtle weakness, though on quite other grounds, of that episode of education in our American experience, known as the Faribault system, and fathered by that gifted and noble prelate, the Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota. Rent your parochial school building to the State, and let the building and school become a public school, exacting whatever conditions you please, that the sisters shall teach there, or what not; the school henceforth is a public school, under the absolute control of the State, just the same as any other public school, and it is only by the accident of courtesy and a kindly



majority of your friends that your bishop, priest, or what not, has any more voice in it than any other citizen of the United States. True, the State is your tenant and you can turn him out at expiration of his lease, but while the lease holds he is your master in that school. Your sisters or your chosen instructors, if by any good fortune you can get them appointed, are still servants of the State; and if your neighbors become A. P. A.'s or Bismarcks, and flout your robes, your office, your dogmas, etc., you have only yourself to blame.

Bismarck had in mind an Imperial State, an Imperial Church, an Imperial School system, with "I and my Emperor" as masters in all lines from A to Z. The Catholic Church in Prussia had better have sold its vestments to provide funds for parochial schools than ever to have acted in obedience to the Prussian law of compulsory education, and in doing so sold itself to the Prussian state supervision of education. The logic of Prussian supervision became the maxim that the schools are "exclusively state institutions." This was the vital point of the "Kulturkampf" in the year 1872. During February and March of that year the Prussian Chamber of Deputies rang with hot debate; the mandate had gone forth that the Inspector of Schools, that indeed all sorts of inspectors and teachers of Prussian schools, should act strictly in accordance with the regulations of the State. Whoever hires you, his servants you are. Catholic bishops and Catholic people protested, petitioned, but in vain. By this time Bismarck had announced that the influence of the clergy in the schools must be checked; they were not nationally but internationally minded; had set their faces against the formation of a Protestant Imperial power. So the Diet voted as Bismarck dictated and the King signed as Bismarck dictated, and the Protestants became Imperial in Prussia and the Catholics Protestants, as far as education was concerned. Give the devil an inch and he will take an ell; admit him to your parochial school and he will soon spit on your altar.

The Prussian bishops were now aroused; indignant. Falk—the wily pettifogger—tried to soothe them; said but few changes would be made in the old method of management. But the Catholic division of the Ministry of Public Worship had already gone. Catholic inspectors might as well have gone also. Indeed, could they act under the absolute dictation of the State? Clearly not. And the Bishops in their turn declared that the Church,

independent of the State, possessed the supreme right to direct in the matter of instruction and education. But it is too late. You shut the stable-door after the horse has been stolen. Bishops sent a pastoral to the clergy: Be faithful; especially in the matter of education. But how can they be faithful? Catholic inspectors were dropped like hot potatoes. Protestant imperial secularism was everywhere gaining ground; with this one result among others, that in 1872 the cost of secular inspection was 60,000 marks, in 1879 nearly 900,000 marks; increase in value of education, a minus quantity not easy to estimate. The devil, in all shapes, is an expensive luxury. Take the Public School system of the United States for instance. But! yes,—but, here is Bavarian Minister Lutz, with a penal statute on the “Abuse of the Pulpit,” whereby every expression of disapproval of government measures, during divine service, was to be immediately checked. And here is your Krupp gun pointed at the pulpit. Bismarck is booted and spurred and he will march up the sacred aisles of your cathedrals; frown at the blessed sacrament; he will even go to Rome;—perhaps on his bended knees.

“The Catholic Bishop of the Forces, Namszanowski, had prohibited the celebration of divine service in one of the Old-Catholic churches at Cologne.” The Minister of War suspended the Bishop, and at the same time commanded all chaplains to take no further orders from their ecclesiastical superiors. In the army there must be obedience; there must be no conflict of authority; you accept your pay and you must obey. Bishop Namszanowski himself was summoned before a disciplinary tribunal, but declined to be answerable to it, and the tribunal did not act in his case. At the same time the Pope issued a decree that the military chaplains should be subject to the bishops of their respective dioceses; so go the Prussian Catholic schools and the Catholic chaplains—a sorry mixture of Bismarck and the broken laws of God.

Meanwhile the campaign against Catholic religious orders had gone steadily forward. At the Old-Catholic assembly, in the autumn of 1871, and at meetings of the Protestant Union, a motion had been proposed and carried, to demand the expulsion of the Jesuits from the empire. Petitions both in behalf of and opposed to the Jesuits were crowded upon the Diet. Foreign Jesuits had already been expelled from the provinces of Posen and Silesia. Native Jesuits were to share no better fate. Ever a mere worldly

and scheming diplomat, Bismarck proposed to employ Cardinal Hohenlohe as an ambassador of the German Empire to the Holy See. By sheer duplicity he would try to put his bitter enmity into the shape of friendship. Through Consul Herr von Derenthal, the Pope politely declined this scheme. Of course the action of Pius IX was interpreted as an insult to the Prussian monarchy. With a sophistry and cunning that mark his whole career, Bismarck announced that he would do his utmost to induce His Imperial Majesty to find a representative that should be satisfactory to Rome and possess the confidence of both parties. At the same time he declared that the Vatican had made it impossible for the secular power to make a Concordat with the Church without being to a certain extent subordinate to the Church, a condition which the German Empire could never accept. At this juncture came the famous declaration that has gone round the world: "Be assured of this, that we will not go Canossa either in the ecclesiastical or political sense." But it is never wise even for great men to say what they will or will not do. God alone holds the future course of our purposes in His own hands.

Under these circumstances the Diet entered upon the consideration of a law which should regulate the position of religious orders, and which should control, by means of penal statutes, the "dangerous political influence of the Jesuits," as if a Jesuit were any more dangerous than any other earnest Catholic; as if saints were dangerous even to pagan princes and kings. Of course, the law went through the Diet, and all along the Prussian lines the anti-Catholic sentiment flew like a firebrand of hate and revolution. Prussian Ministers of the Interior and of Public Worship announced that independent of the Jesuit order, congregations existed which were afflicted with it, as if every Catholic soul on God's earth were not afflicted with it, and ready to die with and for its saintly leaders as for Christ himself. August 10, 1872, local governors were instructed to find out whether or not the Redemptorists, Christian Brothers, Lazarists, Barnabites, Theatians, and Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, possessed establishments in their districts; and Bismarck had given out that the Empire was involved in war-like relations with Rome.

God never sleeps, and the saints all sleep on their arms. At every period of history since Jesus died, the needed champion of his cause has arisen at the proper time. Goliath found his David.



Bismarck found a foe worthy of his steel. All over the German Empire, Catholics saw, felt and knew that their individual rights as citizens were being violated; that their rights as Catholic Christians were being trampled upon; that their spiritual superiors and advisers were being interfered with and humiliated; that the Church and its Head were being dragged into the gutters of secularism and scorned by unbelieving pagan souls. But the bishops being everywhere hampered in their office, a layman was needed to arouse the national Catholic indignation, bring it into proper line and organization, and fire its lightning flashes until the blinded eyes of the Chancellor himself should be opened to the dangers of his mad career. Such a man was found in Herr Windthorst.

"We hear that it is becoming a question of war to the knife with us," said this calm and deliberate little man. "We, on our part, are desirous of peace; but if you insist upon war, why, then, you shall have it." Ludwig Windthorst was born in Kaldenhof, Hanover, January 17, 1812, died in Berlin, March 14, 1891. He studied in Göttingen and Heidelberg. After the annexation of Hanover by Prussia he was the King's representative in the negotiations with Bismarck for compensation. In 1867 he was elected to the North German Parliament and to the Prussian House of Deputies as representative of the district of Meppen and at once became leader of the Catholic party. For sixteen years he fought Bismarck and the May laws, until the great Chancellor was glad of an excuse to repeal his iniquity. The Catholics of Prussia being German and able to recognize a leader and to follow him, were henceforth true to themselves, true to their leader, true to the Church and—as always—true to God rather than man. Bismarck may now announce that "the unconditional sovereignty of the State will be upheld by all the means in our power." He will soon learn that the unconditional spiritual sovereignty of the Church will also be upheld by all the means in its power. And as one of those means is the underlying arm of Almighty God, no Prussian prince or law or sword can break or cut that arm.

Still there is no halt in the war. The law against the Jesuits was extended to Alsace-Lorraine, and executed even before it had received the sanction of the Emperor. The Catholic "Association of Prayer," and the Marists were, by order, excluded from the gymnasiums. Against this the Pope advised the free use of the

weapon of prayer, public addresses and the Press, and maintained and instigated a dignity and a faith worthy his exalted place in the world. Again the Bishop of Ermland was urged to express himself as ready to obey the laws of the State in their complete significance; willingly and unreservedly replied the Bishop—"in all secular matters." But in questions of the faith and eternal salvation he must obey God rather than man. The bishops of Germany stood with him, and more persecutions were at hand.

When questioned by Catholic representatives, in the latter part of 1872, as to what authority in law he had for the expulsion of religious orders of women from the public schools, and whether the government was still determined to compel Roman Catholic pupils of the gymnasium at Braunsberg to "submit to religious instruction from an Old-Catholic priest," Minister Falk replied that the Church had already forfeited her rights; that the Church, in common with everything else, should bend to State legislation, and that the secular power had the right of determining for itself whether a priest excommunicated by his bishop were actually excluded from the communion of the Church. A prompt reply was returned by Representative Mallinkrodt, that by this declaration the government had opened a campaign not only with the party of the Centre, but against the entire Catholic Church. Protestant Conservatives as well as Liberals hailed the situation with joy. Their newspaper organs vied with each other in asserting that "the government must supervise the entire organization of the Roman Church." Laws against the Jesuits were executed with brutal recklessness, and in the province of Posen the government went so far as to interdict the devotions to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; would even cut out the heart of the Church and make it beat to the new music of Bismarckian blasphemy.

To his credit it is claimed that Emperor William was not in sympathy with those severe proceedings, and it is understood that Bismarck's request to be released from office at this juncture was due to lack of harmony between himself and the Emperor on the question of measures regarding the Catholic Church. The Bishops of England commended the steadfastness of their brethren in Germany. The whole world was now interested in the spectacle. The Pope had hitherto acted as a patient father would act in a quarrel with his children; and this patience and mildness had been taken for weakness by Bismarck and his forces; but on the

eve of Christmas, 1872, Pius IX, in his allocution said : " In Germany men seek to uproot the Church from her very foundations, combating her not by secret wiles alone, but by open force. Persons who not only are not numbered among the followers of our holy religion, but are entirely ignorant of her principles, arrogate to themselves the power of defining both the dogmas and rights of the Church."

Surely this was modest and true enough, but it is always the most modest truth that sets hell on fire with opposition. Bismarck's hireling press everywhere used the objectionable passage with intimations that regard for the Emperor forbade their publishing the entire document. The Emperor caught the fire, and on the 8th of January, 1873, he accepted the draft of a bill which was to regulate the relations of the Catholic Church to the State, and to " chastise the insolence of Rome."

Falk said it was necessary in order to secure peace ; Mallinkrodt replied, a peace which puts the Catholic Church in its grave. In truth this man Bismarck, who never fairly graduated from the higher universities, and who remained through life as ignorant of spiritual things as a pagan suckled by the wolves of ancient Rome, is about to train priests for their office and to saddle bishops and archbishops, even the Pope himself, as if they were horses of his own stalls.

" By the rules of the new legal articles, ecclesiastical offices were to be conferred on those of the clergy only who had been educated at German universities or in one of the seminaries recognized by the minister. At the conclusion of their studies, candidates for the ecclesiastical offices were to be examined by Commissioners of the State in classics, philosophy, history and literature. All ecclesiastical institutions for the training of the clergy were to be placed under State control. The chief president of the province in which any such institution existed was to have the right of giving or withholding his approval of the regulations of the house, as well as of the plan of instruction. The *petit seminaries*, enjoined by the Council of Trent, were to be entirely suppressed. The chief president was to have the right of protest against the appointment, as well as removal of all clergymen whatever." As a sop to Cerberus the bishop was entitled to appeal to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs against this protest, but he was bound to abide by the minister's decision, etc., etc. Corrective measures with regard to



the clergy were also to be subject to the control of the government, and in no instance to be carried out contrary to State regulation, or decrees of magistrates.

In a word, German pagan magistrates were to ride the Holy Ghost, while Bismarck sat master of ceremonies, drinking champagne and smoking cigars. The marvel is that German Catholics in those days had patience enough to keep from wholesale revolution and murder. Even the newspapers hostile to the Church denounced these measures as a return to sheer absolutism and the destruction of all constitutional principles. "Constitutional principles!" Alas! for the language of fools.

Windthorst did declare in the Chamber of Deputies that Catholics were bound to withhold their submission to (such) unjust and conscience-violating laws.

They were not only laws against the Catholic conscience, they were violations of the Prussian constitution and direct insults to Almighty God. Article XV of the Prussian Constitution declared that "the Evangelical and Roman Catholic Churches should be entitled to the independent regulation and administration of their affairs." But heaven itself must be a slave when a man like Bismarck is in power. Article XVIII had declared that the *State* should have nothing to do with "the appointment to ecclesiastical offices, either by nomination, selection or confirmation." But Bismarck was bigger than the Pope, and bishops seemed but pawns on the chess-board he was handling.

In vain did Mallinkrodt warn the Evangelicals and Liberals that to make common cause with such tyranny against Catholics was to cut their own throats, or at least to put the knife into the hands of the slayer of all that was lawful and sacred in human existence.

Articles XV and XVIII were, of course, altered to suit the blasphemous whims of Bismarck, Falk & Co., now brokers for the devil in the management of Germany. If you think this language too strong read the entire proceedings of the German Chamber of Deputies during those memorable days from the 7th to the 20th of March, 1873. Count Roon admitted that the Vatican dogma of infallibility was the occasion of this opposition. Falk declared that Bismarck and himself had looked to God for direction. Bismarck aroused the fears and indignation of his slaves by suggesting that imperial Germany was in danger through a collusion between Rome and the French, so through utter fright and lying blasphemy

the grave of the old Prussian Constitution was dug and its cancelled laws buried, with Bismarck's heel of blood and iron on the grave, while the Catholic minority had scarcely been given time to discuss the unlawful and tyrannous proceeding.

To give plausible reasons for taking the training of boys for the priesthood out of the hands of the clergy, Bismarck and Co. declared: "We can by no means allow that innocent boys in the freshness of youth should have their spirits broken by the discipline of a monastery, and be denied the right of deciding upon their own future." Better let them go to Göttingen and fight duels and become debauchés.

With the adroitness of a successful diplomat and still in the hope of instigating opposition between German ecclesiastics and the Pope—also between Rome and neighboring European nations—Bismarck said, referring to the Vatican decrees: "The Pope has now virtually stepped into the place of every individual bishop; the bishops are now nothing more than his instruments and functionaries, having no responsibilities of their own. In their relation to governments they have become officers of a foreign potentate, and of a potentate who, by virtue of his infallibility, is more absolute than the most absolute monarch in the world."

He either did not know or he was too cunning and false to admit that the quality of infallibility inherent in the Pope had reference only to him when speaking *ex-cathedra* on the dogma or morals of the Church—matters which human governments had neither the moral, the intellectual, nor the spiritual right to dominate or define.

In January, 1875, the German bishops, so far from being slaves to Bismarck or Rome, issued a collective declaration showing alike the falseness and wickedness of the Chancellor's declarations.

But this new opera of Satan was only now well under way; the hero, as in all cases, must be cornered, pressed to the wall, before his full power can be revealed. The Pope was to be excluded from all ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Germany. In his place there were to be "German ecclesiastical magistrates." "The royal court of justice for ecclesiastical appeal." "The State was to have the power of dismissing any priest whose continuance in office should be found irreconcilable with public regulations," and every exercise of his office on the part of a deposed priest—that is of a priest deposed by the devil—was punishable by a fine of 3,000 marks.

The court of justice (O Justice, thou art fled to brutish beasts), before whom even ecclesiastics of eminence were to be brought, was empowered to exact every information tending to elucidate the matter in hand, and it was to give its decisions according to its own convictions without being bound by the rules of positive evidence.

It was simply a Bismarckian travesty upon all honesty, government, justice and truth, and the iniquity of it will rise and rise again to curse him, and ring in his arrogant ears while hearing is vouchsafed to him in time or in eternity.

Well did Winthorst exclaim, "This court is endowed with prerogatives unequaled by any other court in the world." And again: "Do these gentlemen imagine that the Church can be obedient to legislation of this kind?" These laws were passed and the royal sanction given in May, 1873. Nero and Cromwell and Henry VIII, are all out-Heroded by this modern Prince of all the Judases that have ever blasphemed the light of heaven and betrayed Almighty God.

On the 26th of May of this same year, the German Bishops, after a session at the tomb of St. Boniface, presented an address to the University declaring without reservation "that the laws in question were an assault upon the liberties and rights bestowed upon the Church by the ordinance of God." The Church could not, and never can, recognize the pagan lie that the State is the source of all power. In this the Government saw only a fresh proof of Ultramontane arrogance to which it simply would not yield; not just yet.

Martin, Bishop of Paderborn, politely refused to submit his seminaries to the revision of the State. Two weeks later his seminaries were deprived by the "Chief President." Melchers, Archbishop of Cologne, was, at the same time, "impeached" for excommunicating two Old-Catholic professors. Everywhere bishops continued to execute their offices and duties as if Bismarck's hounds had never barked their frightening terrors, and everywhere these hound-keepers applied the thumbscrews of Prussian tyranny. By the autumn of 1873 the indictment against Catholic ecclesiastics were so numerous that the "Law Courts"—God pity the misnomer—had more work than they cared for. Still the Government declared that they would resort to the severest measures to bend or break the arrogance of Rome upon Prussian



soil. The fines imposed upon the Bishop of Treves already amounted to 20,000 marks; those of the Archbishop of Posen to 60,000. But you can't get blood out of a turnip. The ecclesiastics, having been deprived of their livings, could not pay the fines. Will Bismarck send us to prison? Well, well,—to prison we will go then. Our bodies he may, but not our consciences; not our souls—please God.

Meanwhile, August 7th of this year, Pius IX had sent an autograph letter to the Emperor, laying before him the state of affairs, as viewed from unblinded eyes; had reminded the Emperor of his great obligations to God and eternal justice; in a word, had done his simple duty, as "Father and Protector of Catholic Germany." The Emperor, being a Protestant, and flushed with the victories of recent years, and now having fallen utterly under Bismarck's sway, replied in substance that he understood his own business; that Prussian priests were denying their obligations "to the secular power," and finally requested that the Pope would use his authority to end the conflict then raging. The Emperor—still like an excellent Protestant—then went on to give the Pope a few lessons in Protestant theology—"but one Mediator," etc. The Protestants thought this excellent, had many a fine horse-play laugh over the Emperor's smartness, but all Catholics knew then and know still that the Emperor's reasoning was the result of untaught ignorance.

Same year an assembly of Prussian jurists, having determined that ecclesiastical benefices held only so long as the ecclesiastics were loyal to the State, the Archbishop of Posen and the Bishop of Paderborn were deprived of their benefices, and to flout all Papal authority, Reinkens, an Old-Catholic bishop who had been especially excommunicated by the Pope, was endowed with an annual income of 48,000 marks,—an ill-wind that blows nobody good. But here are the prison martyrs to the insatiable ambition, the ignorant tyranny and the brutal cruelty of this new pagan idol of our modern centuries.

Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, goes to the prison at Osterow. The Bishop of Treves also goes to prison;—cannot abandon their flocks; cannot pay their fines;—to prison, you insubordinate Papal creatures. Bishop Janiszewski and the Bishop of Paderborn also go to prison on similar grounds; all think it a joy to suffer rather than deny their one and only Master and accept the false-

hood that Bismarck was greater than God. So from February to the Fall of 1874, the Catholics of Germany became the Apostolic Church over again, and planted the seeds of those lightnings of truth that will yet bring all the Bismarcks and all the future Emperors of Germany to confession on their bended knees.

Everywhere German Catholics were loyal to their persecuted and imprisoned guides. England and France could not withhold expressions of sympathy; still there were no signs of relenting on the part of Bismarck and his hounds. The hunt was exciting. He must be in at the death or acknowledge poor horsemanship, and all the world was looking on. Under these circumstances another happy idea struck the Chancellor. We do not want to fill our prisons with martyrs; let us banish the rebellious priests; and, sure enough, April, 1874, a bill, giving each separate State the right to banish "refractory" ecclesiastics, was passed. Next, as imprisoned and banished bishops and priests could not perform their religious duties, Pettifogger Falk, Bismarck's pet hound, felt obliged to make state appointments to take care of these parishes. If the people really feel their need of religious guidance, surely they will take it from one of Falk's Old-Catholic hirelings. Alas! alas! for Protestant blindness, Catholics are not made that way; and up to the day of his exit, Falk never found a Catholic community, church or person so destitute of Christ as to be ready to take the devil for spiritual guide. A long, long story this, reaching all the way from Mount Calvary to the throne of God. Herr Otto, thy name is demon, and nothing but the grace of heaven can bend thy stubborn will!

The year 1875 found nearly all the German bishops and many Catholic priests in German prisons; found also, here and there, a weak-kneed Catholic who hoped, rather than desired, that the Church might see her way to some degree of concession; found also many Old-Catholics reaping the wages that belonged to the imprisoned priests, but no truly Catholic parish ready to receive their ministrations. The same year Falk introduced a bill to deny all support from the State to the Roman Catholic clergy, and by the 26th of April it had passed and received the King's sanction. Same month, same year, Falk brought in another bill to abrogate entirely Articles XV, XVI and XVIII of the old Prussian Constitution. Let us starve out the refractory priests, and let us have a free foot to do Bismarck's bidding without any hindrance of rejected laws. At Treves, the police

had entered the Catholic Church, found their way to the altar, arresting the priest while in the act of offering up the blessed sacrament, and the Catholics, roused to maddest indignation by this act, there was riot and bloodshed in the sacred aisles.

Plainly, matters were reaching a crisis. They always do. If Calvary is meant no human power can hold off the dogs of war. Pius IX had again remonstrated, and his remonstrance had been treated as interference with the Prussian State, and Bismarck ventilated afresh his hatred of the Pope. Even the sisters, whose special vocation was to care for the sick, and who had rendered invaluable service during Prussia's recent wars, were at last driven homeless from their native land by this relentless demon and his hounds.

February 7, 1878, Pius IX went to his rest, and two weeks later Leo XIII ascended the Papal throne. This is no time or place for reflections on the salient characteristics of either of these men. Suffice it to say that the rising of this new star, the whiteness of whose soul has made luminous and beautiful the world's history of the last seventeen years, was accepted as the happiest of omens by the Catholics of Germany. His gentleness, his wisdom, his liberal and cultured views of all human questions were known in advance, and in Germany many things occurred to enable him to express these riches of his nature in a way to lead up to final reconciliation.

In his letter to the German Emperor, 19th of February, 1878, he expressed sincere desire for the termination of the *Kulturkampf*, also for old-time happier relations with the German crown. The reply of the Emperor was more gentle than had been his replies to Pius IX, but via Bismarck it contained a covert attack upon Pius IX, which Leo XIII was at once bound and inclined to resent.

May 11, 1878, and again June 7th, the venerable Emperor was shot at, and in the second instance dangerously wounded. Crazy socialism, infidel liberalism were running rampant. "We must preserve the Christian religion to our people," said the wounded Emperor. Again, Leo XIII, embracing heaven's opportunity, sent the Emperor a friendly letter. In the new agitation against socialism the government welcomed the co-operation of Catholics; and the milder spirit of the Crown Prince came into the correspondence between Rome and Berlin, and, spite of much Bismarckian self-assertion, this tendency toward a favorable re-ap-



proachment went so far that late in 1879 Windthorst brought forward a motion for the restoration of Articles XV, XVI and XVIII of the old Constitution. Falk, directed by his master, however, asserted that no change of legislation in that direction was to be thought of; and Windthorst flatly replied, then, "that the peace ardently desired is a long way off."

The year 1879 found Leo XIII faithful and hopeful and gentle as ever, using every means for peace. Same year, Orthodox Protestantism even having wearied of Falk's barbarous dominion, the chief hound of the hound-keeper had to resign.

Same year Bismarck declared that "he had never intended the Kulturkampf to be a lasting institution of the German Empire, and that if he could find ways and means of reconciling conflicting principles he should deem it his duty to do so."

O "sweetness and light," O chastened and lovely soul of Leo XIII, thy dear face and life are finding their way into the stern willfulness of this, the strongest and hardest nature of these later centuries. God be praised!

I must not extend this article further. The rest of the story must follow in its time. All the world knows how humiliation after humiliation followed this great man; how even the weak women he spurned, outwitted and mastered him; how the young Emperor, now on the German throne, whom Bismarck had trained, or tried to train, to dishonor father and mother, in order to accomplish Bismarckian ambition, finally cast him out as a useless appendage of the German Government; how he did go to Canossa; how right and left he has appealed to the souls and forces he had flouted, to help him in his fall; all this is now a part of recorded human history and must find treatment as we go along.

In this brief sketch I have crowded months of untold agony into simple sentences, and have attempted no adequate detail. It is one of the saddest, bravest, hardest, most heroic stories of modern times. The battle-field of Catholic faith had shifted from Palestine to Italy, to Spain—to Ireland to England, and at last was to be fought by a little handful of Teutons on the soil of their own fatherland. God in heaven alone can understand what sacred sorrow and what sacred valor, moved and held their souls that their children's children might be free. Dear friends, their battle is to be world-wide. Do not think or dream of ease. The problem in world-history for the next five hundred years is how to

infuse the christianized faith and sight of the Semite and the Celt into the calmer head and the practical life of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races. The Celt is seldom a creative genius, but in world-problems he is plainly a medium of transfer of ancient Semitic light and life to our modern nations, above all to what is and is to be the ruling race of the world. The Teuton and the Saxon Russianized, Prussianized, Anglicized, Americanized, Australianized, or demonized, must everywhere be christianized. Bismarck was a Teutonic pagan, and to that extent stood in the way of the higher progress of the world; stood before the wheels of the express that is bearing the Son of God into the heart of modern civilization, and he fell as the fool falleth, with his eyes open, battling against God and man.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

## KOSMOS.

AH, shuddering men that falter and shrink so  
 To look on death—what were the days we live,  
 Where life is half a struggle to forgive,  
 But for the love that finds us when we go?—  
 Is a God a jester?—Does He laugh and throw  
 Poor branded wretches, here to sweat and strive  
 For some vague end that never shall arrive?—  
 And is He not yet weary of the show?  
  
 Think of it, all ye millions that have planned,  
 And only planned, the largess of hard youth!  
 Think of it, all ye builders on the sand  
 Whose works are down!—Is Love so small, forsooth?  
 Be brave!—To-morrow you will understand  
 The doubt, the pain, the triumph, and the Truth!

*Gardiner, Maine.*

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE TO-DAY.

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IN his seventh annual message, dated December 2, 1823, Mr. Monroe, then being President, announced what has become the traditional foreign policy of the United States. The occasion, which called forth the declaration of the "Monroe Doctrine," was the rumored intention of the governments of Europe constituting the Holy Alliance, to assist Spain in an effort to regain possession of her lost American colonies.

Believing that the presence on the American continent of any of the European Powers would be injurious to the United States, Mr. Monroe announced that this government would not enter into any of "the broils of Europe," nor would it permit "the Powers of the Old World to interfere with the affairs of the New." When this memorable message was delivered, the great breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, the many dangers connected with crossing its turbulent waves, and the length of time consumed in its passage, made communication between its eastern and western shores not only difficult, but also very slow; and therefore it was that the position assumed by the United States at the suggestion of Mr. Monroe formed an effectual barrier against any attempt that could be made by the governments of Europe to gain a footing upon American soil. Since the year 1823, time and space, as obstacles to action, have been virtually annihilated. When the steamship *Great Western* sailed from Bristol the 8th of April, 1838, and arrived safely at New York fifteen days later, space ceased to be a very important factor in determining the public affairs of the world; and when in 1866, the efforts to stretch a cable from Europe to America were crowned with permanent success, time became a word without meaning, so far as the communication of thought from one side of the ocean to the other was concerned.

As a result of steamships and ocean telegraph lines, trade between the nations of Europe and the United States became more and more enormous, until in this day it is of inestimable importance to the inhabitants of both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

The amount of money and goods at stake in international barter at the present time is so great that the one absorbing subject that occupies the attention of all civilized nations and that determines



their foreign as well as their domestic policy, is trade. Treaties of commerce exist between nearly all governments, and there is no government that has not a material interest in the condition of every other government. Instead of their internal affairs forming the exclusive subject of importance for each nation, and the affairs of all other peoples having for them only a sentimental interest, the whole world is so intimately connected by trade that in a very real, if not nominal, sense it is made up of one people.

So vividly evident is this union in trade, that to quote statistics relating to the subject would be a labor of needless supererogation.

As a result of the unifying influence of trade, it is now impossible for any government to ignore even the internal condition of other governments, if it would not sink into complete obscurity.

While the recent occupation of Corinto by the British was a most unmistakable interference of the "Old World in the affairs of the New," no sane man in the United States, barring certain demagogues, if they may be called sane, pretended that this government had the slightest pretext for protesting against the method pursued by Great Britain to enforce her demands against Nicaragua.

Conversely, the request of the United States that the government of France bring to speedy trial a negro who had once been a consul of the United States in Madagascar, and who had been arrested by the French authorities on the island for becoming involved in one of the "broils," with which as an American citizen he had nothing to do, was courteously received by the French government.

Whatever unexpressed motives may have contributed to the formulation of the "Monroe Doctrine"—and from their non-expression they have no proper connection with the "Doctrine"—it seems plain that the most plausible reason for its adoption was the existence of the great sea, which appeared to be intended by nature as a permanent dividing line between Europe and America. So long as the Atlantic Ocean continued to be a serious barrier between the dwellers on its opposite sides, but only so long, the enforcement of the "Doctrine" may have been both reasonable and beneficial; but since steam and electricity have virtually effaced the Atlantic Ocean as a preventive of frequent and rapid intercourse between Europe and America, the whole state of the question involved in the maintenance of the "Doctrine" has changed.

The relation of States separated in every material interest from

each other, and the relation of the same States, when they have become creditors and debtors of each other, is too manifestly different to require any formal demonstration.

And such a change in relations has been brought about by steamships and ocean telegraph lines between the nations of Europe and the nations of America.

If by any chance one of the South American States, being in debt to England or France, for instance, should flatly refuse to pay what it owed to either of these Powers, it is only fatuous imbecility that could lead any person to believe that the "Monroe Doctrine" would prevent the Power in question from making use of every means at its command, including the invasion of the debtor-nation's territory, to recover the money that might be due.

The United States might call attention to the "Monroe Doctrine," but unless with the call it announced its purpose to defend the debtor-state by resorting to war with the creditor, all the protesting imaginable would amount to nothing as a preventive of the creditor-nation from pursuing its remedy against the debtor.

The only effective way in which the United States can much longer maintain the policy inaugurated by Mr. Monroe, is by declaring a protectorate over all the States upon the western side of the Atlantic Ocean. Obviously any position weaker than this is for the purpose simply vain.

In view of the internal discussions that have always distinguished the Central and South American governments since they succeeded in becoming independent of Spain, and in view of the constant efforts of the turbulent factions to obtain money from the various nations of Europe to prosecute their schemes, is it worth while for the United States to undertake the responsibility for these people?

The maintenance of republican governments, wherever they exist, may be worthy the efforts of this government, but the mere declaration of the leader of a mob that he controls absolutely that his government is a republic, does not in itself seem to warrant the title. To the man that distinguishes between names of things and things in themselves, calling a dictatorship the presidency of a republic, does not alter its character.

Applying this palpable test to the governments of the Spanish-American States, how many of them are there that with anything approaching accuracy can be dignified with the title of republic? Is it saying too much to assert that nearly, if not quite,

all these people would be freer and far better off, both morally and materially, if they should come under the dominion of any monarchy in Europe?

The only sufficient reason for the existence of any civil government is the preservation of peace and the rights of the individuals over which it holds sway; for if every man in the world exacted only from his neighbor what justly belonged to him, and yielded up willingly whatever he unjustly withheld, there would be no need of any form of civil government.

That form of polity which secures the true ends of government for any people is surely the best, be its name what it may; and that form, which exists only in name while, in fact, it has no substantial existence, is just as surely the worst, be its name what it may.

The example of the overthrow of a monarchy, in the name of freedom, which is presented by Brazil, should serve as a very sufficient proof that, however desirable a republic may be for some people, in the case of the people of South America, it is very possible to bestow a title upon a government which is descriptive of the very reverse of what it stands for. Since the expulsion of Dom Pedro, as all the world knows, Brazil has been in a condition of turmoil, such as never existed there during all the time the House of Braganza occupied the throne.

Who, in that unhappy country, has been benefited by the establishment of the "Republic"? Unless all the news from Brazil be entirely misleading, it is impossible not to believe that every well-disposed inhabitant of that country would be delighted to see the empire re-established.

What is true of any one of these South American "Republics," is true of all the others.

While each one of them professes to be a Republic, no one of them is so in truth.

It is needless to go into more detail, for the facts are well known. In one word, it may be said that, when any of these states is not, in fact, a dictatorship, it is in a condition of virtual anarchy. With such a state of affairs existing in every land, south of the Gulf of Mexico, does it not seem the height of folly for the United States to take upon them the protection of the Central and South American "Republics"? For, to repeat, nothing less than a protectorate will be adequate for the continued maintenance of the "Monroe



Doctrine." Noble sentiments between individuals are most beautiful and most commendable, but, outside Utopia, no government has ever been administered by sentiment.

He has ever been the most competent statesman, who has seen, most clearly, the condition of states as that condition existed, and who has not seen it in accordance with his desires.

In addition to the declaration of Mr. Monroe forbidding the powers of the Old World "to interfere with the New," he, also, asserted that it was against the best interest of the United States, to enter into "entangling alliances" with the governments of Europe. Each of these positions is, of course, complementary to the other. For to declare to Great Britain, and the other powers of Europe, that none of them should meddle with the affairs of any part of America, and to claim, at the same time, a right on the part of the United States to interfere in their affairs would have been both futile and illogical. Probably, though, the fundamental motive prompting the celebrated pronouncement, was the conviction that the Atlantic Ocean constituted a natural, and insurmountable division between the inhabitants on each of its sides, so that a policy that might be of advantage to the peoples of Europe might be only harmful to those of America. That it could have been imagined by any one, in 1823, that steam and electricity would overcome this division of nature, is impossible, and, therefore, the general assent at the time of its promulgation, to the wisdom of Mr. Monroe's declaration, was quite reasonable. If, then, it is impossible, without sheer folly, or even with it, for the United States to prevent the powers of Europe from taking an active interest in the affairs of the American States lying to the south of the Gulf of Mexico, owing to present conditions, it would seem only a corollary of the proposition, that the United States might find it to their advantage to evince a corresponding interest in the concerns of the European governments. Indeed, the agreement entered into by Great Britain, Germany and the United States, for the administration of Samoa, was one of those very "alliances" which Mr. Monroe characterized as "entangling" the United States in the affairs of Europe. The war just finished between China and Japan can scarcely fail, in the near future, to be the occasion of further international arrangements, into which a due regard for their own interests in the East, will compel the United States to enter. Just so certainly as trade is bringing close inter-communication of its

rotaries, the world over, it will inevitably bring the governments to which those persons engaged in trade owe their allegiance, into closer and closer relations with each other. However mistaken, to some individuals, the policy of Free Trade may seem, and however much they may strive to put off what, to them, appears an evil day, it seems inevitable that before many years shall have passed the wall erected around the United States to prevent free interchange of goods, between the people of this country and the people of every other country, will be leveled.

A necessary consequence of freedom of trade, between the inhabitants of the several states of the civilized world, will be greater, and more frequent occasions for the governments of these States, to enter into alliances with each other; and when the circumstances of the people of this country indicate the wisdom of closer relations between it and other countries, it is inconceivable that any merely sentimental devotion to a policy, which may have been prudent, at the time of its adoption, will prevent its abandonment for another and wiser attitude toward the rest of the world.

That the time has arrived when the question of materially altering the policy of this government, in its foreign relations, has passed from the speculative to the practical, the incident of Great Britain and Nicaragua seems to plainly indicate.

It may always be prudent for the United States to hesitate before entering into any proposed alliance with other governments, until the advantages to be derived by this government are quite clear; but prudence, surely, would not dictate a determination in advance never to enter into an international agreement, simply because, to do so, would be a reversal of a policy of the United States, which had its origin in totally different circumstances.

A nursery is an excellent place for infants and young children until they reach the age of reason; but, when they have developed so far, it would scarcely be wise to keep the gate closed upon them any longer. As it is with the childhood of the individual, so it is, no doubt, with the early years of a nation.

Pastors and masters are needed for the one as they are needed for the other, and some seclusion is necessary for the proper training of their mental and physical faculties; but the treatment that would be wise for the child or the youthful nation, in order that, when it reaches adult years, it may possess the knowledge and self-control to fit it to take its position in the world, would be utterly unreasonable after it had reached maturity.

As the best evidence of maturity, in the individual, is not the number of that individual's years, but his ability to rely upon himself, in any emergency in which he may be placed, so the best evidence of a nation's maturity is its ability to care for its citizens, and to protect them from their enemies. The condition of trade and manufactures in the United States furnishes proof, more than abundant, that, in every respect, this government is quite self-sustaining, and that, so far as its material ability to maintain its position in the family of nations is concerned, no one of its citizens has any cause for fear.

In the case of nations, of course, a distinction can be made between the government and the citizens, so that, while the government may be in a satisfactory condition, its citizens may require something more than they possess, to fill up the possible measure of their comfort. Of course, such a state of things cannot long continue, for ultimately the very existence of a government is dependent upon the prosperity and happiness of its citizens; and therefore, a policy that is not primarily directed toward securing the well-being of the citizens, cannot in the long run fail to be disastrous to the government that pursues it.

While it has been the purpose of this paper to show that, as things are now, it is the part of wisdom for the United States to relax, if not to totally abandon, the policy inaugurated by Mr. Monroe when things were so different, and while, in the course of the argument, reference has been made to the late occupation of the territory of Nicaragua by the British government, and the arrest, in Madagascar, of an American citizen by the French authorities there, no reference has been made to the overthrow of the monarchy of the Hawaiian Islands. The reason that the consideration of this case has been reserved up to the present point of the discussion, is that the incident seems to afford an example of the unwisdom, if not injustice, of the United States in interfering with the internal affairs of a foreign State.

The wisdom of this government in adopting the acts of its representatives in Honolulu, at the time of the uprising of certain subjects of the Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, can be measured, only, by the material advantages derived by the United States as a consequence of the overthrow of the Queen's government.

What these advantages are, does not appear very evident, as far as this government is concerned, for up to the present moment



the most conspicuous consequence of the establishment of the Republic in the Hawaiian Islands, has been the request of the Secretary of State that the Hawaiian Minister to the United States be recalled for conducting himself in a manner entirely unbecoming, on the part of a representative of a foreign power, accredited to this government.

If anything else, worth noticing, has followed the Hawaiian revolution, in which the United States have any interest, the knowledge of it must be concealed in the secret archives at Washington, for it certainly is not known to the general mass of the people of this country.

If, after the flag of the United States had displaced that of the Queen, in Honolulu, this government had not allowed it to be hauled down; if, in a word, the United States had annexed the Hawaiian Islands, this government would have been richer to the extent of the value of the Islands; but, having allowed the American flag to be removed, it is difficult to perceive what was accomplished by its flying, for a few days, from a staff in Honolulu.

There is more than a glimmering suspicion entertained, by a few not altogether ignorant inhabitants of the United States, that, while this government failed to secure any visible advantage from the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy, certain enterprising Americans dwelling in the Islands were decidedly more fortunate; and this brings the case to its ethical aspect.

The inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands may be roughly divided into two classes, the whites and the browns. The members of each class, alike with the other, were the legitimate subjects, at the time of the revolution, of the Queen Liliuokalani. The United States government was represented at the court of the Queen of the Islands just as formally as it was at that of the Queen of Great Britain. This fact constitutes the essence of the question of justice involved, in the connection of the United States government with the events that resulted in the overthrow of the government of Queen Liliuokalani. The facts that the whites generally were actively opposed to the monarchy; the allegation that the Queen was scandalously immoral; the fact that a large proportion of the whites were the sons of American citizens; the fact that the fathers of these natives of the Islands had gone thither as missionaries, professedly to Christianize the brown inhabitants; and the further fact that the labors of these missionaries in behalf of the brown

natives were so richly blessed that they reaped, as part of their harvest, the possession of the most productive lands of their disciples; all these facts, added together, do not amount to the weight of the most minute atom by way of justification of the representatives of the United States, if they lent the smallest moral or material aid to the revolutionists. The duty of the United States government, to the government of the Queen of Hawaii, was precisely similar to its duty to the government of the Queen of Great Britain, and simply consisted of abstaining from any interference in the internal affairs of each of these powers. At the utmost, the right of the United States to take any active part in the outbreak, began and ended with the right of protecting the lives and property of any citizens of the United States, being in the Islands and taking no part in the conflict. The moment that any American citizen became engaged in the outbreak, on either side, that moment he gave up all right to the protection of the United States.

Whether or not, in this case, the United States acted with propriety, under international law, is a question that does not enter into the scope of this paper, for the whole object, in referring to the Hawaiian incident, is to call attention to a case to which the "Monroe Doctrine" might, with good reason, have been applied.

By way of conclusion, it may be remarked, that every doctrine, intended to serve as a guide to practice, whether it relates to the moral order, or political action, is applicable, only, under the circumstances which gave it birth.

If a doctrine, in the purely moral order, be founded upon the essential constituents of human nature, such doctrine will be true, only while the nature of man continues unchanged; and, if a doctrine intended to control a governmental policy, such doctrine will, likewise, be worthy of serious consideration, only so long as the condition of politics remains as it was when the doctrine was promulgated.

The "Monroe Doctrine" being applicable to the external policy of the United States, and having been adopted, at a time, and under circumstances, distinctly unlike the present condition of foreign relations, would seem to be in the category of the countless other expedients that statesmen have hit upon, in the past, to meet the exigencies of their environment. The steamship and the ocean telegraph have so completely destroyed the barrier, raised by nature, to separate the inhabitants of one continent from those of

another, that, in the present day, so far as communicating with each other is concerned, it is a matter of comparatively little significance whether men be separated from each other by an ocean or by a street.

In view of the utterly dissimilar conditions prevailing now, the world over, from those that existed at the time of its adoption, the policy inaugurated by Mr. Monroe is out of harmony with the present state of civilization ; and by no possible means, short of universal adandonment of the uses of steam and electricity, can the policy, again, be made effective.

This being true, to continue to treat the "Monroe Doctrine" as anything else than a fact in the history of the United States, is about as reasonable as it would be for this government to announce that, hereafter, it will receive no representative of a foreign government that crosses the ocean on a vessel moved by steam.

W. R. CLAXTON.

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## LOVE.

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O LOVE, thou art almighty ! in thy hand  
All distant worlds are held, and round and round  
Do roll, unto creation's utmost bound.  
Thou art in every single grain of sand ;  
In every pencilled leaf thy magic wand  
Hath wrought a secret beauty, only found  
Where thou art master ; and each orphic sound  
That charms the ages, came at thy command.  
Truth, art, are echoes of thy stainless soul ;  
And, evermore, while countless ages roll  
As rivers to the unrelenting sea,  
And nations war in quenchless enmity,  
Within, and through, and over all, thou art  
Life, law,—whose secret is thy burning heart.

August 10, 1895.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.



## “THE ELIZABETHAN HIERARCHY.”

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THE vexed question of Anglican orders will be best understood if considered under four heads:—

- (1) The state of the English Church at Mary's death.
- (2) The refusal of the Catholic hierarchy to follow Elizabeth in the footsteps of her father at his rupture with the papacy.
- (3) The steps actually taken to establish a pseudo-hierarchy.
- (4) The validity or otherwise of the proceedings ordered by her in an ecclesiastical sense.

The first three of these divisions belong chiefly to the domain of history, while the last is obviously of an entirely theological nature.

During the reigns of Henry VIII and Edward VI there can be no doubt that the number of the clergy had immensely declined. The seizure of church property wholesale had taken away their chief means of support, while the substitution for the old Catholic priesthood, bound by their office to the celebration of daily masses, rites and services, of a preaching ministry, had removed the necessity for their existence. And it is no secret that it was this comparative economy of the new religion which was one of its highest recommendations to the plunderers of religious endowments. Even as far back as 1545 some of the better educated and more respectable of the innovating party had protested. Cox, then Archdeacon of Ely, wrote to Sir W. Paget:—

“The disposition of Colleges, Chantries, etc., is now in hand, and ye know (I doubt not) the great lack in this realm of schools, preachers; . . . . . and what lack there shall be utterly intolerable, if there be not a sufficient number of priests established, and Howsoever the world beset let them have living Honestly, that beggary may drive them not to flattery. This I speak to you not distrusting of the King's Highness Goodness (?) on their behalf; but there is such a number of importunate wolves that be able to devour colleges, chantries, cathedrals, churches, universities, and their lands, and a thousand more as much. But for Christ's passion try to stay for once impropriations. Our posterity will wonder at us.”\*

Nor can it be a matter of surprise that the incessant conflict of so

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\* Record Office, Dorn; Vol. lxxxiv, No. 4, Orig. State Records of Henry VIII, quoted by Burke.

many shades of religious opinion during the end of Henry's reign and Edwardine period, each enjoying a brief and precarious ascendancy, emphasized by the almost universal disappearance of the temporalities of the Church, should have acted as a powerful deterrent on those inclined to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

However strongly convinced of the truth of their particular views, neither Catholic nor Protestant parents, as a rule, would encourage their children to adopt an impoverished career which might very possibly end in martyrdom, and although under the fostering care of the Legate and the Marian prelates, the universities had commenced to recover a little of their former prestige, yet the failing health of the Queen, and the strongly suspected heterodoxy of the Heiress apparent, and the clique of statesmen who surrounded "the rising sun," must have foreshadowed the approaching evil, even to the most sanguine of the Catholic leaders.

It may be safely stated, therefore, that the number of divinity students at the universities was comparatively few at Elizabeth's accession, and they appear to have at once withdrawn, for according to Wood's list of university students (annals ad an. 1561) "was none in divinity and but one in the civil law," and this statement is doubly confirmed by the lament of the Cardinal as to the great dearth of clergy at his synod of 1555, and the immense ordinations of persons without university degrees, during the period immediately following the intrusion of the Elizabethan pseudo-hierarchy, in which they not only made priests of the lowest of the people,\* but were driven to seek the assistance of a still cruder element in the establishment of a class of lay readers, to serve in parishes for which no reformed cleric (?) was available.†

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\* For general character of the new clergy, see Froude and a paper by the late Mr. Buckle.

† Bishop Jewell, writing to Martyr, November 6, 1560, says: "We are only wanting in preachers, and of these there is a great and alarming scarcity. The schools also are entirely deserted."

The extreme paucity of the Anglican pseudo-ordinations, as well as their utter irregularity during the Edwardine period, may be accurately gaged by the Register of Coverdale during his intrusion into the See of Exeter :

December 20, 1551. Four deacons, two of whom he promoted to priesthood in the chapel of his palace.

January 1, 1552. One deacon and likewise priest, in his own house !—"Infra dominu suam in ceno et eodem die !"

It is clear that, as Dr. Lingard sagaciously remarks, Elizabeth, on her accession, by the ambiguity of her conduct, contrived to balance the hopes and fears of both Catholics and Protestants. She continued to hear mass and occasionally communicate. She buried her sister according to the rites of the church to which she had shown such a life-long devotion; she even ordered a solemn dirge and a mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Emperor Charles VII. The first distinct indication of approaching change was shown on the Christmas morning following, when the Bishop of Carlisle, Owen Oglethorpe,\* who, at that time, seems to have been much about court, probably from his official position as chaplain to the House of Lords, being the Junior Prelate on the Bench,† when vesting to say mass in the Royal chapel, received the Queen's order not to elevate the host.‡ He replied that he could not interfere with the prescribed ritual, and Elizabeth manifested her displeasure by leaving the chapel with her attendants immediately after the offertory. In the meantime, the Bishop of Winchester (White) was imprisoned. Bonner, of London, was called to account, and Heath, Archbishop of York, was influenced to resign the great seal, which was bestowed on an extreme Protestant, Sir Nicholas Bacon.

Early next year the Reformed divines reappeared from the continent and were received at court, as Barlow, Cox, Scory, Whitehead, Grendal, Sandys, Horne.§

A royal proclamation followed, forbidding the clergy to preach,

July 3, 1551. Two deacons. In his cathedral.

July 24, 1552. One deacon. In his cathedral.

May 22, 1553. Two deacons. In his cathedral. One of whom on the same day he promoted to priesthood.

Total, four priests irregularly (even according to the present Anglican, 32d canon,) during an Episcopate of nearly two and a half years.

\* Owen Oglethorpe, President of Magdalene College, Oxford, 1535; Canon of Windsor, 1540; Dean of Windsor, 1554; consecrated to the See of Carlisle August 15, 1557.

† This curious old custom is still maintained in the Anglican Church.

‡ Elizabeth, as far as she had any definite religious views at all, was of that peculiar type, now practically extinct, termed by the early Protestants Lutherani-Papistic, admitting a pseudo, real presence, but denying the mass. Whether she was profoundly indifferent or controlled by Cecil and political reasons, it is hard to say, but only two of her first batch of bishops, Cheney, of Gloucester, and Guest, of Rochester, maintained the doctrine of an objective presence.

§ Machyn's Diary.



but ordering the established worship to be preserved "until consultation might be had in Parliament." The prelates now met in London, and, alarmed at the impending signs so palpably evident, decided that they could not conscientiously officiate at the Queen's coronation, and it was with some difficulty that the matter was arranged, by the Bishop of Carlisle on the one hand, being persuaded to separate himself from the rest of his Episcopal brethren, and the Queen, on the other, induced to take the oaths after the old form; to receive holy communion under one kind, and to use all the rites of the Catholic Pontifical (January 15, 1559).\*

The convocation of Elizabeth's first Parliament, opened on the twenty-fifth of the same month, offered to the best of their ability a most determined opposition to the religious innovations the secular power were about to legalize and force upon the English people. It presented to the House of Lords a declaration of its belief in the real presence, transubstantiation, the holy sacrifice of the mass and the supremacy of the Pope, with a protestation that to decide on doctrine, sacraments and church discipline, belonged not to any lay assembly, but to the lawful pastors of the church. Nevertheless, the New Book of Common Prayer was declared the service of the nation in the House of Lords, by a majority of three, all the bishops present,† nine in number, voting against it.

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\* Lingard.

† In January, 1559, out of the twenty-six sees ten were vacant. The Episcopate stood thus:—

York (Heath),	Lichfield (Baynes),	St. Davids (Morgan),
London (Bonner),	Bath and Wells (Bourne),	Llandaff (Kitchen),
Winchester (White),	Exeter (Tuberville),	St. Asaph's (Goldwell),
Ely (Thirlby),	Worcester (Pale),	Durham (Tunstall),
Lincoln (Watson),	Peterborough (Poole),	Carlisle (Oglethorpe),
	Chester (Scott).	

The ten legally vacant sees were: Canterbury, Salisbury, Norwich, Hereford, Chichester, Rochester, Oxford, Bristol, Gloucester, Bangor. Of the sixteen bishops, nine were present; of the remaining seven, four were represented by proxy, Durham (Tunstall), then in his 84th year; Ely (Thirlby), abroad on an embassy; Bath and Wells (Bourne), and St. Davids (Morgan). All these had, however, placed their proxies in the safe hands of Heath.

The Bishop of St. Asaph (Goldwell), was not summoned, owing, perhaps, because he had been nominated to Oxford. Peterborough (Pool) was excused at his own request. Lincoln (Watson) was committed to the Tower, April 1, 1559, but I cannot discover why he was not present at the earliest sittings. Thirlby returned from the continent and was present at some of the later sittings.

Of the Elizabethan phase of the Reformation, Mr. Froude truly says that the laity "alone did the work," contemptuously dismissing the pet theory of modern Anglicanism that this violent uprooting of the faith, held sacred by at least three-fourths of the realm,\* was a species of mild reform of a Gallican nature, instituted by the clergy themselves, for the revival of standards of faith and practice, which have never had any real existence, save in the fancies of the enthusiasts, by whom they have been deduced, from an imperfect and fragmentary knowledge of antiquity, to suit the exigencies of their own isolation.

During this year, of the Catholic sort, fourteen bishops, three bishops elect, one abbot, four priors, one abbess, twelve deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty canons or prebends, one hundred priests, fifteen heads of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and twenty doctors of different faculties, were deprived of their preferment and either imprisoned, some for life, or driven to want and exile. And out of the whole clergy not one-tenth were (during that year) persuaded to take the oath rejecting the supremacy of the Holy See. Of the bishops, one alone, Kilchin, of Llandaff, that old unprofitable servant of his see, complied, though it is doubtful whether he, as Dr. Lingard says, "took the oath." He appears, however, to have signed some agreement not to interfere with or hinder the new order in his diocese, and was permitted to retain his office, though he seems to have refused to or evaded participation in setting up the new Protestant episcopate. Both political interest and Elizabeth's own preference for Lutheranism, as sharply at variance with the more extreme Calvinistic party, doubtless induced her to adopt Episcopal government for her new establishment, but she never for a moment considered her bishops as having any power or authority except through her. As Mr. Froude says:

"While using the clergy with a rod of iron and refusing as sternly as her father to tolerate their pretensions to independence, she desired to force on them a special and semi-mysterious character, to dress them up as counterfeits of the Catholic hierarchy, and, half in reverence, half in contempt, compel them to assume the name and character of a priesthood which both she and they in their heart of hearts knew to be an illusion and a dream;" thus, as

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\* Even Cecil acknowledged "that barely one-third of the people were to be trusted in religion," still, so unpopular was the Reformation.

he partly expresses in a succeeding paragraph, "anticipating the eventual attitude into which the minds of the laity would subside . . . . a theory only suited to settled times, when it is safe from the shock of external trials, from the first endured with impatience by those minds," (Protestant or Catholic) "to whom sincerity is a necessity of existence." "A Catholic bishop," writes Mr. Froude, "holds his office by a tenure untouched by the accidents of time. Dynasties may change, nations may lose their liberties, the firm fabric of society itself may be swept away in a torrent of revolution. The Catholic prelate remains at his post; when he dies another takes his place; and when the waters sink again into their beds, the quiet figure is seen standing where it stood before. The person perhaps changed—the thing itself rooted like a rock on the adamantine basements of the world. The Anglican hierarchy, far unlike its rival, was a child of compromise and convulsion. It drew its life from Elizabeth's throne, and had Elizabeth fallen it would have crumbled into sand.

"The Church of England was as a limb lopped off from the Catholic trunk. It was cut away from the stream by which its vascular system had been fed; and the life of it as an independent and corporate existence was gone for ever. But it had been taken up and grafted on the State. If not what it had been, it could retain the form of what it had been—the form which made it respectable without the power which made it dangerous. The image in its outward aspect could be made to correspond to the parent tree, and to sustain the illusion it was necessary to provide bishops."\* Soon after the death of Pole, the primacy had been offered to the celebrated Dr. Walton,† Dean of Canterbury and of York and Canon of Exeter; but this learned pluralist ingeniously excused himself, under the pretense that his continued employment in embassies of State had interrupted his theological studies, and rendered him unfit for preferment, demanding, in a period of such constant controversy, an accurate knowledge of ecclesiastical precedent. It is said that one of the Reformed divines recently returned from the continent, Whitehead,‡ who had been a favorite

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\* Froude.

† Walton always complied in every reign. He enjoyed equally the confidence of Henry VIII, Cranmer, Somerset, Warwick, Gardiner, Mary and Elizabeth.

‡ Whitehead was one of the seven reformed divines of the Committee of Eight who sat secretly, in Canon Row, at the house of Sir Thomas Smith, Secretary of



chaplain of Anne Boleyn, was next selected, but his Puritan scruples extending even to the very Episcopal office, forced him to decline the proffered honor. Rumors of the period also whispered that the last Catholic Abbot of Westminster, Feckenham, whose amiable and gentle character, accompanied with his boundless charities, had endeared him to all creeds and classes,\* was also spoken of, but in view of his consistent opposition to the new order of things, this, even if proposed, can hardly have taken any definite shape, although Elizabeth was under some personal obligations to him, and had he showed the slightest sign of compliance would doubtless have loaded him with honors.

For some time Matthew Parker had been thought of for the primatial chair, and failing, Walton or the defection of any prominent member of the old hierarchy. He was, perhaps, the only suitable person available at the time. Though attached to the reformed interest, his course had been not without distinction and moderation. The son of a well-to-do merchant, highly con-

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State, and late Secretary to Edward VI, during January, 1559, for the revision and modification of the Prayer Book of 1552.

Their names were as follows:—

1. Richard Cox,	6. Matthew Parker,	Two other members
2. David Whitehead,	7. William May,	were subsequently
3. Edward Grindal,	8. William Bill,	added to this com-
4. J. Pilkington,	9. Sir Thomas Smith,	mittee.
5. Edwin Sandys,	10. Edward Guest.	

Anglicans should remember that the earlier Edwardine Committees consisted of both Reformers and Conforming Catholics of Gallican tendencies, but their committee bears not a trace of continuity, being purely Protestant. The first five were exiles just returned from the continent, the others had remained in England during the Marian period. The Committee was evidently intended to represent equally English and Foreign Protestantism.

(1) Cox, formerly a protégé of Wolsey's, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, Canon of Windsor, tutor to Edward VI, afterward Bishop of Ely. (2) Whitehead, *de quo supra*. (3) Grindal, afterwards Bishop of London, Archbishop of York, translated to Canterbury at Parker's death. (4) Pilkington, afterwards Bishop of Durham. (6) Parker, *de quo supra*. (7) May, formerly Dean of St. Paul's, nominated to York by Elizabeth, but died before consecration. (8) Bill, formerly Chaplain to Edward VI, afterwards Dean of Westminster. (5) Sandys, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, translated to York. (10) Guest, the Queen's Almoner, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Salisbury.

\* Even the extreme Puritans loved Feckingham. They remembered that he publicly protested in Mary's reign against persecution for religious opinion. He interceded for Elizabeth in the hour of her trials. Mr. Froude says, "He was a man full of gentleness and tender charity."

nected on his mother's side, he was born at Norwich, August 6, 1504, pursued his studies at St. Mary's Hostel and Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; took holy orders and was elected to a Fellowship. He was appointed chaplain to Queen Anne Boleyn in 1535, and soon afterwards preferred by her interest to the deanery of the College of St. John the Baptist, at Stoke, near Clare, in Suffolk. In 1538 he was created Doctor of Divinity, appointed chaplain to Henry VIII, and a canon of Ely. In 1544 master of Corpus Christi, and in 1545, vice-chancellor of Cambridge University. On the accession of Edward VI he was presented to the deanery of Lincoln and collated to the prebendal stall of Corringham in the same church.

On the death of the young king, Parker seems to have been mixed up with the abortive attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, and it was probably on this occasion that—as he tells us in one of his letters—"flying for his life at night, he fell from his horse and received a serious injury."

On Mary's accession Parker would in all probability have complied, as he did in the Six Articles in Henry VIII's time; but having married a young and charming woman during the Edwardine period, he was deprived of all his ecclesiastical preferments and during the succeeding six years lived in strict seclusion, though there is no evidence whatever that he was in any way molested or interfered with. On Mary's death he was almost immediately summoned to London and was one of the committee of Reformed divines\* to revise the new liturgy. Having never left England, Parker had escaped the contamination of continental Protestantism and it is doubtless in great part due to his influence that much of a catholic tendency still remains in the present book of Common Prayer, and it is only candid to admit that his opposition and reluctance to undertake the high office to which he was nominated was most probably sincere. He was physically weak. He knew the contempt and dislike of Elizabeth for married ecclesiastics.†

As he wrote Cecil "his own inclination would have taken him

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\* Vide supra note.

† Elizabeth afterwards grossly insulted Mrs. Parker at Lambeth Palace. "Madam, I can't call you Miss. I don't like to call you ——." Mr. Froude says: "To a High Anglican, as to a Catholic, a married priest was a scandal, a married bishop an abomination."

back to the learned ease of Cambridge," when his previous experience might have aided him to undo some of the ravages of his own party; but he was evidently induced to accede, and on the 18th of July, 1559, the Queen addressed letters missive to the Dean and Chapter of her Cathedral Church of Canterbury, setting forth that in consideration of the said church being destitute of "*Solatum Episcopi*" by the death of the late Most Rev. Father in God, the Lord Cardinal Pole, "*longe d'elin*" (a successor) was granted. The election took place on August 1st, when it is recorded that a large part of the Chapter were absent, and those who were assembled, following an ancient custom, empowered the Dean to select, and he (the old worldly-wise Dr. Wotton) named the Queen's favorite, Dr. Matthew Parker, whereupon, after the old form, *Te Deum* was sung. But now arose the more difficult question of consecration. According to the statute of Henry VIII, after his rupture with the Papacy, it was enacted that for the consecration of a Primate, an Archbishop and two Bishops, or at least the presence of four Bishops of his province, were necessary.

A state paper, with marginal notes in the handwriting of Cecil, is still extant. "But where to find an Archbishop and Bishops." Four, however, of the ancient hierarchy still remained during the summer of 1559 in possession of their sees—Tunstall, probably in consideration of his venerable age, and his services to the State of half a century, during four reigns of Tudor princes; Poole, associated by old and most intimate friendship with the Secretary (Cecil); Bourne, who had complied and accepted preferment even under the first Prayer Book of Edward VI;\* Kitchen, who had gone forward and backward with every change; a man, says Mr. Froude, "whose character will not bear inspection."

On the 9th of September, 1559, letters patent were issued under the Royal Seal to the Right Rev. Fathers in God:

Cuthbert (Tunstall), Lord Bishop of Durham,  
Anthony (Kitchen), Lord Bishop of Llandaff,  
Gilbert (Bourne), Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells,  
David (Poole), Lord Bishop of Peterborough,  
William Barlow, Bishop, and  
John Scory, Bishop,

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\* 1559, July 7. Gilbert Bourne installed Archdeacon of Bedford. Sanders, "*De Schism. Ang.*"



directing that they should proceed to confirm and consecrate Matthew Parker to the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury. The exact details of what happened on this occasion have never, as far as I am aware, been recorded, but it is fair to assume that Tunstall, Bourne and Poole must have refused to act, as before the end of the month they were all deprived of their bishoprics. Nothing further was done for three months, when, on the 6th of December (1559), letters patent again passed the great seal, directed to the Most Rev. Fathers in God :

Anthony (Kitchin), Lord Bishop of Llandaff,  
William (Barlow), formerly Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells,  
now elect of Chichester,  
John (Scory), formerly Lord Bishop of Chichester, now elect  
of Hereford,  
Miles (Coverdale), formerly Lord Bishop of Exeter,  
John (Hodgkin), Suffragan Bishop of Bedford,  
John (Salisbury), Suffragan Bishop of Thetford, and  
John (Bale), Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland,

commanding peremptorily "that they or any four of them should within three weeks proceed to confirm and consecrate the Primate elect. "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," and the insecurity, both theologically and legally, which the innovators must have felt, is well expressed in the following extraordinary passages in the Royal mandate :

"Supplying nevertheless by our Supreme Royal authority (!!!) of our mere motion and certain knowledge, whatever either in the things to be done by you pursuant to our aforesaid mandate, or in you or any of you, your condition, state or power, for the performance of the premises, may or shall be wanting, of those things which either by the statutes of this realm, *or by the ecclesiastical Laws (!!!) are required or are necessary on this behalf* ; the state of the times, the exigency of affairs rendering it necessary." (!!!)

Under their authority, Barlow, Scory, Coverdale and Hodgkin confirmed the election at the Church of St. Mary at Bow, on the 9th of December ; and on the morning of the 17th of December (1559) proceeded to consecrate Parker in the chapel of her palace at Lambeth,\* after a rite and method presumably agreed amongst

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\* Parker had, several months previously, been granted his temporalities. This practice was not uncommon ; in the preceding reign, Poole, of Peterborough, was granted his temporalities seven months before consecration.

themselves, and obviously illegal according to the law of the land; for, although the amended Book of Common Prayer had been imposed by Act of Parliament, no mention whatever had been made of the Edwardine ordinals, and, consequently, the only legal ordinal at that time (December, 1559) was the Roman Pontifical, restored by Mary's first Parliament, and which, not having been legally abrogated, was consequently still in full force by statute of the realm; nor was the ceremony performed in accordance with either of the Edwardine ordinals. It differed from the ordinal of 1550 in that no pastoral staff was placed in the hands of the newly consecrated bishop at the words, "Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd." It differs from the more strictly Protestant ordinal of 1552\* in that the consecrator, Barlow, and his immediate assistants† at the celebration were vested in silken capes,‡ and two of the assistant prelates—the elect of Hereford and the suffragan of Bedford—wore the Episcopal surplice (Chimere); while the extreme Puritan Coverdale refused to use any vestment whatever.§ It differed, according to some accounts (but later

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\* In the second ordinal of 1552, the Rochet is the only Episcopal ornament allowed.

† Edmund Guest, Archdeacon of Canterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Elizabeth's favorite almoner. Guest was probably a time-server. He certainly did preach an objective real presence in the sacrament before the Queen, and endeavored to reconcile that view with the articles. But this seems strangely at variance with his letter to Sir W. Cecil, printed in Strykes Annals, App. xiv, in which he thinks that kneeling or standing at communion ought to be left to each man's choice. Gives reasons why communion should be received in the hands; thinks that since a surplice is good enough for preaching it is good enough for the communion service, and the use of any other vestments only leads people to imagine that "higher and better things are given therein." Guest was translated to Salisbury at Jewell's death; and Nicholas Bullingham, Archdeacon of Lincoln, afterwards Bishop of that See.

‡ It is most important to notice that the celebration was strictly Protestant. The essentially sacrificial vestment, chasuble, was not used. The word "altar" never occurs in the account. The consecrating prelate (Barlow) is described as occupying the chair near the holy table. It must be constantly kept in view, that the Lutherans and Bucerians, while in different degrees, admitting under different subtle theories, a pseudo real presence, yet denied, equally with the Calvinists, the mass to be a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead. And this central doctrine of the Catholic Church was equally denied by the vast majority of the old-fashioned High Churchmen of the school of Mede; though they taught a commemorative sacrifice of the bread and wine.

§ "Vero Milo Coverdalis non nisi toga lanea talari uterbalur."—Reg. Parker. It is said that Coverdale's conduct on this occasion was reported to the Queen.

researches almost point to these as dishonest), from both the Edwardine ordinals in that not only the consecrator, but all the assistant prelates with imposition of hands spoke, "Iniquent? Accipe Spiritum Sanctum." With a view of throwing the fullest light on the nature and efficacy of this, even under the most charitable construction, extraordinary and mixed ceremony, it will be necessary to briefly investigate the antecedents of those who took part in it. William Barlow, a man of low extraction, born in Essex, appears to have been educated at St. Dyth and Oxford, and suddenly became a Canon regular of the former College. In 1527, he became Prior of Bisham, in Berkshire. He seems to have attracted the notice of Cromwell by the boldness and bitterness of his writings, and became a great favorite of that arch-enemy of the monastic orders.

About the end of 1535, he was sent in company with Lord William Howard on a mission, partly political, partly religious, to James V of Scotland, where he was successfully opposed by those "pestilent limbs of the devil,"\* the Scottish bishops. Soon after his arrival in Scotland, he was elected Bishop of St. Asaph, in Wales, and while still absent, before he had been consecrated or had taken possession of his see, he was translated, doubtless by Cromwell's interest, to the more valuable Diocese of St. David. The record of his consecration cannot be found. The confirmation of his election is noted in Cranmer's register, April 21, 1536, and a space left below for his consecration, but never filled; and his own successor at St. David's, Ferrar, was evidently so little impressed with the modern Anglican continuity theory, that he burnt all the books and MSS., including the calendars of his see, by King Edward's authority, his plea being to destroy all superstitious writings.

It has been gratuitously assumed that Barlow was consecrated on the 11th of June, together with the Bishop of Norwich, and had the same consecrators, because they took their seats together in the House of Lords, June 30, 1536; but this was evidently not the case, for Barlow on that occasion took the lower place, which would not have occurred had they been consecrated together, as his was the senior appointment. Moreover, a warrant of Cromwell's to the Garter King at Arms, in which Barlow's name occurs as "Elect," of St. David, bearing date June 12, 1536, has lately

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\* John Knox.



been discovered, and this proves beyond doubt that he was not consecrated on the 11th. Mr. Froude says that Barlow's indiscretions assisted to ruin his patron, Cromwell. Be that as it may, he contrived to hold his preferment during the tide of Catholic reaction that commenced to flow strongly during the latter years of Henry's reign, in which men of much less extreme views than himself, Latimer, of Worcester, and Shaxton, of Salisbury, resigned their sees in alarm, after the imposition of the Six Articles. Even Cranmer had a very low opinion of Barlow. He considered him too jocose, and found him frequently speaking in "an air of ridicule of things sacred and holy,"\* though he appears to have been above the average of the period as a scholar, acquainted with Greek, Latin and Hebrew.

On Henry's death, Barlow took a chief part with Cranmer in celebrating masses for the repose of his soul. At this time, Mr. Burke says: "He was secretly connected with the wife of a German Anabaptist, who gave him a sound drubbing at an inn located in Coventry. Cranmer's verdict against Barlow is very severe."† Most discreditable were the actions of this apostate religious. He stripped the lead off his palace and sold it, embezzling the price, and letting the palace go to ruin, "so that the repairs would have needed twelve years' revenue of the see." Under Edward VI he showed himself one of the most violent and extreme of the pseudo-reforming party. He obtained his translation to the richer See of Bath and Wells, from which he alienated eighteen manors to the Protector Somerset as the fee for his promotion. On the accession of Mary, Barlow "immediately recanted" and wrote a book against the Reformation. But he was too well known, mixed up as he had been with all the most scandalous transactions of the two last reigns, and soon fled to the Continent. He returned at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and delivered several addresses at Paul's Cross in favor of the royal supremacy "in all matters concerning religion." During his subsequent occupation of the See of Chichester‡ he persecuted the clergy of his diocese of the Catholic sort, especially two of his prebends, Godshalf and Stapleton, and appropriated the revenues of Catholic charity into his own hands.

This *fons et origo* "of the Angelican branch" died December

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\* Burke.

† Ibid.

‡ See Barlow's report to the Privy Council, October, 1565.

10, 1569, and is buried in his cathedral. He married Agnes Welleshorne, whether before or after his encounter with the German Anabaptist, is not noted.

One has only to consult Burnet's *Collectanea*\* to find Barlow's views as to the Sacraments in general, and Holy Orders in particular. His opinions are, if possible, more advanced than even those of Cranmer as to the non-distinction between bishops and presbyters, and the sufficiency of royal appointment to any ecclesiastical office without any consecration. It is impossible for any candid person to believe that a man of Barlow's character and opinions had the slightest intention of any continuation of the old order, which he never lost an opportunity of reviling, and persecuted to the utmost of his power.

John Scory was born at Acle, in Norfolk, and about 1530 was a Friar in a Dominican House at Cambridge. After its dissolution in 1538, he seems to have adopted the new religion and became a protégé of Archbishop Cranmer, to whom he was chaplain. In 1551 he became Bishop of Rochester, being "consecrated" by the primate under the new ordinal. He was translated next year to Chichester, on the deprivation of Day, who refused to obey the orders of the Council *ad altrari demolinda*.

For the pulling down and removing of all altars within his diocese,† on Mary's accession, he was himself deprived, and appearing before Bonner, renounced his wife, did penance and received formal absolution. But he cannot have felt safe, as he fled abroad. The claim that Bonner admitted Scory's Episcopal character because he terms him, in an official document, *confrater noster*, and admitted him to minister in the diocese of London, is strained and absurd. Scory was validly a priest ordained under the old form, and Bonner would naturally term any penitent cleric *confrater*, and had a perfect right to allow him cure of souls within his jurisdiction. On Mary's death Scory returned to England, and after assisting to "consecrate Parker was put into Hereford, which he held until his death on the 26th of June, 1585, at his palace of Whitbourne. We find him in 1579 petitioning Cecil for translation to Norwich "from my present purgatorie." Of Scory's theological views, the fact that he was so many years Cranmer's

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\* Published at the end of Burnet's "History of the Reformation."

† Yet many altars remained in the Diocese of Chichester as late as 1569, *vide* Domestic MSS. Rolls House, December, 1569.

protege and chaplain, and one of the first deemed worthy of advancement to the Protestant Episcopate, would hardly now be accepted as good evidence of his orthodoxy even by moderate High Anglicans. We have a curious letter of his addressed to Cecil in 1561, from his cathedral town, in which the terms of bitterness he uses with regard to the Catholic clergy and the gulf he describes as existing between the great mass of the townsfolk and the Protestant party, whom he terms "Gospellers," show clearly that rupture complete and entire with the ancient faith,\* not continuity, was the order of the day; and a letter addressed to Scory in 1583 or 1584, recently discovered and quoted by Dr. Gasquet, shows that even twenty-six years after Elizabeth's accession, Protestantism had made little progress there. The writer was one of his canons, and his object was to enforce stricter confinement for the Catholic recusants in Hereford. The occurrence of such expressions as "superstitious dregs" "censing daily to their idols," "a lamp burning before their gods continually," prove beyond doubt the intention of Scory and his clergy to have been the uprooting, not the perpetuation, of every Catholic doctrine and practice.

Miles Coverdale was born in the parish of Coverham in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and having studied at Cambridge was ordained priest at Norwich in 1514, after which he joined the Austin Friars at Cambridge, where he unfortunately came under the influence of the celebrated Robert Barnes, who became Prior about 1523.

Like many of the apostate clergy of the times, Coverdale became a diligent servant of Cromwell, zealous in searching out the priests who had not mutilated the Breviary and the Missal by blotting out the names of St. Thomas of Canterbury and the Pope. Mr. Burke says "that Coverdale was twice married." On the execution of Cromwell and imposition of the Six Articles, he fled from England. Returned on the death of Henry and was attached as chaplain to the royal forces engaged in suppressing the Catholic Rebellion of the West (1549), with whom he was present at the wholesale executions of the poor Devon and Cornish peasants by the foreign mercenaries of the Protestant interest and utter devastation of the country, when, according to an eye-

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\* "Of all the reports of the Bishops in 1565 to the Council, Scory's was the most complete, vindictive and bitter against the old religion. Vide "*Camden Miscellany*," 1895.



witness: \* "the whole country was then put to the spoil and every soldier fought for his best profit." "When after the victory thus gotten, one Miles Coverdale, then the preacher and attending upon my Lord in this journey, made a sermon and caused a general thanksgiving to be made unto God." (! ! ! ) †

On Bishop Vesey's forced resignation of his see, "pre corporis metu," into the hands of his juvenile sovereign, August 14, 1551, Coverdale was intruded into the Diocese of Exeter and promoted to episcopal orders, according to the new form, under royal mandate, by the Primate at Croydon, August 30, 1551.

I have shown above the paucity and singularity of his pseudo-ordination during his brief term of office, in which also to his eternal disgrace he presided over one of the commissions by which the legalized plunder of his own church was effected, being associated with William Hurst, then mayor of Exeter, and others in summoning his Dean and Chapter to appear before them at his palace on September 30, 1552, "then and there to answer all demands and questions concerning the jewels, plate and other ornaments of your Cathedral Church."

The extreme Protestant opinions of Coverdale are well known. He would not wear even a surplice at Parker's consecration, and subsequently, to his great honor be it said, resigned his preferment, not being able conscientiously to conform to the Church of England in even the perhaps most Puritan shade of its ever-varying existence. No honest historian conversant with his history, opinions and actions could ever pretend that there is the slightest possibility of Coverdale's having the remotest intention to perpetuate the pre-Reformation hierarchy in the Catholic sense. He was in fact one of the first of the English Nonconformists. He continued to preach, after he had severed his connection with the establishment, until his death in 1568. Sanders says, "that Coverdale was addicted to drink."

His scholarship was doubtless considerable. The translation of the Psalms still used in the Anglican Prayer Book is Coverdale's version. His extraordinary sermon at Oxford in 1551, on the Sacrament, condemning the Catholic, the Lutheran, the Cal-

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\* "Description of the City of Excester by John Vowell, alias Hoker Gent," originally printed 1584.

Hoker was strongly attached to the Protestant interest.

† Ibid.

vinistic and the Zwinglian interpretations of this gravest of questions, but nevertheless informing the university "that he was one in whom they could rightly place the utmost confidence touching this controversy," . . . . . "as he had divested himself of every prejudice and followed no party," does not err on the side of modesty.

Of Hodgkin we know little, but the fact that he acted continually both politically and religiously with the innovating party is sufficient to render any Catholic intention on his part more than doubtful. An apostate religious who broke his vows and subsequently married, he was consecrated as Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, in schism, without Bulls, by the royal mandate of Henry, in St. Paul's Cathedral, December 9, 1537, by Stokesly, Bishop of London, assisted by Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester, and Wharton, alias Parfew, Bishop of St. Asaph. We find him assisting at the consecration of the notorious Ridley to the See of Rochester on September 5, 1547, in the private chapel of Dr. May, Dean of St. Paul's; (one of the ringleaders of the Protestant faction); and again acting at Croydon, on August 30, 1551, with Cranmer and Ridley, in consecrating, according to the new form, Scory and Coverdale to the Sees of Rochester and Exeter.

He was implicated with Cranmer and Northumberland in their traitorous scheme to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne, for we read in the Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London, \* that on the Sunday before Edward's death, "Item the ii<sup>de</sup> day of July preched Doctor Hodskyne that was some time Suffrecane of London, and dyd Nether pray for Lady Mary's Grace Nor Yet for Lady Elizabeth; and the nexte Sondag after prechyd the Bishop of London, Nicholas Reddesle, and there callyd both the said Ladys bastarddes, that alle the pepull were sore anoyd with hys worddes soo uncherytabulle spokyne by hym in soo opyne ane awdiens."

This short digression as to the biography of Parker's consecration must be excused on the grounds that the antecedents and opinions of these men are of immense importance, in view of the Catholic doctrine of intention. No devout Catholic or no devout Protestant in his heart of hearts can really believe that four apostates, married ex-Roman Catholic clerici, having broken with that faith in its most central and vital doctrines, and using an ordinal

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\* Published by the Camden Society.

altered to such a degree\* as, to say the very least, to enable it to bear a strictly Protestant interpretation; yet by the mere mechanical repetition of words, which the previous character and action of these four men make almost absolutely certain they never had a moment's intention of using in a Catholic sense, could nevertheless effect a valid Catholic ordination.

With regard to the validity or otherwise of Anglican orders, the opinion of the Church Catholic has been expressed by her consistent action. As a matter of fact, the practice of Cardinal Vaughan, in the nineteenth century, is identical with the practice of the Marian prelates and Cardinal Allen in the sixteenth, in re-ordaining Anglican ministers who submit to the Church. In discussing the historical details of this subject many Anglicans have, I believe, erred in good faith from a superficial knowledge of the subject, and

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\* The heart of Catholic worship is the holy sacrifice of the mass. The soul of the mass is the real presence. The foundation of the new Anglican liturgy was essentially the work of Cranmer, in whose own handwriting its earliest drafts are corrected. He calls the mass, "the greatest injury and blasphemy that can be against Christ, and yet universally used throughout the Popish kingdom." He would have repudiated with indignation the idea that either the clergy ordained under the new ordinal or the Lord's Supper celebrated by them was in continuity with the pre-Reformation mass. He says himself "and as for the saying or singing of the mass as it was in times past used, it is neither a sacrifice propitiatory, nor yet a sacrifice of laud or thanksgiving, nor in any wise allowed before God, but abominable and detestable." The words: "universally used," clearly exclude the idea, proposed by some modern Anglicans, as drowning men catch at a straw, that Cranmer referred to any abuse or erroneous opinions as to the mass. Besides, the Archbishop had been educated in Catholic theology, and must have known well that the charge brought against Catholics at that time (and now) of regarding the mass as having any efficacy, apart from the Cross of Christ, was false as the father of lies.

Nothing could be clearer than the Bishop of Winchester's terse, masterly statement of Catholic doctrine, before Cranmer's eyes at the very time: "This is agreed and by the Scriptures plainly taught," writes Gardiner, "that the oblation and satisfaction of our Saviour Christ was, and is, a perfect work, once consummate in perfection without need of reiteration, as it was never taught to be reiterate, but a mere blasphemy to pre-suppose it." But the fact is that neither Cranmer nor his immensely superior, intellectually and logically, on whom he and through him the minor group of pseudo-reformers leant, the Bishop of London (Ridley) made no confession of Catholic doctrine; though the same cannot be said of their ignorant followers. They had lost their faith in the real presence of our Lord, in the sacrament of His love, and consequently were driven to deny His Eternal Eucharistic priesthood on earth, "according to the order of Melchisedec." See *The Tablet*, March, 1895.



especially from non-recognition of the fact that the Edwardine clergy must be grouped into two entirely distinct classes, viz., those ordained before the imposition of the new ordinal of 1550, and those ordained subsequently. The first, having been ordained under the old form, would have been valid though in schism, and only required to be reconciled; the second entirely invalid.\* That this was the practice during the Marian period is proved by the fact that Latimer and Ridley, who had been consecrated under the pontifical, were degraded from the episcopate, while Hooper, who had been consecrated under the reformed ordinal, was degraded only from the priesthood, to which he had been validly promoted under the old form; while Bradford, an Anglican deacon, was considered only a layman and not degraded at all.

"In Queen Mary's reign not one of the six bishops made by Cranmer's ordinal was recognized as such, and the Protestant clergy are alluded to in visitation articles, etc.,† as having intruded into benefices under color of priestly orders."

I lay the greatest possible stress on a clear grasp of this point, for I feel certain that not only many Anglicans have failed to comprehend the gulf which separates the clergy ordained during the first three years of Edward's reign and those subsequently promoted by the new ordinal, but even some Catholics have been confused and misled; though only one individual authority of any weight on the Catholic side ever pronounced an opinion favorable to Anglican claims, and his error is only one more proof how dangerous on any theological point is the private opinion of even the most gifted, and in this case with every love and respect for the illustrious Eagle of Meaux (Bossuet), at the time he spoke, as he would be the first to acknowledge were he amongst us, the full historical evidences of all the facts and circumstances of the case were not as clear and collected as at present.

I will now proceed to summarize briefly some of the objections which make the validity of Parker's consecration, from which modern Anglican orders are derived, a matter of extreme doubt to Catholic theologians, remarking that High Churchmen, who believe

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\* The Bull of Julius sent to Pole, dated March 8, 1554, clearly speaks of two classes of clergy appointed during the schism, those who have (male, badly) in schism, received orders and those who have never.

† See Parkhurst, the Elizabethan Bishop of Norwich, visitation of his diocese in 1561. He inquires as to those who, having been promoted to Protestant orders in Edward's reign, were ordained again in Mary's days.

as we do, that the true minister of every sacrament is Christ himself, ought not to be satisfied with anything under absolute certainty, that those to whom He has imparted this office and power as "stewards of His mysteries" on earth, have to them been consecrated and chosen according to the form and intention of that universal visible Church which is His very body.

And first, there is no record of Barlow's consecration, and however great the presumption of it may be, is not this a case, involving as it does such grave issues, in which clear proof is necessary? But, say some Anglican authorities, *all* the officiating prelates spoke, and Hodgkin was undoubtedly a bishop, though apostate, married and in schism. To this I reply, both the Edwardine ordinals direct only the consecrator, not the assistants, to speak, and it is at least suspicious that of the three almost word for word accounts of the ceremony, the copy amongst Foxe's MSS. in the British Museum does not record, as the Lambeth register and the copy in the Record office, that the assistants spoke. But supposing he did, according to Catholic theology, "except in case of necessity, and by pontifical commission, a consecration in which three bishops do not take part is doubtful." ("S. Alphonsus liquori, de ordine.") Again, by the fourth canon of the first General Council of Nice three bishops were required who were bishops of the province, and whose consecrations were unquestionable. Now Barlow's can be only inferred. Scory and Coverdale's have never been acknowledged for a moment by Catholics, being performed after an ordinal of which even many Anglicans must have doubted the validity, for they amended it in 1662 (more than a hundred years afterwards). Even in the reign of James I, so dissatisfied with their position were the Laudian school, that, as Dixon shows us in his very interesting history of "Royal Windsor," they made an endeavor to secure the divine succession again, through the then Dean of Windsor, the apostate ex-Bishop of Spalatro,\* and he notices that the prelates representing the

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\* Marco Antonio de Dominis, born 1566, in Dalmatia, embraced the ecclesiastical state, became professor of mathematics at Padua, where he wrote his "*De Radiis vesus et Lucis in Vitris perspectivis et Iride*," being the first to point out that in the phenomenon of the rainbow the light undergoes in each rain-drop two refractions and an intermediate reflection. Consecrated to the See of Segni, thence translated to the archdiocese of Spalatro, where getting involved in the quarrel, then at its height, between Paul V. Borghese and the Republic of Venice, he resigned his province and came to London, having conformed to the Anglican establishment. He was promoted to the Deanery of Windsor and mastership of

Puritan party disliked this, "as tending to throw doubt on what had been done." But not only was the intention of all Parker's consecrators, (?) if their words and conduct carry any weight, strongly uncatholic, the Episcopal character of one of them\* but a matter of probability, and of two † of the remaining absolutely repudiated by all Catholic authority, but the rite used on the occasion was according to the best Catholic theologians insufficient to make a Catholic Bishop.

The ordinal was drawn up, as Dr. Lingard clearly shows, in conformity with Cranmer's own Calvinistic notions restricting the ministry, "and was as fit a form for the ordination of a parish clerk, as of the spiritual ruler of a diocese."‡ The words used with imposition of hands being: "Remember that thou stir up the grace of God, which *is* in thee by imposition of hands. For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of soberness."

The present form used by Anglicans since their convocation of 1662; ambiguous and doubtful as it appears, is evidently an immense improvement on the Edwardine ordinal, the words used being, with imposition of hands: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God, committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is given to thee by the imposition of our hands." But it is obvious that this improvement, "not being contemporary with the line of prelates to whom it applies, must be useless."§

The late learned Anglican Bishop of Worcester, in a charge published in 1883, says of Cranmer's ordinal,|| as amended in the

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the Savoy. On the death of Paul V, in 1620, his relative and fellow-countryman, Alexander Ludovasio (Gregory XV), succeeded to the papal chair, and De Dominis left England, denouncing Anglicanism as a wretched schism. On his arrival at Rome he was arrested by the Holy Office and died in 1624.

\* Barlow.

† Scory and Coverdale.

‡ Lingard; and yet some Anglicans have had the astounding dishonesty to quote Lingard as a believer in their orders. He indeed admitted the fact of Parker's consecration, but he never allowed its validity.

§ Lingard.

|| Strype assures us that in the compilation of the Anglican formularies, Cranmer's controlling influence was so decisive that all that he suggested was adopted, and everything to which he excepted, excluded.



Prayer Book now in use: "There is perhaps no formulary or document which marks more clearly the essential difference between the office of ministers of the Church of Rome and the functions of ministers of the Church of England." He proceeds to point out the mutilations which the old Catholic ordinal had undergone at the hands of the Protestant divines during the Edwardine period,\* and concludes that the powers conferred by these rites which were made to differ intentionally, must be essentially different; and this is the language of reason and common sense, and coincides exactly with the dicta of that prince of theologians, St. Thomas, who lays down: "That if a man of set purpose alter the form which the Church uses when she confers her sacraments, he must be taken, not to mean to do that which the Church does when she uses that form, and hence that the sacrament is not conferred;" and this is powerfully emphasized by the clear, logical definition of the late Cardinal Newman, who lays down of the Church's rite: "It is a concrete whole, one and indivisible, and acts per modum unius, and having been established by the Church and being in possession, it cannot be cut up into bits, be docked and twisted into essentials and non-essentials, genus and species, matter and form, at the heretical will of a Cranmer or Ridley, or turned into a fancy ordinal by a royal (?) commission of divines, without a sacrilege perilous to its validity."

Cranmer's views were, that bishops and presbyters were essentially one order. Hence, "the grace that is in thee by imposition of hands," no further grace for a higher order being necessary.

Burnet says of the Edwardine ordinals: "For there was then no express mention made in the words of ordaining them that it was for the one or the other office."

Again, the pastoral staff was not given to Parker, as directed even by the first Edwardine ordinal. Now, so scrupulous is the Catholic Church in conferring episcopal orders, that such an omission, even accidentally, would necessitate conditional re-ordination. But when purposely omitted it can be only taken as evidence that it was not intended to do that which the Church does when she uses that rite, and hence the sacrament was not conferred.

More important, still, as early as 398, the Council of Carthage bore testimony to the universal usage by the Church, even at that period, of a custom derived, in all probability, from the Apostles

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\* See articles in *The Tablet*, March and April, 1895.

through their immediate successors, of holding the copy of the gospels over the head and neck of the elect, while a bishop says the benediction over him. Nor was ever English bishop, before Cranmer's ordinal became law, consecrated without these sacred rites; and were any Catholic prelate consecrated to-day without them, he would have to be consecrated again, conditionally. It is very important also, to notice that Ferias, who was certainly consecrated *mainly* according to the old forms, at Chertsey Abbey, September 9, 1548, by Cranmer, assisted by Ridley and Holbeach, yet certain variations having been allowed, viz.: consecration of the Holy Eucharist, as well as its administration in the vulgar tongue, etc., was not considered by the Catholic theologians of the period to have valid Episcopal orders, and after his deprivation from the See of St. Davids, before his execution in the Marian period, was degraded from priesthood only, it being considered that these variations were sufficient evidence of heresy and want of intention. See Estcourt's Anglican orders; Stubbs' "Reg. Sacr. Ang." Strykcs, Cranmer and Gasquet, Edward VI, and Book of Common Prayer. To condense the whole argument as far as the actual facts of the case are certainly known, eliminating all side issues and probabilities, it is certain that one bishop validly ordained, according to the old form, was present at Parker's consecration, *as assistant* (i.e., Hodgkin, the suffragan of Bedford). Of the three records of the ceremony now extant, two say that all the bishops spoke, one that only the consecrator, Barlow, spoke, according to the ordinal under which he was acting. But even if Hodgkin spoke, his long previous connection with the Protestant party must make his intention of acting, in a Catholic sense, *ever doubtful*. And, lastly, whatever his intention, it has always been denied by Catholic theologians, that either of the Edwardine ordinals are sufficient for a valid Catholic ordination. No sooner was the first and most Catholic one made law (February, 1550), than the Bishop of Worcester (Heath)\* was convented before the Lords in Council. "For that he would not assent to the book made by the rest of the

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\* Nicholas Heath was consecrated to the See of Rochester (without bulls) April 4, 1540, by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; Sampson, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and Skyh, Bishop of Hereford; translated to Worcester, 1543; imprisoned in the Edwardine period, set free by Queen Mary and made Archbishop of York; Lord High Chancellor of England on the death of Gardiner, deprived by Elizabeth.

bishops and clergy appointed,\* to devise a form for the creation of the bishops and priests." And on Tuesday, March 4th, he was committed to the Fleet Prison "for that he obstinately denied to subscribe." Here he remained eighteen months, during which time he was brought up several times before the Council, and finally deprived of his bishopric in September, 1551.†

In conclusion, Anglicans seem not to understand that, from a Catholic point of view, this question is a mere side issue. Even if it could be proved that Anglican orders are valid—and ninety-nine out of a hundred Catholic theologians have ever condemned such an improbable supposition—the Church of England would still be in schism from the Holy See, and notoriously tainted with heresy in her Calvinistic Thirty-nine Articles. As Cardinal Newman said, "We know we have a valid ministry because we know we are the only true Church, one and indivisible, of Jesus Christ."

Every instructed Catholic knows well that the Church exercises her divine mission as the sole infallible, perpetual teacher of faith and morals, not because she has a legally valid ministry according to outward form, but because she is ever guided by the perpetual presence of the Holy Spirit of God. To claim, as some High Anglicans do, that they are a part of the true Church because they have a valid ministry, with the undeniable fact that others, ordained, under the same outward form, by the same person, with the same words, at the same hour as themselves, scoff contemptuously at every Catholic doctrine, is simply a terrible reversion to the principles of the Jewish Church—the letter substituted for the spirit, the law for the Gospel.

Catholics need no controversy or production of records to prove the Apostolic succession of the clergy of their Church; that perpetual miracle throughout all ages of her indivisibility stamp her ministers with the unction of that holy spirit of unity, which is the spirit of love, the sacred fire grasped in Paradise from between the wheels of angelic chariots and cast upon the earth.‡

The spirit of Christ, in His divine promise and potency, the sacred ministry of His One Church visible, will remain "as long as the sun and moon endureth"—shown as from the beginning,

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\* Cranmer's packed committee.

† Gasquet.

‡ "Ezekiel."



in its plenitude in the persons of her supreme pontiffs,\* while the towers of Babel, erected on the shifting quicksands of error and confusion, totter ever to their ruin and become lost for eternity in the dark gulfs of fragmentary Christianity and unbelief.

England.

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS, M.D.

\* "Super Hanc. Petram edificabo ecclesiam meam."

"Pasce agnos meos."

"Pasce oves meas."

Anglicans have lately seen with much elation, and Catholics with some surprise, that two French priests, the Abbé Duchesne and a M. Dalbas, had expressed opinions favorable to the validity of Anglican orders. It now appears that this opinion was founded on examination of the present Anglican ordinal as amended in 1662. The ordinals of 1550, 1552, and the curious order of Parker's consecration, corresponding with neither of them, appear to have been unknown to them. And no matter how they may decide in the future, such precipitate judgment, made apparently without any knowledge of by far the most important half of the case, is very much to be regretted, and has probably done considerable harm to the Catholic cause in England. See Dr. Gasquet's letter to *The Tablet*, November 24, 1894.

Within the last few weeks a bull and also a brief of Pope Paul IV have been discovered, showing clearly that Cardinal Pole was instructed to re-ordain afresh any who had been ordained by bishops consecrated by the new form used in Edward VI's reign. See *Catholic Times*, August 2, 1895, and *St. Luke's Magazine*, August, 1895, published by R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

Authorities quoted in this article:—Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" Sanders "De Schism Angl.;" Lingard; Rev. Sydney J. Smith, S.S.; Rev. Dr. Breen; Burke's "Historical Portraits;" Publications of *Catholic Truth Society*; Rev. Dr. Gasquet; "Mackyn's Diary," Camden Society; "Wriothesley's Chronicle," Camden Society; Prayer Books of 1549 and 1552; Articles in *The Tablet* up to April 20, 1895, etc.

## MARIE OF CHATEAUGAY.\*

1765.

Sort fell the shimmering moonlight upon the Cobbossee,  
Along their rock-bound channel the waters danced in glee,  
October's gold and crimson upon the maples lay,  
And all was calm and peaceful by lovely Chateaugay.

Before the low log cabin his hands had built so well,  
In dark and moody silence, sat brooding, Pierre Gaspelle;  
Beside him lay the musket which he had brought from France,  
And a hound which eyed his master with fond, inquiring glance.

Half in, half out the doorway there stood a goodly pair,  
A matron fresh and comely, a maiden passing fair;  
Hope not to find a fairer, though you search for many a day,  
Than Marie, the hunter's daughter, the flower of Chateaugay.

For the brightness of the dew-drop was in her glancing eye,  
Her brow might match the lily, her lips, the rose's dye;  
Her cheek with health was glowing, and her hair you would have thought  
Within its tangled tresses the sunbeam's glint had caught.

But now, by Pierre's ungentle mood, her looks are overcast;  
He rouses from his silence and stands erect at last,  
And forth his native accents begin to pour with speed,  
As when from icy fetters a bounding brook is freed.

"What boots it that, unharmed, I seek not strife with men,  
Ask but to trap the beaver, and rob the black bear's den,  
That to you from my scant earnings, may life and comfort come,  
Ye darlings of my bosom, ye angels of my home!

"Whene'er my hard-won peltry I bear to yonder town,  
To every lip there leaps a curse, to every face a frown;  
No kind or gentle greeting in store or inn I meet,  
But e'en the children mock me as I pass along the street.

"Men call me 'thief' and 'alien,' 'French dog,' and 'Papist swine,'  
And swear that woe and vengeance shall fall on me and mine;  
And well I know such passion is as when a wood receives  
The kindling of a careless brand among its fallen leaves.

"Were it not for you, my darlings, I would still defend my right  
And show these British varlets how a Frenchman dares to fight,  
And this musket which in battle my father bravely bore  
Should protect my life and honor till I fell beside my door.

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\* On the Cobbossee River, near Gardiner, Maine.

"But when I think of you, alone, with none to shield from harm,  
The thought unmans my spirit, and nerveless leaves my arm;  
So nought may be but we must flee far from these brutal men,  
And in the untracked forest commence our life again.

"Where a lake lies to the westward, set in a solitude,  
No envious taunts shall reach us, no spiteful foes intrude;  
But oft its still and shady brink by foot of deer is pressed,  
And in its sedgy coverts the wild-fowl love to nest.

"Or if there lingers yet, perchance, in that sequestered place,  
Some cowed and feeble remnant of the Abnaki race,  
Well know they that our people have ever been their stay,  
While British greed and British wiles have torn their lands away.

"There will we build our cottage by the Virgin Mother's aid,  
Her grace will shield and keep us in the forest's solemn shade,  
And there in peace and freedom we yet may bless the day  
Which drove us forth to found and rear another Chateaugay."

Scarce has he ceased from speaking when a distant noise is heard,  
As when by warring tempest the forest's depths are stirred,  
But, drawing near and nearer, it deepens to the sound  
Of hard and hurried footsteps along the rumbling ground.

Forthwith the narrow pathway which crawls up to the door  
Fills with a rude and noisy band, of men well nigh a score,  
With muskets or with cudgels armed, as chance their want supplies,  
And from their pitchy torches black clouds of smoke arise.

Foremost is William Gardiner, a man of gentle blood,  
But of a wayward temper and wild, capricious mood;  
McCausland follows on his left and Bailey on his right,  
Then the Colburns from Nahumkeag and Berry brave in fight.

From the eastern shore comes Lawrence with Davis, Flag and Brown,  
There, too, are Door and Bickford, both men of Gardinerstown,  
And Paul and Stephen Kenny—their shoutings swell the din—  
With Philbrook, Smith, and Stackpole who keeps the village inn.

And there is Harry Winslow, a youth of scarce eighteen,  
Of all the lads of Gardinerstown the fairest to be seen,  
For he is straight and sinewy, of manly, martial air,  
And the blackness of the raven's wing is in his eyes and hair.

The straggling column halts at last with Gardiner in advance,  
When thus breaks forth his fury:—"You worthless cur of France!  
Too long we brook your presence, too late our rights defend,  
But we have sworn for good and all this dallying shall have end.

"No alien hound shall longer—this was the oath we swore—  
Molest our land and fright our game from forest and from shore;



Nor will we bear it tamely that this our chosen home  
Shall be defiled by mummeries and pagan rites of Rome.

"We know you for an enemy of our country and our crown,  
So take and heed this message from the men of Gardinerstown;  
Begone with traps and baggage, with candle, cross and bell,  
Before another morning dawns, to Canada—or hell!"

Pierre stood perplexed and speechless, for scant, indeed, and few  
And hardly to be understood were the English words he knew;  
But forward stepped the daughter, and silent as the grave  
Became that rude and jostling crowd as she dared their looks to brave.

Her cheek was mantled with a blush as delicate and clear  
As tints the timid mayflower, the firstling of the year,  
And as pleasing were the accents from her trembling lips that fell,  
As when the thrush with music sweet awakes the lonely dell.

"O valiant men and noble, who, armed with club and gun,  
Come on this desperate errand, a score to cope with one!  
Or do you deem the women of France so brave and true  
That one of them might prove, perchance, a match for six of you?"

"But, sirs, our parting shall not be with words of hate and scorn;  
Forgive if I have uttered what better were forborne;  
I am a simple maiden, unskilled, unschooled, untaught,  
Too apt, perhaps, to make my tongue the servant of my thought.

"Yet since you would compel us to leave our pleasant home,  
And in poverty and sadness in distant lands to roam,  
I fain would know how we have earned this sentence dread and dire,  
How forfeited your friendship, or how provoked your ire.

"Who gave you this broad country with its forests and its streams,  
Its lakes of crystal brightness and its fields where plenty teems?  
Were not these His who made them? and are not we to share  
With you, His other children, in His goodness, love and care?"

"Hither we came with guileless hearts, unstained by hate or greed,  
And from our Father's bounty we take but for our need;  
No secret grudge we cherish, no plot or wile we bring,  
But live in due obedience to your country, laws and king.

"And as to our religion whereat you scoff, indeed,  
I understand no questions of doctrine or of creed,  
But as the holy father taught, whose cross my forehead bears,  
To Jesu and His mother I repeat my hymns and prayers.

And oft in the night-season when sleep has closed mine eye  
And the wakeful stars are keeping their silent watch on high,  
The Blessed Virgin o'er me stands, I see her lovely face,  
And my ravished soul is flooded with her beauty and her grace.

"Have I been cross and stubborn, her cheek is sad and pale,  
Her brow is knit in sorrow and tears her eyelids veil ;  
Have I been kind and gentle, she smiles as once she smiled  
When in the lowly manger she saw her new-born child."

As thus she spake, with radiant gaze she sought the heavens above  
In a rapture of devotion, an ecstasy of love ;  
And all who stood before her, instinctive, raised their eyes  
As if they thought a glory would greet them from the skies.

But soon to every manly cheek mounted a sudden flame,  
Each eager glance was downward bent, each head was hung in shame,  
And yielding to an impulse which they could not but obey,  
All would have turned in silence and in silence slunk away.

When out spake Harry Winslow :—"Good friends, my years are few ;  
But, by your leave, there's something yet remains for us to do ;  
If we were wrong let's own it ; if rash, let's make amends ;  
So here's my hand to Pierre Gaspelle, and we henceforth are friends."

Then every face grew brighter and every heart was light,  
As the Frenchman's foes to greet him, pressed on from left and right,  
And Winslow's voice again was heard as they homeward took their way,  
Saying, "Hurrah for Pierre Gaspelle and Marie of Chateaugay !"

Betwixt Pierre and his neighbors this was the end of strife,  
And afterward the hunter oft, with his daughter and his wife,  
At rustic merrymakings and festivals was seen,  
And when the youth for sports were met upon the village green.

And when the lights and shadows of another year were fled,  
And again October's wizard touch had dyed the maples red,  
Both men and dames and youths and maids flocked forth to Chateaugay,  
For 'twas of Harry and Marie the happy wedding-day.

*Gardiner, Maine.*

HENRY SEWALL WEBSTER.

## A CHICAGO POET.

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THE NEW WORLD, WITH OTHER VERSE. By LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1895.

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THE longest and by all odds the ablest piece of work in this new volume was reviewed at length in Number 14 of this Magazine. I there said and here repeat that it was and remains the ablest extended poem yet produced by any native-born American. I at the same time said that while the *New World* sketched with comprehensive industry the salient intellectual features of the civilizations of the past ages and nations of the world, it failed utterly to enter into the true soul of these as related to our own civilization; that it brought us by eloquent phrases and a sort of martial tread to our present civilization without giving any adequate account of the anguish, mental, moral and physical, that the heroes of history—supremely the one hero of all history—had undergone to lead us up to such heights as we are now supposed to enjoy; that its author had plainly never comprehended the moral order of this universe or of this planet; and, having missed the moral order, the moral law and its meaning, the sin that made this latter necessary and the redemption through the suffering of divine and deathless love, that has made all our struggles for liberty and glory possible of present and future attainment, it was a picture without depth or meaning; an awkward song without a soul to make it truly human or divine.

What I said in disparagement of the *New World* in a previous review applies with double force to all the newer poems or verses that go to make up the present volume. The newer poems lack the careful versification of the *New World*; have all its faults of clumsy and unpoetic phraseology; and, besides, they deal in a thousand falsettos of indiscriminating rhetorical bluster peculiar to themselves.

Nevertheless, the book throughout betrays such an apparent regard for all that is great in the intellectual and artistic accomplishments of the race; such an apparent regard for the heroic in history; and withal such a loyal adhesion to the author's own conception of these,—which conception I may add is simply a



cold-blooded pantheistic conception with the bleeding heart of it all left out,—that one must admire the patience and toil of the author and the persistent egotism of him, while deploring alike his lack of music, lack of poetry, lack of art, and, above all, his lack of any sight of those eternal splendors of our race that have made the name and destiny of man as immortal as the love and power and wisdom of God.

It is in many ways the greatest American book of verse yet published.

For all this I am bound to say that the book is a wordy transcendental mockery of the true march and glory of human history; an evasion—and I believe a purposeful, subtle and therefore shameful evasion of the deepest facts, of life and death, of the thought and the philosophy that have won for us whatever of true vision or of true liberty the human race knows or enjoys to-day.

It is not sweet and restful and musical as was Longfellow; but its sweep of thought is larger than Longfellow ever knew. It is not reverent and religious and inspiring to noble life or faith, as was Whittier; but it aims at a poetic solution of world-problems that would have staggered the calm head and kindly soul of the Puritan Quaker poet. It is simply Emerson done over again in magniloquent Western diction; but it betrays labor of reading and thinking that the seer of Concord would never have attempted. It has many of the faults of Whitman without any of his occasional soul-piercing and penetrating touches of the vital springs of true poetic feeling and utterance. It is as false to God and life as Whitman always was, but it has a semblance of scholarship and labor which that famed loafer was too lazy even to assume. As to real poetry it never rises above the diction of Lowell or Holmes: that is, its diction is mechanical, never or seldom poetic; but it is greater in thought and in loyalty to the striding individuality of its author than ever Holmes and Lowell were loyal to themselves.

With here and there an approach to the dignity of the old Greek and Latin sonorousness, it is fifty per cent. crude and crass and unfinished American uncivilized self-glorification. It nowhere touches or explains—much less, exalts—the true springs of existence; it plays our world-drama of Hamlet, yet leaves out Hamlet himself and all that the world-drama really means.

The poem on Dante is simply or hardly an Emersonian conception of Dante—appreciating the ideal sentimentality of the great

Italian as it culminated in his ideal of Beatrice and the wise and tender love of womanhood; but it does not imitate or approach the art of the great and divine singer of the Cross, and utterly misses all the profound and divine religious faith of the hero it aims to sing. It treats Dante as it treats the world and all world-problems—leaving the soul out of the song.

The poem on Goethe is no better. It betrays fine appreciation of the humanly mystic mastership of the great German, often touches the weird fascination of his style; but, even where it names—almost quotes—one of Goethe's most beautiful teachings touching the reverence that must possess the human soul, it nowhere by a single line or reference indicates that it truly understands or adopts Goethe's supremely wise and beautiful meaning.

In a word, it is but an American, transcendental, agnostic, Western Bohemian, spread-eagle reproduction of Goethe with the finer and deeper meaning of the German world-singer omitted, as in the case of Dante.

On the other hand, in dealing with Stedman and Lowell and David Swing—all of them mere mediocre third-class men,—our author tumbles head over ears into the most fulsome flattery and the most absurd exaggeration. Nevertheless, these men being more nearly the size and calibre of the author he is more at ease in singing their praises.

In the *Friendship of the Faiths*—a fitting eulogy of that greatest burlesque of all the burlesques of the Chicago World's Fair, a burlesque instituted and executed to make money for the parsons and clowns that instituted and paraded it—our author shows no more comprehension of the word faith, or of the comparative values of the creeds and redemptions of the world, than that arch-traitor Judas evinced when, for thirty pieces of silver, he flung a pearl away of more value than all his tribe.

On the whole I consider the poem on Plato the ablest in the volume. Though, like the rest, its measure is as faulty and irregular as the gait of a dog with a broken leg, there are fewer ill-chosen words in it than in any other of the author's longer poems, and, throughout, there is a nearer approach to that feeling of reverence, that winged touch of soul-sympathy, that vision of faith and the divine, than can be found elsewhere in Mr. Block's work. The reason for this is not far to find.

The essential essence of all poetic feeling, not to speak of poetic

creation, is the free and unbounded realization of that greatest of Goethe's three reverences, namely, reverence for what is above thee, greater than thyself. Even a Western poetic and Bohemian genius must rise to this, somewhere and somehow, in order to approach the realm of true poetry.

Plainly, Mr. Block has something of this true feeling of reverence toward his greatest idol, Mr. Plato. And though the thing seems to me strained and unreal—in fact, must be so at heart—for an educated man in this nineteenth Christian century cannot worship Plato and ignore Jesus without betraying a moral blindness that makes all his soul and the worships of it an insincere falsehood,—still I am glad to find even a semblance of the true essentials of poetry in this new voice from the foul air of Chicago's darkness.

I consider Mr. Block's epitomizing of Plato's teaching one of the best I have ever read. There has been hard and faithful work at some time to get at the true conceptions of the most famous dreamer of ancient times. It is not my purpose to go into Platonism here. I have dwelt in it, read it, lectured on it, long years before Mr. Block was old enough to approach the theme; and I am proud to know the man, in these degenerate days, whose utter and anti-Christian pigheadedness even would lead him to Plato rather than to Jay Gould and Bob Ingersoll. Frankly, also, I have found much pleasure in this new and fresh American rendering of Plato's salient ideas and their destiny. But here, again, I am bound to point out the fallacy of the author's position.

In subtle and quite poetic phraseology he ascribes to Plato a supernatural origin, nature, mission, work and destiny that are utterly beyond the facts and that belong to One alone of all the human race. But, as Mr. Block has no comprehension of Christ and Christianity—nay, evidently views it as one of the ignorant superstitions—one of the "miseries" of human impotence such as Plato came to sweep away, it is better, as we said, that he should worship somebody or something greater than himself, than that he should not worship at all.

As a matter of fact, Plato was a dreamer and a talker. He was to the Greeks of his day what Emerson was to the Yankees of the last generation. He wandered from the severe and sublime and practical Moralities or Moral Philosophy of his master, Socrates, precisely as Emerson wandered from the severe and sublime



moralties and adorations of—say Jonathan Edwards and his Master, Jesus Christ. He chose simply to muse and weave sentences of his musings into a philosophy of existence that took no adequate note of the exact conditions of human life and destiny,—that is, of our existence as a race differentiated alike from the angelic and the animal kingdoms by the moral problem of sin and liberty and law which we are here to solve.

In a word, Mr. Plato had never learned even from Socrates what Matthew Arnold remembered out of the much-forgotten teaching of Jesus that “conduct” was ninety per cent. of human life.

As a matter of fact, moral principles and not ideas dominate human existence and the eternal dealings of the divine with the race to which we belong. Lay down your Plato and take up the New Testament, Mr. Block, if you would understand or sing the march of mankind toward the eternal stars.

Solomon was a deeper thinker than Plato; but Mr. Block plainly ignores the claims of the Hebrew king. There is more intellectual and moral sublimity in the book of Isaiah than in a thousand Platos; but Mr. Block plainly has no appreciation of this, one of the sublimest of all his ancestors. There is a diviner, greater and clearer philosophy of existence in the Epistles of St. Paul,—“I speak as a man of a man,”—than Mr. Block will find in all the poetry and philosophy of the ancient world; but our Western poet has plainly never studied or comprehended the soul or meaning of these teachings; never has yielded his judgment to those who have studied and comprehended their meaning; chooses deliberately to ignore all this, the richest poetry and philosophy and moral and spiritual inspiration and glory of the human race, and to stand and talk in the nineteenth Christian century as if he were a Greek of two thousand years ago.

I am not here to preach or expound the sublimities of the teachings or the inspiration of Isaiah or Saint Paul. I am not here to convince this amateur barbarian of the West that the song of Dante was an echo of the Cross of Christ, and that the meaning of it all was the martyrdom of divine love in order to the last and highest ennobled exaltation of the human race; an idea and an exaltation of which Plato never dreamed. But I am here to assure him and every other Philistine on this earth to-day, that until he studies this newest star of the ages, comprehends its altitude and position in the economy of universal existence, and bows in humble ado-

ration before its eternal shine of glory, he is but a babe of darkness crying in the night, lost in the storms of primal blindness that have been sweeping the seas for ages; and that he must repent or be damned, and, above all, must cease to presume to write poems in explanation of the philosophy of existence and the march and glory of liberty in this world.

It is natural and noble for a man to be true to his friends and to his ideals, but it is base and ignoble to be false to truth and history in order to be true to one's own ideals. Repent and believe, Mr. Block! It will open your eyes and at last give you the one highest consecrated ideal of all poetry, and some inspiration for defining the same.

I am sorry thus to speak of Mr. Block's work. I would fain dwell upon the loftier intellectuality of the book; would fain say what a beautiful book it is, and how deserving of recognition this man is for the truly noble features of his book. But I founded this magazine to bring all modern literature to the test of the world's best in literature on the one hand, and to bring its pretentious moralizing up to the standard of Christian truth, and glory on the other hand—and by these standards this book must and will remain eternally condemned. Nevertheless all the Transcendentalists and all the Philistines ought to buy and read and praise the book; for it is the best word any member of their church has uttered. Every Christian knows that the Church of the Philistines is devil-born and pledged to eternal hatred of all that is holiest and noblest in the life of the human race. But let us look at the art of the book.

The art of poetry is generally understood to consist in loyalty to certain poetic forms of speech. Rhythmic motion, or movement, and measured form are its laws of structure. I am not here speaking of that winged touch of contact with the true spirit and life of nature, which has always marked the work of the world's greatest singers, and which abounded and shone without measure in the work of Shakspeare. I am now speaking merely of a certain rhythmic and smoothly flowing utterance of the choicest words possible, and the fact that this flowing of chosen words must be in certain even cadences and measure, regular as the curved waves beat the shores of time into everlasting music.

Mr. Block is scholar enough to know all this. He has read the master poets of Greece and Rome and all the great singers of our

Christian centuries—and he presumes to lay his own laurel crowns upon the heads of some of the greatest of these; but he is either too American or too proud or too lazy to follow their example.

All of these, from Homer to Tennyson, have labored like Hercules to weave their thoughts into lines of such even tone and measure that their words flow like the waves of the sea and have become the keynotes and leading strains for all the harmonies of the world; but, except in the "New World," previously reviewed, Mr. Block is as careless of measure as Bob Ingersoll is of truth, and simply strides along uttering his phrases as if impromptu, and clearly has never thought it worth while to subject himself or his work to that close and careful revision which all work and workmen need—above all, work and workmen in the fields of poetry.

On every page containing the newer poems in this volume the reader will find lines of all kinds of measure—pentameter, hexameter and all sorts of amateurs flung in together, as if this man's own mood of carelessness were to be law to himself and law for mankind. Mr. Block is not as bad as Whitman in this mode of sinning, but Whitman was a Philistine, a rebel and a loafer, and made no pretence of writing in measured lines; while Mr. Block, in his "New World," gave evidence that he knew how to write correct poetry. But it seems that in treating of Dante and Goethe, two of the greatest poets of all time, he did not think it worth while to be careful and accurate and clean. Does he not know that the gods have ever scorned all imperfect offerings and that poets are like the gods in this particular?

No doubt Swing and Lowell will be pleased enough with the chaplets of erroneous praises given them, and they will not notice the errors of thought or of construction; but Dante and Goethe were larger, prouder and nobler souls, and hence will most likely laugh a little at the ardor of this new singer from the Western wilds—and tell him to try again.

It is but just to say that in the eighteen stanzas on Dante our author shows more care with his measure than in his other new poems, and these same stanzas ought to show him how entirely worth while it is to take such pains. In truth no man can write respectable poetry without taking much pains. But in this poem, which is noble in many features of it, we are led on to the climax only to find ourselves in the company of a man who no more



comprehends the climax Dante had in mind and painted than an untaught savage.

I read this poem with intense interest, and when I came to the close of the sixteenth stanza and saw :—

“Descend for us from Heaven’s most central rose  
Those eyes wherein all godhead shines and glows.”

I said, why, here is some true recognition of the one most stupendous fact of all the evolutions of the universe. But no! my joy was short-lived. For on reading stanza seventeen I was obliged to conclude that in our author’s mind “those eyes” were no other than the eyes of Beatrice.

“O wondrous maiden,” etc.,

and hence to conclude once more that Mr. Block could not, and would not, recognize the sublime and eternal fact of the Divine Incarnation even to the extent of picturing it,—without indorsing it, as Dante’s own idea; and this is what I call playing false with the love and lightnings of Heaven, and dealing dishonestly with the hero you are professing to honor,—not to speak of the deeper fact and shame of applying the language of the incarnation to a person for whom even Dante in all his heavenly passion never meant it; or the still deeper fact and shame of living in the nineteenth century of Christian victory over the master nations of the world without recognizing the soul that, by His love and agony and death, made these centuries of victory possible.

It is simply an insult to the common sense, not to speak of the common faith, of Christendom to try to explain, via Dante or Goethe, or oneself, the moral evolutions of history, and the victories won by the moral sentiment in the upbuilding of the race without naming and bowing down before the one moral hero that made this possible, and that no matter what theological creed you may hold. A man may praise Plato all he pleases, but if he does a problem in Euclid he must not call it a problem in Plato.

Any honest and well-read man in these days must see in his soul, in his heart of hearts—though recreant to his conviction—that all human beings and all human history previous to the birth of Jesus were aspirations, preparations and evolutions towards that marvelous event; and, whatever his creed, he must see that this one star-fire soul of the morning and the ages has since become the supreme ideal toward which all souls must aspire. In a word, that

Jesus stands in the center of human history, if not in the very center of the moral universe—at once its soul, its inspiration and its ideal dream.

A pox upon your transcendent prattle about liberty, freedom, and your "westerling star!" It is making the East a babel of shrewd and selfish rascals and the West a herd of selfish boors. Character is not won by cant; gentility is not a matter of phrases and clothes; liberty is not license to lie in the face of God and history and call your lie by some poetic name. To perdition with such liberty and the man who idealizes it. Those who are gentlemen and free know the blood-stained paths of agony and glory by which these jewels have been won.

Dante was the ripened human fruit of twelve centuries of Catholic Christian battle and victory, and he searched the hells and climbed the heavens of man's life and destiny—consecrating all his matchless genius to this, in order to state in the language of poetic art, the sublime truths of Christian Incarnation, redemption and glory. And being in love with a matchless Christian maiden, and enamored of the art of Virgil, he chose the genius of the Latin poet and the idealized love of Beatrice as the media of his own guidance and revelations. But these latter were never anything more than means to his own utterance of those sublime truths of Christ, before which every human soul must bend in reverence and faith or be broken on the wheels of time; and it is nothing short of blasphemous insult for any man—even a Chicago man—to attempt to honor Dante while hiding or refusing to recognize the cross of eternal agony and glory around which all Dante's wreaths of song were twined.

If in the line quoted, "Wherein all godhead shines and glows," Mr. Block meant to refer to Jesus of Nazareth, the words, especially as related to the first line of the next stanza, read like veiled hypocrisy; and if this first line "O wondrous maiden," was meant to refer to the Blessed Virgin and not to Beatrice, then the reference as a whole is so vague as to be misleading and subject to the charge of utterest insincerity.

In a kindly distant way, I made the same criticism of Mr. Block's "New World."

Columbus bore the burdens and chains of his eventful life in order to plant the Cross of Christ upon all the sunlit summits of the New World he sought and found. But what part does the

Cross of Christ play in Mr. Block's "New World," in which Columbus and Chicago are about equally glorified?

Mr. Block had better cut his own head off and will it to the ladies of the Chicago University to be used by them as a football in their future contests, than to write poems about Columbus or Dante or even Goethe, with the Cross of Christ cut out of the same.

In the poem on Goethe, page 35, we find this line,

"Now we are ready to bow in the fine reverences three."

But has Mr. Block ever comprehended—has his ideal teacher of Goethe, Professor Snyder, ever comprehended—what these three reverences were and must forever remain? I doubt it.

Goethe, for the moment under the influence of a woman of pure Christian faith, fortunately explains to Wilhelm Meister that all reverence is threefold: reverence for what is beneath thee; reverence for thy equals; reverence for all that is above thee; and in the latter reverence he plainly implied the most sacred, tender and abiding reverence for the Cross of Christ and all that it stands for in the history of the moral universe.

Plainly, Mr. Block does not see or believe this; but I tell him again and again that his poetry is and will remain a hollow lie until he does see and believe this. In truth it is the lack of this sight that clips his wings at every attempt to scale the skies. It is the lack of this sight that leaves him and others without chart or compass, without standards of value or measure, and that leads him and others into such childish and gross misconceptions of the true values of our modern men.

In this very poem on Goethe, Section XI, beginning

"He only wins his freedom truly  
Who daily wins it fresh and fair;  
He only ever rises newly  
Into the regions of the purer air—"

etc., etc.—we have two needless and incorrect "the's" in the last line; and this abominable and false doggerel in exaltation of Whitman in succeeding lines:

"Past the times that bore and held him  
Looked the 'Gray Poet' with his quenchless gaze;  
Some dear vision hovered and compelled him  
Toward the future's sunnier ways."

But that will do. There is hardly one of these eight lines but



needs revising, recasting and mending. And the only "dear vision" that ever "hovered and compelled" Whitman—"hovered and compelled" being abominable English—was "whoever would put flesh meat" to the "gray poet's" nose, so he could pluck it without working for it.

So the Goethe chaplet is spoiled by careless work, spoiled by false estimates of genius, and above all spoiled, as in the case of Dante and the New World, by an entire lack of any true sight of the deeper spiritual meanings of life or of poetry.

Having made these severe strictures upon Mr. Block's work, I hasten to say again that the effort is noble; that much of the work is simply splendid in its depicting of the salient points of the ancient civilizations of the world and their gifts to our modern ages.

Mr. Block is simply weakest where by nature and history he ought to be strongest.

Of all the ancient civilizations the Hebrew stood out under the stars of heaven and the searching light of the mid-day sun as the one civilization that exalted the moral and spiritual nature of man, and, through infinite agony and glory, brought him the radiant dawns of that revelation of the Eternal that was in the fulness of time to lead the soul of the race to those measureless plains and areas and æons of freedom and glory about which our poet would sing. As a child of that Hebrew race he ought to make its records ring with glory.

Again, whatever Mr. Block or Bob Ingersoll may think of the mistakes of Moses, or of the theology of Catholic Christendom, it is a plain and simple fact—so plain that the merest tyro in history cannot long misread it—that Christian civilization, with all its faults of personal and national life, is the one civilization that has been subduing all others these last nineteen hundred years, and that is to go on subduing all others until every man and every nation shall have learned that he alone is free whom Christ makes free, and until his symbol of anguish and redemption is wreathed and crowned and glorified by the redeemed hearts and the redeemed poetries of the world. So Mr. Block will please take our thanks and our admonition that he should try to comprehend the real heart of existence, the soul of the circle and cycle in which he sings

W. H. THORNE.

## LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

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THAT I should have the strength, how strange it is—  
And you the weakness, in this mighty hour!  
That I should have the heaven-exalted power,  
And you the lofty puissance should miss!—  
That I should yield the soul-perpetual kiss,  
And you the fleeting perfume of the flower!—  
That I should have the faith-unshaken dower,  
And you the doubt-corroding prejudice—  
How strange, how passing strange!—And yet I feel  
That some day your fair life shall merge in mine  
As rivers meet and mingle with the sea,—  
That as the faithful stars forever shine  
Your perfect love shall to my love reveal  
The Love that lives and lasts eternally.

*Gardiner, Maine.*

A. T. SCHUMAN.

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## CULTURE AND CHROMO-CULTURE.

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“WE have to dive for pearls, but weeds float on the surface.” In other words, great values are won only by great effort, proportioned thereunto, strenuous and silent. Yes, you say. Yet, by a strange law of contraries, these obvious truths are apt to fail by just so much of practical application. “Ye know these things,” said our Lord. “Happy are ye, if ye do them.”

Nevertheless, in this matter, we are facing a difficulty, and none is more lovingly considerate thereof than He. In our complicated lives, in the whirl of business, under Titanic pressure of electric forces and steam velocities, how is this law of the plummet, of the soul's sea-deeps and sea-silences, to find any fair recognition? Our intellectual lives are lived under the same drift of hurry and worry—education drives the young, even under the pleasant force of the Kindergarten, into a painful precocity; their elders are duly exhorted, through many channels, to attempt filling the gaps judiciously and mercifully left by an old-fashioned training; poor housewives are told by the Fashion Journals that their places in

society can not be properly filled, their duties to their families properly discharged, unless they absorb the new pabulum—in short, they must join Chatauqua Circles or Reading Clubs in order to the attainment of mental culture.

This word, "culture," has become the Shibboleth of our day. And the result is not for our peace.

Now, let us consider this. Surely, in so far as our culture is a true "cult," a worship,—an offering-up of our nobler selves to the Divinity, whose, alone, is the enabling power for such nobility—it is no wonder the world pursues it, that all true hearts yearn for it; and also no wonder, alas! that the poorest, thinnest thing claiming its name or bearing its guise, usurps its throne and wins its welcome.

Because true culture is indeed so rare, so precious, so altogether lovely, it becomes important to know its features, that we may not be lured to right or left by things wearing its mere mask or semblance. Chromo-culture, as the Editor of this Review neatly terms it, is everywhere, as the mechanic picture is in every shop. Now the poor man, whose taste is not refined beyond its crude color, enjoys the chromo, decorates his dirty walls with it, brightens the dinginess of his tenement home with it and catches from it, perhaps, some vision of the fair original. Thus far even the chromo has its use. And the chromo-culture does the same work, being a sort of "patent food" to sustain life till the weakened patient improves. Then he joyously returns to Nature's delicious flavors.

For the methods of all true culture are natural, this being, as far as I know, a sure test of genuineness. The growth of a plant is our best model. "Consider the lilies!" says the Divine voice.

Now the primary conditions of plant-life are air, water and sunlight, while the germ must abide awhile in darkness and underground silence. The generation of thought demands similar conditions. In the calm born of retirement ideas take form, ambitions arise, visions of art or music come to those appointed thereunto, poetry flames up in potential fire and great after-achievements of active life are quietly arranged. The deepest wisdom known to man orders the nurture of the young on these lines. And herein lies the strength of the convent school.

The shadows of the cloister produced the richest thought of mediæval life; the solitudes of the East blossomed into philosophy and religions. Persian Magi knew the stars as well as we do the



gold-fields. Even now the Oriental meditates, while the Frank talks and writes. It is the old contrast between the life contemplative and the life of action—both good or ill, according to the good or ill of their respective aims, the practical outcome seeming to prove a need of both. The shield in the old fable, over which two warriors fought, was silver on one side and gold on the other. In the America of our day we need not emphasize the latter. We are a nation of gold-hunters and our activities something frantic. The intensity of business strain in our cities is becoming fearful; and while our money-making powers evidence a marvelous dynamic energy, hardly measurable save by voltage, they are driving the lower classes into natural revolt, and, by another of Nature's inexorable fiats, filling the private insane asylums and swelling the fees of wealthy specialists.

But the silver side—the advantages of calm, of making haste slowly, of meditation, and that more direct contact with the Divine, only attainable in the soul's silences—needs our best insistence. The beautiful lives of the Quakers, whose whole spiritual force—the finest Protestant application of the great Catholic principle of silent soul-communion—lies in this endeavor to attain proper conditions for the entrance and indwelling of the Spirit—these beautiful lives, I say, bear living witness to the truth we are, as a nation, forgetting. The righteous dealing of Penn with the Indians marks the brightest spot on our country's record, in its earlier days, and on the colony he founded, a blessing has visibly lingered. Even to-day, no nearer approach has been made to the solving of the Labor Problem—our great "Samson's Riddle"—than through the Building Societies of Philadelphia in providing cheap homes for the poor. From the spiritual silences emerge deeds of benevolence—and this, of necessity. From the lily-root only white bloom can come.

Mediævalism was but the eager germinating of our modern civilization, an uplifting force struggling through darkness to the light. Greatness—individual or national—has always its brooding time, its lonely fellowship with the stars. And here no culture can assist save in tilling the soil and preserving these primitive conditions of tranquillity.

But let us proceed. The seed sends up its cotyledon leaves, the nation becomes semi-civilized, the individual receptive from without. Impulses of simple cultivation, of sun and dew, come in.

Questions arise of education, the drawing out or developing of innate powers, whose spring and origin is divine :—

“For, trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.”

A receiving from without begins, and, with it, the process of giving. Even the little child gives more than he receives, if ideals of innocence, candor and simplicity are worth anything to our sin-worn world. A friend of mine was once discussing this problem of education. “I fancy,” said he, “that the less culture the seed gets, the better.” People are overtrained, overdisciplined, in these days. They get discouraged. There is so much to learn and only one life to learn it in. No wonder they perpetually doubt and live in fog. They lose their way through unbelief and distrust of guide-boards. The certainties of faith, the freshness of sunny intellectual achievement become impossible. They are so busy taking in the doings and sayings of others that they can originate nothing themselves. Their “culture” is that of a shrub dwarfed by the perpetual shadow of mountains.

Now there is some truth in all this. Yet it is only *unwise* education which issues thus with the superadded pressure of an artificial age.

We demand of a boy or girl in our crammed curriculum some knowledge of languages, mathematics, and every science under the sun. It is a forcing process to the killing out of his or her originality, possibly also to the ruin of physical health. In the Editor’s Study of *Harper’s* for November, 1894, we have the following from Mr. Warner. I insert it to show that I am not alone in my views on this vexed question. He begins by reminding us of what the poet Wordsworth said to Emerson about our educational system, that “tuition is not education, and that society is being enlightened by a *superficial tuition*, out of all proportion to its being restrained by moral culture.”

“There has been,” continues Mr. Warner, “a great change since 1833. The educational machine has been wonderfully perfected since then. It has drawn into its revolving and clatter nearly all the other agencies—the private schools and the old academies; it numbers and grades and passes along the raw material into the finished product with hardly a break, and delivers the result with dispatch, pasted and folded for circulation in society. The question

that Wordsworth raised as to moral culture may be put by for the moment, while we ask whether society is being really 'enlightened' by this sort of tuition. We have had now two generations of the successful operation of this machine, which is getting to run with almost automatic precision. No one can withhold his admiration of it. What an improvement there has been in the schoolhouse and all its apparatus! It is as marked as that of the pin factory over the old method of making pins by hand. Private initiative is pretty much swallowed up in this splendid Moloch of education. Do the voters made by this tuition elect on the school committees better men—that is, men who understand the problem of education in any scientific or even in any practical way? Very likely it is true that, taking the material we have to deal with, a wholesale, machine-like education is necessary, and, above all, it is necessary that it should be cheap. But are thoughtful men satisfied with it? Can we afford much longer to have it so cheap? Could the State, in short, make a heavy investment in any other thing so profitable to itself as in the real training of the minds of the citizens? For this something is needed beside a mechanical system."

The superficial acquaintance with a thousand things, so imperative under modern theories, issues again in chromo-culture. It is all in a nutshell. The chromo reproduces the salient points and main colors of a painting—but, alas for the delicacy and "infinite variety" of the fresh original. The soul-touch can not be reproduced. It evades even the conscientious copyist. Mechanism can not touch it at all. Thus with culture. Only what is really ours,—what has become so absorbed and made verily our own as to become an integral part of our lives,—is the blossoming of true culture, and, like any blossom, part of Nature's complicated mystery. It is a marvel of color and scents, of veining petals and stamens, honeyed nectary and golden pollen.

"Not a flower

But bears some mark in freckle, streak or stain,  
Of His unrivalled pencil."

How much more the human soul, whose marks of individual distinctive genius are so infinite that "as one star differeth from another star in glory" so each face has its own features, each musician his own touch, each painter his own power, each poet his own vision! Replace this divine multiplicity in unity with the mere chromo-daub of surface mechanism and you have much of our



vaunted education. It is not the drawing out of the infinite natural blossom from root and seed, but a false process, like the artificial ripening of bananas—a cultivation whereby petals are doubled, mayhap, but fragrance lost.

However, education, as of the schools, is only part, and a slender part, of culture. Let us follow its further ramifications; for any great acquisitions in art, music or letters constitute a life-work. Its first essential is the receptiveness of spirit before alluded to, which is not put off with academic cap and gown. "Freely ye have received," saith Holy Scripture, "freely give!" No artist, no sculptor, no musician can evolve anything of worth, save as his spirit stands open to those viewless breathings we call inspiration. Then, and then only, the heavens open themselves to him! Nor can he depend on these alone. From the life around him, from the men and women with whom he sojourns, from the earth and heavens that now are, come the variant voices which he must translate into sound, form and color. His perceptions, refined by the rarefied mental ether wherein he has being, are alert for every shimmer of beauty; his discriminating powers grow wonderfully keen; if he be a true artist, the soul of reverence, the sense of Divine presence lead him to touch brush or bow with humble hand. In music, especially, the player must be receptive of the composer's thought, perceptive as to his listeners, discriminating in his choice of renderings. Herein is culture.

The capriciousness of inspiration is a familiar thing to all who do creative work. Variant as the sea, springing from the moods of the artist or determined by objective causes, it is nevertheless recognized as something greater than these. With musicians it is termed the mood of the instrument. Says Charles Reade: "Inside every fiddle is a soul, but a coy one. The nine hundred and ninety-nine never win it. They play rapid tunes, but the soul of beautiful gayety is not there; slow tunes, very slow ones, wherein the spirit of whining is mighty, but the sweet soul of pathos is absent; doleful, not nice and tearful. Then comes the heaven-born musician, who can make himself cry with his own fiddle."

There is a beautiful Greek tale which shows the helpfulness of this mysterious force. Chersiphron, the architect, mourns, discouraged, because his task is too weighty. He cannot manage the ponderous mass of stone-block for the front of the temple he is striving to build. He prays over his failure and then sleeps. To him, that night, comes the divine Artemis.

"Who labor for the gods," she says,  
"The gods reward."  
And in the morning, lo, in purple light,  
"The ponderous lintel level on the jambs."

Who that has ever felt the sudden force of morning inspiration can help understanding this? The work is done while we sleep, as if by a power outside and beyond ourselves.

The smartness of chromo-culture has no place here. Into the reverent soul, and into that alone, can the All-Sufficient come.

Music, as a divine message from out the eternities, demands much silent listening of ear and heart. And thus, as a force of true culture, its influence passes measure. When Charles Kingsley was in California he told the students of Berkeley University, he trusted that music would reach the dignity of a science in the university. "Music," he said, "was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character."

Possibly the failure of our conservatories to produce musical greatness may result from failure to grasp these spiritual things. Some ten years ago, a party of people on one of our ocean steamers were discussing the establishment of a great music-school in London. The English were one and all enthusiastic, assuring the others that money was promised in plenty, also, patronage from the highest quarters, *et cetera*. The elements of material prosperity were all there. Suddenly one of the rejoicing Britons turned to me, as if impressed by my silence. "Excuse me," said he, "Pray tell us what you think."

"I think a great music-school is a growth," said I,—what else could I have said?—"like your magnificent Oxford. No mushroom or Jonah's gourd affair, planted in gold and nurtured on pounds, shillings and pence. The great conservatories of Italy—those of Milan and Venice, for example—grew up slowly through the centuries, originating in the call of the Church for great cathedral singers. And, in my view, no successful institution can develop save by the same law of natural and spiritual growth." The Englishman gazed in consternation. His ideal was that of aristocratic elegance, of professorships and buildings evolved by the magic of money; mine, that of a small seed-force, planted in righteousness and growing to the glory of God. Which ideal is that of our American conservatories, I dare not say. But one thing is practically sure. Out of the Englishman's money-created

school, and out of ours, come thousands of graduates; yet, as of old, the gift of God cannot be purchased with money. Still the ragged street gamin, Hungarian or Venetian, unkempt and poor, may,—nay, very likely will—possess the power denied the respectable thousands, the Divine fire of a Paderewski or Paginini.

The growth of musical taste in a community is on the same slow natural lines. The Symphony concerts proved wonderful educators of the Boston public and will finally do the same work for Chicago. The close touch and contact of soul with the great composers awakens and spiritualizes in the best possible way; for even the dullest absorbs much through silent attention.

The value of music as a refining element among the masses is incalculable. They need music, poor souls! they, of all men! And the culture which gives as it receives will consider this. The men and women of the slums, out of tune with God and His earth, crying out, like the souls beneath the altar, "How long, O Lord! How long!" should have some harmonious answer. The Londoners find that inexpensive concerts work wonders among their "submerged tenth." To our Germans and Italians of the poorer quarters music is speech of peace, and not to these alone. Where can we go to find a more potent general agency of uplift? Kingsley says of a strolling fiddler who played under his window, "Who knows what sweet thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eats in pot-houses and sleeps in barns?"

In art, as well as music, one element of culture consists in what may be termed inclusiveness. It is the power of receiving on various lines. Of the half-cultured listener a writer in Temple Bar, London, neatly says: "Many there are who enjoy a beautiful melody and may yet be wholly unable to enter into the dreams of Schumann or the fancies of Chopin; who find real delight in the abounding melody of Rossini without being able to follow the mind-music of Beethoven. The growth of harmony has, oddly enough, been a cause of the decay of melody." But the finished musician understands music sympathetically in all its modes, as the true artist can not afford to ignore the truth developed by any school. A narrow comprehension, a prejudice, a haughty attitude are fatal to culture. Exclusiveness in art is like fanaticism in religion.

The forms of highest development, whether in color, music or plastic art, are those of nature. According to all testimony, for



instance, the charm of Jenny Lind's singing lay in its freshness, simplicity and bird-like quality. Through her trills the jaded world caught the bluebird's warble, the waving of white-birches against April skies, the scent of English violets, and the great cantatrice became simply adorable. The symphonies of the masters repeat infinite moods of seas and clouds; their operas, dramatic intensities of human passion. In architecture, the most satisfactory work to be found within its whole range follows natural suggestions, alike in the ancient acanthus-curl of Corinthian capitals and our most recent designs for the Chicago Exposition. Greek sculpture, pursuing the divine curves of the human form, attains perfection more nearly than anything in the known world.

Therefore, all training in these lines must lead to Nature and adopt her methods. The smartness which takes other and quicker, but cheaper ways, is merely chromo-culture. Art-schools and musical conservatories have much to consider. The simpler forms of culture do not clash with Nature. Even the monks of La Trappe till the ground! The silent, meditative processes are, as it were, unseen roots essential to healthy growth. The unfolding of spring-time is another silent wonder, a progressive miracle. Note the scarlet maple-buds, in their gradual swelling and final burst into bloom, the alder-tassels, the pussy-willows evolving gray fur into golden florets, and all these changes in soft even sequence, like running passages in music. How soft, how tender the touch producing them! How mild the dews, how gentle the rains, how persuasive the sunshine! True education has ways like these.

But our topic has also its social side, which, so far from being forgotten, the world exclusively insists upon in these days. Its base is that of our whole body politic, the greatest good of the greatest number. The diffusion throughout society of the finer culture, which belongs to the few who dive for their pearls, is a nineteenth century ambition and a nineteenth century idea. Part of it is feasible, certainly. The pearls can be shared, and, to the credit of the learned and gifted be it said,—it is extremely rare to find any selfishness in this matter. The teacher is glad to teach, the author to publish, the artist to exhibit, the singer to sing. There is also a great willingness to aid others in any of these lines. The great painter has his disciples and founds a school; the musician takes pupils,—both being glad to give of their abundance. But the higher spiritual qualities can hardly be thus transferred.

The patience, courage and sweet perceptiveness of the pearl-diver in his lonely occupation, searching the invisible deeps—to bestow these on others at will is *not* feasible through any agency known to man.

For the diver himself, silence and retirement are best, as we have said. Even the clubs find a call for summer vacations! Society can give the worker very little—no pearls—a little cluster of seaweed, pink and pretty, perhaps, but that is its all! It can hinder him immensely. Nothing checks inspiration more than a painfully acquired finish, such as society aims at—that mere outer varnish of refinement, which is afraid of originality, lest it should itself crack to bits colliding with it. Therefore the creative soul seeks the desert,—nay, even while society-circles are furnishing his raw material—how very raw it is none knows better than he! But, as a means to diffuse general appreciation of the creations he evolves in pain and weariness of spirit, the club is a success. Ribbon-gardening is effective, with its masses of scarlet and gold and Nile green, however one may admire the single plant in its perfection. It substitutes the inspiration of mutual ideas for that of the stars, and to most people comes nearer. It issues in a half-knowledge of parliamentary forms and in much helpless striving toward false ideals.

At a meeting of one of these societies for social improvement I remember seeing a sweet young lady with fluffy hair and bright eyes go dancing up to a foreign vase, and striking an attitude of admiration, cry in a high-keyed voice—"Oh, how sweet! This is really *quite Byzantine!*" The mental attitude here, seemed to be a delicious compound of vanity, affectation and a desire for recognition as a person of culture. In another case, a lady old enough to have attained wisdom, if not elegance, began investigations upon a painting by *feeling of it*, then asking with critical doubtfulness whether it was not "a chromo?" This was worse than ignorance. Zeal for culture had made her suspicious. It was open moral deterioration. Yet the club idea of associated effort has its good points. It encourages the feeble and the stronger souls help them. It widens the horizon for the "shut-in," those whom outer circumstances place at a disadvantage. Nay, even its chromo-culture prepares the way for higher things.

But those to whom this mode of combined effort, literary, esthetic or musical, is denied by fate, need not grieve—that is, not long or

seriously. The highest culture is not attainable thereby, for it takes more to redeem the soul, and is beautifully accessible without it. One can but regret the fast-vanishing race of old-fashioned gentlewomen and their unconscious refinement, like dainty old lace or the yellowed ivory of ancient organ keys. Learning they had not or knowledge of parliamentary tactics; but, instead, a sweet repose of spirit, which hardly marks the college girl of the present era, or the average female bicyclist. American nervousness may be climatic,—nay, probably is,—but American pertness is the cheap fruit of chromo-culture.

What we term natural refinement springs up, like the wild rose, in neglected spots. In the mountain hut, on the prairies, in the log cabin of the frontier, perhaps, we greet it with delight. Its sweetness is always felt! Its innate delicacy recalls the unfolding ferns of spring-time, their fragile fronds and tender spirals; and it flows from hidden spirit-sources, now from communion with Nature in her own solitudes, now from the inspiration of some master mind. It is not in text-books, gymnastics or class drills; still less in clubs, Chatauqua circles, art shows and the like, or in being supercilious patrons of these. It is a divine touch that molds the finer clay, the more sensitive spirit.

The true value of our city parks lies in this potency of natural culture. As a refining power over the masses, a tender hint of green and sunshine is worth more than our city fathers dream. They are building better than they know. In fact, to say truth, our so-called upper classes are not so far above those whom they seek to benefit. There is often more inborn refinement, more artistic sense and a better potential culture among these comers from the Old World than belongs to our more prosperous Americans.

In fine, culture in its last analysis becomes a sort of spiritual attribute, as the flower gives forth its fragrance, opening its cup for the sky-gift, be this rain or sun. Reverent, receptive, perceptive, modest and infinitely generous in its bestowals, it "blesses him that gives and him that takes."

Our greatest needs in America to-day are deeper plowing, more silent spiritual thought, a greater nearness to Nature's forces, less impatience, content with slower mental growth, more receptiveness as to the Divine with the transmission of that received in calmer and wiser ways.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

*Gardiner, Me.*



## CARLYLE.

O TOILING, restless, grave and mighty soul  
 Of those protesting years, that still stand fast  
 Between the living present and the past,  
 And make of rounded time, one perfect whole;  
 Forever, while all future ages roll,  
 Through every storm and stress and wrecking blast,  
 Thy stalwart name shall stand and shine at last,  
 As that firm star which marks the changeless pole.  
 Whate'er was strong and high in those far years  
 Through which our fathers plow'd in bitter tears;  
 Whate'er was true in thine own gifted time;  
 Whate'er is noble, aye, and e'en sublime  
 In our more bold and loudly boasting day,  
 Is still thine own, and shall not pass away.

August, 1895.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

## PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

On this topic certain "recent papers" maintain:—

- (1) That the negro is capable of improvement.
- (2) That he is improving in the United States.
- (3) That this improvement warrants a hope that he may ultimately reach the white level, and (generally) that the inferiority of the African mind is undemonstrated.

With position No. 1 there can be no controversy—probably none with No. 2. The African is a human being with capacity to improve, at least up to a certain point, and a portion of the race here is doubtless advancing. But in regard to position No. 3 the weight of evidence is the other way. It all tends to show that African intelligence is inferior, and can scarcely become a fit co-ordinate factor in aiding to sustain an advanced civilization.

We propose noticing the considerations brought forward in support of the above views.

A remark at the outset, in one of these papers, that "the inferior

position of the African is due to his habits rather than to his nature," is, to us, not altogether intelligible. It seems either a wordy trick or sign of mental confusion. How are we to judge of natural qualities save by habitual conduct. If low habits may incrust men of high parts there is, outside of these habits, evidence of the high parts. When, however, such habits pertain, not to individuals here and there, but cover an entire race in all its manifold tribal divisions, and have persisted for centuries, they may be fairly held, as far as they go, to gauge the race's capacity.

The following is clearer: "Every race, to advance, must have an impulse from without—intellectual effort through many generations and contact with superior races are conditions precedent to the elevation of any uncivilized people." True, very probably. Yet the contact, be it observed, is not necessarily one of race with race. The original impulse may come, and has come, through individuals seeking knowledge among more advanced people, streams of light following along their homeward tracks. An expression of this fact appears in the ancient tradition that Cadmus brought letters from Phœnicia to Greece. Trade relations and colonies may afterwards have lent their aid. The fundamental condition was the race's receptivity. A spark of cultus may have sufficed to start the rise. Subsequent developments, through generations of effort, have depended on, and been measured by, the essential qualities of the people.

Now, the Africans, through past ages, were undoubtedly brought into contact with lifting influences. The northern portion of that continent has been the seat of renowned civilizations. Carthage was a rich and powerful State, the dreaded rival of Rome, waging with the latter power the most formidable of all her wars. And as for Egypt, what name more conspicuous on the page of sacred and profane history? For centuries, and far beyond its present limits, it stood a colossal and magnificent power. An unequalled center of learning, of science, of art, its eternal monuments are the admiration and the enigma of modern engineers. Certainly the Africans had relations, more or less, with these civilizations. But where has the contact borne fruit, or the impulse wrought development?

As illustrating the wide gap between the infancy and maturity of peoples, a "paper" before us compares the ancient and modern Russians, the ancient and modern Germans, and the Saxon villein and modern English, and then declares: "The facts we have cited

show that the intellectual and moral chasm which separates almost every nation of Europe from its remote ancestors is fully as great as that which separates the negro of to-day from many a nation of whites."

This involves a *petitio principii*. A choice being given us under "many a nation of whites," we take, for an example, the Germans. How can a high hope for the African be drawn, say, from German development, unless the African and German intellects stand originally at the same level—the very point at issue? The writer's illustration, verily, has force—force, however, making against his position. The comparison (be it observed) is double, that is between the primitive Germans and their present development, on the one hand, and the primitive Africans and their hoped-for development, on the other. But the gap between the primitive Africans and the primitive Germans is wide. The former are savages, the latter were not. The development of advanced nations from savagism is, in our view, an unfounded assumption. Civilized peoples are, indeed, developments, but not from a savage level. The Goth and Vandal ancestors of the present European nations were far from being degraded savages. The accounts we have of them are mainly from their enemies. The Gothic and kindred races lived in villages, followed husbandry and the chase, were organized into powerful military bodies, and showed aptitude for the higher culture the moment they touched it. Take the fiercest of them all, Attila and his Huns. Their war with the Roman Empire was a struggle between the free life of the plains and those luxurious settlements of Southern Europe that had transferred political power to some of the meanest and basest of mankind. Attila, their king, could entertain Roman ambassadors with dignity and splendor, and was offered in marriage the sister of a Roman emperor. Shall we place such a people on the level of African savages, with wooly head and turned-up lip?\*

Real savagism has never been a *characteristic* of the white race. Some assert, indeed, that in no instance has it descended so far. Those conditions which the Romans called *barbarous* (a term by the way, as used by them, largely exclusive and negative, and conveying a meaning differing somewhat from that it now bears) were depressions from the level of a high development observed at

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\* See Chapter IV in "A Tale of San Domingo," by the writer of this article.



many points along the several white lines. That level the African, in any national sense, has never attained. Africa, it is said, has been a victim to adverse influences. With every discount in this direction, it is yet presumptively true, that man has been a denizen of earth long enough to allow every variety he presents, at some time or other, to show its hand. Sixty centuries have passed; yet Africa remains a dark continent. Look down the course of history. Where have Africans built cities, or founded great and conquering states? If civilization has withered in one quarter to bloom in another, it has been brought forth, in every instance, by some variety of the white or yellow race. It seems incredible, if the black race possess the gems of a high development, that the annals of the world should not point to a single illustration.

To close up this thought: The field of ethnology, fairly scanned, shows that life's river flows nobly from the start, and ever maintains, at some point at least, a high level. If it lowers in one quarter, it swells in another. From time to time it renews itself by a union of currents, and is illustrated in its course by the Mosaic writings, Assyrian and Egyptian grandeur, Greek art and poetry, Roman law, and modern civilization. The lower forms of savagism are certain chronic degenerations, the swamps and bogs along its banks.\*

There are two instances (each prominently advanced in the "papers" we are noticing) in which the African, as a slave, has lived in contact with the white race, and afterward become free—in the one instance by his own violent effort; in the other, by emancipation. We refer to the dark race in San Domingo, and in the United States.

To speak of the latter first: The African's advance in wealth and learning since emancipation is emphasized as being "phenomenal, and giving promise of the brightest future." No one denies that he can improve. The question is that of degree. Is there ground for believing he can so improve as to stand with the whites a meet co-worker in sustaining and advancing a highly intellectual civilization?

With every disposition to be just—to record progress where progress has been really made—we are bound to declare our convic-

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\* The writer quotes from his work "A Tale of San Domingo."

tion, that African advancement is overestimated. It should be observed that for years prior to emancipation a considerable percentage of the dark race lived in the free Northern States, with every advantage now possessed, save that of the ballot—a civic trust which none will say has added aught to intellectual or moral improvement. Yet their advance elicited no special comment. In respect to progress since emancipation, an unusual rise, as an immediate sequel to freedom, should have been expected. It was the sudden expanding of a bud developed under the slavery regime. The declaration (in one of the papers before us) that “negro slavery in the United States was the pitiless drudgery of the field and whip, the most debasing and brutalizing form of servitude,” is the *ne plus ultra* of extravagant assertion—a palpable lie. Without doubt it was, of its class, a remarkably mild species, and African intelligence quickened under it. Apart from formal intellectual methods, a powerful educational force was brought to bear (especially upon a vain and imitative race) in an enveloping and lifting atmosphere, in environments of culture, in constant contact with an enlightened civilization. The church and Sunday-school, moreover, supplied a vast amount of direct teaching. There was, indeed, a repression in the general denial of that systematic instruction got in the schools. When emancipation removed this, the African rushed into the open school-door, and his intelligence rose with a bound. He has muscle, too, and in all the lower forms of industry—as laborers, cultivators, carpenters, painters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, etc., etc., had received goodly training. With sharpened faculties and under the inspiration of freedom, it is no wonder that he has gone forward and made money for himself, as, aforesaid, he made it for his owners. Yet development, in the main, has been in the line of those lower industries in which he had been taught. Attempts in higher spheres, with some praiseworthy exceptions, have been rather caricatures. For the first ten years from emancipation the progress of the race might be called marked. Since then there has been a change, and whether the race, as a whole, is now advancing, is questionable, certainly not in morals; for if the African has become a sharer in our civilization on its intellectual side, he has also learnt to take freely of its vices. What mental advance is being made centers mainly in the mulattoes or brown men (a lessening element, by the way), and in them as they near the white

stock. It is the testimony of the most competent and disinterested observers (we refer to those evangelists who labor in the black centers and watch the drift) that a considerable percentage of the race is retrograding.

The writer of this article, in ante-bellum days, lived Southward and now resides in a city with a large African element. He has made ample use of ample opportunities for observation, and he must record his regret that the progress of the dark race does not furnish ground for higher hopes.

After all, as remarked above, the question is not whether the race has advanced, but whether it can advance far enough to be a fit co-ordinate factor in upholding and fostering an intricate and highly intellectual civilization. For this the evidence seems wanting. Were it far less meagre—even were there grounds for believing that the struggle of generations would at length bring the dark race up to the intellectual level of the whites, there are considerations, doubtless, why it would be vastly better for the two races to develop, if possible, apart.

A laudatory allusion is made (in the papers before us) to the San Domingo blacks in the person of "Toussaint L'Ouverture and his brave and successful soldiers," who, led by later leaders, drove out the veterans of Napoleon, won independence, and settled themselves under formal government. In this struggle with the French, yellow fever, it is true, proved a powerful ally; yet with every allowance on this score, the skill and courage displayed by the blacks were remarkable.

There remains, however, a further and very pertinent consideration. These blacks came out of a slavery regime, and their gallantry against the French seems to have been as much due to its lessons of discipline and subordination, as to a *furor Africanus* born in that hour of supreme aspiration. One would hence be disposed to think, in the light of San Domingo's subsequent career, that the race's better points appear when it acts under intelligent steerage. At all events the fact is indisputably clear that such blacks as L'Ouverture and Dessalines led could not be reproduced there to-day.

The San Domingo allusion is most unfortunate for the cause advocated. The inference from a survey of its affairs is, so far forth, fatal to African capacity. Let us enlarge somewhat upon them. In 1791 the San Domingo blacks, fired by the Jacobin



sentiments of the mother country, rose in overwhelming numbers—finally possessed themselves of the island, amid unparalleled scenes of uproar, butchery, and beastly outrage—drove out the whites to a man, and established a government.

Not a circumstance seems wanting for fairly testing African capacity.

\* "The climate was tropical and adapted to these children of the sun—the island, one of the fairest and most fertile on earth. San Domingo, naturally, is the Queen of the Antilles. It was the boast of Columbus, when its virgin richness and beauty burst upon him, that he had found the original seat of Paradise.

"The blacks, moreover, had been trained in the best methods of agriculture, and the memories of a high civilization were fresh. Old French San Domingo was a magnificent colony, the fairest France ever owned, unequalled in splendor among all colonial possessions. The utmost effort had been made to stimulate and improve agriculture, and on every hand the teeming colony smiled with successful industry. Numerous roads, spacious and most beautifully kept, intersected the country in all directions. Cape François, the capital of the Northern Province, was a fine city of 30,000 inhabitants, and, at that period, the Paris of the Western Hemisphere. The planters lived in jovial splendor, in the loveliest homes in the world. Many, enormously rich (hence the phrase, 'as rich as a Creole,') passed half the year in Paris, in the most sumptuous style, attended, as a special act of legislation allowed, by retinues of slaves—returning to winter in their beautiful West India homes. Others resided permanently in France and spent all their revenues abroad; yet so vast were the capabilities of the colony, that, under a careful system of tillage which 'wrested from a most fertile soil the most immense wealth,' riches multiplied as if by magic. The private luxury and public grandeur of the colony astonished the traveler, and its accumulation of wealth was a constant source of surprise to the mother country."

*This* was the civilization to which the blacks had been accustomed, and whose monuments, as far as their wild rage had spared them, were yet fresh before their eyes.

Nor were they wanting in polished personal models. True, they were generally ignorant of letters; but the "free men of color" or

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\* See the writer's article in the *Magazine of American History*, for December, 1888: "The Rise and Fall of the French Colony of San Domingo."

mulattoes were identified with them, and many of these had been highly educated, and were opulent and accomplished.

Finally, the revolted slaves themselves were a remarkably energetic race of blacks.

With these qualities and environments, what has been the outcome? In the words of an eye witness, "San Domingo, which ought to be a paradise, has become a pig-sty." In 1789, at the beginning of the revolutionary activity, that western strip of the island constituting French San Domingo, laded for France alone four hundred vessels. It supplied Europe with half of its sugar. Its exports were valued at \$28,000,000. They are now less than \$5,000,000. "The descendants of the slaves are poor, squalid and shiftless—inveterate drones in an island where one month's steady labor would buy an acre, and one day's work in the week on that acre, yield food enough to maintain a family for a year." The splendid civilization developed by the French has been in no respect maintained. It has crumbled at Africa's touch, and wild hogs root among the guava trees that over-run the once magnificent estates. A series of bloody revolutions have followed each other, often in remarkably quick succession (at one period as many as five occurring in five years,) and, considering the former advanced culture of the mulatto wing, when men like Pétion lived, there has been a most marked moral and intellectual decline.

Hence Grey (reviewing San Domingo affairs) has been led to express the opinion: That, intellectually, the African has a meagre nature, a semi-civilized brain; that he is but a grown child, an immature man; and that the limit of his development is mediocrity; that the cause may be found in the same conditions which produced the dark hue; that physiology teaches that the coloring matter of the skin is the same in white and black, and that the variety in color is due to a difference in the *quantity* of the pigment and the manner in which the interposed and superimposed tissues are arranged; that this difference, as well as other physical African tokens are accounted for by climatic influence; that in the early period of the world, when the human race was virgin and abnormally impressionable, some portion found a settlement in equatorial regions, and under a tropical sun acquired those physical traits, which, as the race advanced in age and hardened, crystallized into permanent characteristics; that an intellectual change was syn-

chronous with the physical, and that the same tropical sun which crinkled the hair and modified the skin tissues of those first dwellers, permanently affected the cerebrum also.

Finally, certain distinguished individual negroes (so called) are put forward (in these papers), as an evidence of what the *race* may be. Rather, it is an evidence of the writer's *ad captandum* spirit. The mulattoes, as well known, are classed with negroes. Many have a preponderance of white blood. It is preposterous and disingenuous to adduce examples from among them, as here done, to gauge the possibilities of the *African* race.

Benjamin Bannaker, for instance, is emphasized—a philosopher, indeed, of no mean reputation. "Bannaker's Almanac" is a monument to his astronomical abilities. His scientific attainments, fully recognized at the time by the savants of France, were all the more remarkable because his opportunities were few and scant. But Bannaker was no negro. His grandmother was a Welsh woman who freed one of her slaves and then married him.

Frederick Douglass is another example brought forward—a man of parts, and distinguished in the field of strong and persuasive oratory. But those who have seen Mr. Douglass recognize at once that he cannot be very far removed from his white ancestry.

Yet another example given is Thomas Fuller, who lived at the close of the last century, and possessed powers as a calculator truly remarkable, being able by pure mental effort, and more rapidly than the scholar's pencil, to solve the most difficult questions, involving series of multiplications, and with products extending into the millions. He was a Virginia black, it is true, of pure blood; yet, outside of his peculiar powers, seems to have had a commonplace mind. He was one of those remarkable productions like "Blind Tom," whose rare musical gift is allied with a general mental state verging almost upon imbecility.

However, we grant freely that pure Africans—such as Toussaint L'Ouverture, Phillis Wheatley, and others who might be mentioned—have shown high intellectual traits. Still, these occasional instances of exceptional gifts and cultivation, and such mental marvels as Thomas Fuller or "Blind Tom" exhibits, are (upon a full survey) proofs to our mind rather of a noble ancestry from which the race has fallen, than of a height it is yet to reach. They are significant as tokens of a high origin—as signs of what the *source* of the race is, not of what the race itself will be. Individual



elevation here and there is inconclusive. We have known educated, accomplished, fascinating Indians. Nevertheless, the drift of the Red man is downward.

A word more: The most vital question before the American people is this of the African. Problems of a similar nature are presenting themselves in the vast inflow of other nationalities. These, however,—excepting the Chinese, who, as yet at least, are comparatively insignificant in numbers—are merging into the native stock and losing identity therein; and the question here is whether America's digesting apparatus is large enough and strong enough to convert the heterogeneous mass into material fit for preserving in the tissues of the body-politic true Anglo-Saxon characteristics. But the African stands entirely apart, displaying, withal, a remarkable fecundity. Not only is he unassimilating, but he is unassimilatable. Why? Is it prejudice, antipathy, instinct, or what, that separates? Account for it as we may, the fact of rigid separation remains hard and fast. Apparently it is bot-tomed on a natural law. Crossing between white and black results ultimately in deterioration below the black level. Every variety of mankind centers back in a primitive stock, undoubtedly. Yet, that the three great classes into which color divides the human race—white, yellow, black—have, in the lapse of ages, acquired characteristics that make union across the color line deteriorating, is demonstrable. It was the pen of an intelligent colored man that first drew our attention to the fact, that every instance of blood union across these lines has finally proved lowering. The Griquas of South Africa, hybrids of Dutch colonists and Hottentots; the Mongolian and Slavic mixture of Russian Asia; the Portuguese and negro half-breeds of Brazil—mongrel races, in make and mind and morals below the baser stock—are the demonstrations. The blending of varieties within any one of these three color groups is a betterment, but not the blending of the groups themselves.

If the African remains here and apart, and has unequal capacity—under such conditions his essential status is bound to be that of an adjunct merely to the civilization about him, somewhat as afore-time, the difference lying in an accession of civic privilege—privilege, indeed, offering openings he cannot adequately fill, stimulating ambitions impossible to be realized. Under such conditions white contact will prove injurious to his higher progress, a bar to his reaching the proper limit of his development. As long as he

remains below a certain point, he will be tolerated by those above—welcomed, perhaps, as supplying an industrial need. Pushing, or an attempt to push, beyond that point means antagonism. Antagonism means failure. Reaching out towards higher levels he finds himself thwarted from above. It is inevitable, and the sequel can be foreseen. Where the opposed lines chafe each other there will be heat and spark and explosion. This for a period. The upshot must be that the African withdraws, baffled and disheartened, from what he recognizes as the impossible. His ambitions lapse—energies wane—lowering conditions form around him—and he cannot rise even to the proper measure of his capability. A final and acknowledged failure for the race would be perilous. A people's long-continued repression, a people's mortified self-assertion, the bootless throbbings of race ambition, are things not to be trifled with. It is an ominous state of affairs, when a brawny, teeming race lies balked and malcontent below—a dark, swelling, stormy mass.

The actual present course of events is not reassuring. It seems to be the uniform testimony of observers that the two races are getting further apart—not in the South alone, but over the land. There is advancing self-assertion on one side; a lessening sympathy and interest on the other. The stage of formal antagonism has not yet been reached; no, not in politics even. In Southern elections the issue has not been squarely with the African, but with white leaders who ride and vote the African. The influence, moral and political, exerted by the dark race is so ridiculously small compared with its numbers, that real antagonism now finds no place. The whites have affairs in their hands, and, on the whole, are forbearing and meditative.

But there are increasing restrictive tendencies (witness a threatened movement in one of the States to tax white and black separately for school purposes; and a reported expression of opinion by a prominent Republican, that it might be better to disfranchise the negro, if the Southern Congressional representation were reduced to the point corresponding to the black vote; and a recent refusal by a Connecticut Post of the Grand Army of the Republic to admit to membership a reputable colored veteran, etc., etc.); and there are multiplied denials of the ordinary personal privileges of every-day life in hotel and restaurant and barber shop, etc., etc. Such circumstances increase the isolation; go far, in the aggre-

gate, to nullify citizenship and are the more irritating, because, to the advancing African, they are regarded as being less deserved. Hence such outcries as that recently made by an African journalist, that "negro citizenship is the blackest lie ever evolved from the brains of those who are loudest in proclaiming it." It is sad, this wail over ostracism, but inevitable, since the underlying grounds are permanent.

The problem the African presents truly bristles with difficulties. For our part we can see no possible solution hopeful to him save in separation. Separation is a fundamental condition. Without it "the church and the spelling-book," or any other agency, will prove unavailing. The two races differ by the width of the sky. They cannot harmoniously unfold themselves within the same sphere. Remaining here and unable to merge, the African is bound either to *descend* or *ascend towards fatal antagonisms*. We say *fatal antagonisms*, for Americans are essentially Anglo-Saxons, and once a radical race issue is squarely made, there is not the faintest shadow of a doubt that this historic and powerful people will solve it effectually and to its own behoof. If there is to be an African evolution, genuine and permanent, it must be wrought out by the race settled on its own bottom. The African is here under really alien environments—an incongruity in a civilization which he has borne no essential hand in creating. He must himself, essentially apart, make his own type of development.

It is a common platform remark, we are aware, that the dark race is "here to stay." Colored speakers go out of their way to emphasize it. Nevertheless, the idea of separation is entering the African mind. Witness the effort that has been made to establish a black colony in Mexico. A home may ultimately be found along the lower Mississippi. Reports are that the Delta is receiving large colored accessions. The race—restless and ready for movement—may pour itself in that direction, and the pressure of circumstances force a cutting off of territory for a separate black State.

A more natural home would be the fatherland. An exodus thither is not an impossibility, perhaps not an improbability. When the necessity for separation becomes a sentiment common to the two peoples, neither the broad Atlantic, nor numbers reckoned by millions, would offer insuperable difficulties. It probably involves the best hopes both for the blacks themselves, and for the dark continent. The redundant populations of Europe have here



and there planted trading colonies on the African coast; but a proper *esprit de corps* between them and the natives is, and will continue to be, wanting. Africa will remain a continent of blacks; and, if it is yet to present a type of higher development, the impulse can be best imparted by Africans.

Whitherward should the turning be? Liberia has proven a failure. A chronic state of irritation between colonists and natives has laid a heavy embargo on inland trade. Population is decreasing. The coast climate is fatal to any but the pure negro. Advancement is at an exceedingly low point, and the only prosperous persons seem to be the undertakers.

The vast Congo Valley, now opening up, offers a magnificent opportunity. Developments are progressing rapidly. A railway of 180 miles, to span the cataracts between the Upper and Lower Congo, is now being projected. Already fourteen steamers are plying on the latter portion of the noble river, and a waterway, piercing the continent several thousand miles, is at hand. The natives, furnishing a rich trade, are everywhere friendly. Above all, the land is of exceeding fertility, adapted to temperate as well as tropical products; and the climate lays on the new-comer no other demand than to abstain from alcohol and from labor beneath a noonday sun. The cost of living is so inconsiderable, and opportunities toward riches so rare, that missionaries, by turning slightly aside, are able to make their establishments self-supporting, and numbers of them, within a few years, have amassed fortunes.

What an opportunity for the cultivated United States negro! What powerful personal and patriotic motives ought to urge him in this direction! Why should he cling to a residence here, when (beyond a certain limit) every effort towards higher progress, every deepening of aspiration, must carry with it increased humiliation? Why should he not willingly seek his native land and plant amidst its virgin wealth a lifting germ? Probably an experiment may be made in Africa under circumstances more favorable than those connected with the San Domingo failure. In the latter case the brown or mulatto wing of the colored race was, indeed, for the most part educated. But the blacks excluded the whites entirely. They suddenly reared a political fabric, and sought to maintain it by themselves alone. They knew not that "nations ripen slowly—that the sudden formation of a political body is a

perilous feat—and that those used to no other subordination than that of domestic slavery, could not, without the utmost care, unite in the relations of regular government, or be moulded into a system of artificial society.” An African establishment in the Congo area, composed of the better class of United States negroes, and fostered for a period, might in the end be able to stand alone, and not only maintain a fair degree of civilization, but prove a regenerating influence throughout the fatherland. Personal pride and patriotic impulse should alike urge the negro to make an effort, at any rate, to realize such a hope.

*Baltimore, Md.*

E. W. GILLIAM, M.D.

## THE COMFORTER.

A KEEN-EDGED sorrowing was mine.  
 It drooped my face  
 Till all the world had not one light to shine  
 In my dark place.  
 And was it accident that brought  
 That child to me,  
 And made the simplest trifle turn my thought  
 Where it should be?  
 “Look, look!” Her finger marked with glee  
 A feathered mote.  
 I gazed, and lo! a holy witchery  
 The lesson wrote.  
 My sight had caught the mountain view,  
 And vaults of heaven:  
 How all unconsciously the moral drew  
 That tot of seven!

*Denver, Col.*

FRANCIS E. BAUCH.

## INDUSTRIAL CONSPIRACIES.

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THERE is a growing suspicion that employers and employees see only one side of the shield. They are like the two knights who fell into a dispute over the color of a shield, which one declared to be gold, and the other said was silver. A traveler, who comes along, discovers their folly, and says: "Why don't you look on *both* sides? The two sides are not alike—one is, as you say, golden, and the other is silver."

This, in substance, is what I heard a prominent man, who had been chosen to arbitrate in a trade dispute, say recently to the parties involved in the controversy: "You are both wrong. You see one side only of the question. You (speaking to the workmen) have entered into a conspiracy to raise your wages, and you (to the manager of the company) as a member of a trade combination, or trust, have entered into a conspiracy to raise prices. You both are conspirators against the public weal, and morally and legally you are entitled to no consideration."

Now, this brings us to the point we would be at, namely—industrial conspiracies. There are two kinds—those having reference to the increase in wages and those seeking the increase of prices. Industrial conspiracy is a question of degree, and it may range from innocent to illegal combination. The difficulty has always been to determine the point at which a trade combination loses its harmless character and becomes illegal.

To illustrate: When a handful of dissatisfied workmen of the same trade or of different trades meet together and agree to ask for an advance, and even persuade others to do the same, we have a perfectly fair and just conspiracy. But when the men seek to gain their ends by intimidation, physical violence or by boycott, the whole complexion of the association is changed, and it is unlawful.

On the other hand, it is entirely proper and legal for the owners of the Pennsylvania coal fields and coal mines to stop work whenever they see fit. Even if a large number of coal operators should happen at the same time to stop mining, still there would be no legal offence. But, if those who control the fuel supply of the



Middle and New England States should meet in secret conclave at a Wall street office, and there make "a binding agreement to keep the supply of coal off of the market by ordering the miners to quit work two or three days of every week, their action would be clearly a conspiracy and unlawful. Briefly stated, a combination to raise wages or prices may be illegal, although the acts constituting the combination are such as would not be illegal apart from the conspiracy.

Our notion and our law of conspiracy date from old English common law. In order to suppress the combinations of workmen, the landed proprietors and employers of England had the Act of 33, Edward I ("who be conspirators and who be champertors") passed for their own benefit. Thus, any combination of workmen seeking an increase of wages was regarded as a conspiracy against the public weal, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Under the stringent provisions of the "Combination Laws" the early English trade societies were forced to become more or less secret conspiracies. At the beginning of the present century workmen in the same trade openly formed "friendly societies" and unions. In 1825 the old laws were swept off the statute book and then English trade-unionism grew and waxed exceeding strong. Of course, it was an outrage that in a purely economic conflict between employer and employee, the law should place so powerful a weapon as fine and imprisonment in the hands of the former. And yet, it is significant that when trade combinations in the United States have been most successfully attacked for raising wages or prices, the old English law of conspiracy is invoked.

Our associations of workmen are the successors of the English unions. They subsist in a state of "armed peace." If not engaged in conspiracy, they are engaged in war. Their weapons are the strike and boycott. The conspirators meet one night, and the next morning they make certain "demands" of the employer.

The discussion between the two opposing forces proceeds somewhat as follows: The employer says: "You have no capital invested in my business. You are in no wise responsible for its success or failure. You neither participate in the profits nor share in the losses. Yet, you insist upon the right to control the management, and to compel me to be governed by your conspiracy. You even ask me to discharge workmen who do not belong to your combination."

If some practical scheme of profit sharing and share management were adopted, not only would the grievances of the workmen be largely appeased, but there would be no real necessity of trade conspiracy. The strongest argument for the labor unions is in the *tu quoque* reply. Why is it not just as proper and legitimate for our unions to settle wages as for "pools" and syndicates to fix prices? As a matter of fact, the conspiracies of labor are small and weak compared to those of capital. The prices of many of the necessities of life and some of the luxuries are controlled largely by conspiracies of wealth, and, as the great majority of those who burn coal, wear shoes and clothing, and eat bread are working people, the tax levied by conspiracy falls most heavily upon them.

As every reader of the newspapers is aware, meetings are going on all the time, and competitors, so to speak, in the same trade vote whether prices shall go up or down. Thus, I have before me a brief account of a recent monthly meeting of a Nail Association. The members (in the language of the dispatch) "voted unanimously that the price of nails be advanced" to such-and-such a price. This is the newly-discovered principle in American political economy—that prices shall be regulated by the ballot. In other words, a majority vote of an industrial conspiracy determines how much or how little we shall pay for wants and necessities.

Shrewd old Adam Smith once said: "People of the same trade hardly meet together even for merriment and diversion but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices." This is as true now as the day it was first written. It would surprise the father of modern political economy if he could have seen some of our "contrivances to raise prices." A trade association met recently in New York City. According to the newspaper report, "most of the members went to Palmer's theater last night." The next day the conspirators raised the price of bar iron.

Another contrivance consists in regulating production, and this is done by buying up or by closing up rival concerns. The mills or mines which close receive a big yearly rental, and are leased to the conspirators for a term of years. As it usually takes large capital to start into the business, the trust expects to have the field to itself. In the following lines of industry the conspirators have been more or less successful: In the manufacture of cotton-seed oil, whisky, tobacco, paper, lead, tacks, screws, sheet-iron, rivets,

terra-cotta pipe, wooden ware, type and rubber, not to speak of many articles of consumption, such as sugar, starch, glucose, salt, crackers, and preserved fruit.

Now, industrial society is organized in the interest of conspiracy whenever it is so organized that men in the same trade can extort from other people under the guise of pretended industrial undertaking. That is what is done to-day. On the specious plea of "over-production," school-book publishers and patent-medicine dealers, and from these down to journeymen bakers and brewers, conspire to keep spelling-books, pies, bread and beer from becoming too cheap. The manufacturers claim that they cannot find a market for their products. Thousands of idle workmen exclaim, "Would that we could only find places in which to work in order to make a living for ourselves and our families!"

There is no doubt that all these conspiracies are favored by our economic conditions, and the greater part of our industrial machinery is just such a contrivance as conspirators would devise for their selfish purposes. They are clearly illegal, but what of that? The Supreme Court of New York in passing on the celebrated "lard pool" of 1880 said: "The effect of an unlawful conspiracy is to impose upon the public, and to oblige individuals having occasion to purchase the article to pay more for it than its market value. So far as such a combination or scheme may be rendered successful, it is little, if anything less than respectable robbery, which the law will not permit or sustain." Why, then, is not the law enforced against respectable robbery, if any kind of robbery can be called respectable?

Do not misunderstand my position. Industrial organization may be and is right and useful, but industrial conspiracy is wrong and useless. Before facing the question, "How to avoid strikes," we must settle the problem, "How to avoid industrial conspiracies."

*New York.*

L. J. VANCE.



## NIGHT.

O NIGHT, upon thy pillowed breast,  
We lay our weary heads to rest,  
And trust, that He, the robin's nest  
Doth tend, will grant our soul's request ;—  
And so we sleep and dream.

The glow of sunset fades apace,  
And countless stars their circles trace  
Throughout illimitable space ;  
While over all the human race,  
Thy blessings brood and fly.

O Night! thy care is very sweet ;  
Without it, weary, toiling feet  
Would meet the day in sad defeat ;  
Thy messengers are strong and fleet,  
While thus, we sleep and dream.

Dear Night, throughout unnumbered years,  
Thy hands have closed the founts of tears :  
Thy kisses soothed to rest our fears ;  
In softest music, on our ears,  
Thy songs have fall'n and fled.

Thou bindest up the weary springs  
Of thought and life ; through countless rings  
Of influence, our hurts and stings,  
Thou healest quite ; thy angel sings  
Our broken hearts to rest.

Thy stars are seraphs, spinning round  
And round their web in subtle sound  
Of lulling music, whose rebound  
Shall heal creation's deepest wound ;  
And so we sleep and dream.

O Night, thy *love* is passing sweet,  
Thy folded arms, a fond retreat ;  
And passion, hatred, burning heat,  
All slumber 'neath thy gentle feet,  
Till time shall pass away.

## COMMUNITY LIFE.

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DANTE, in his "Paradise," is taught by Beatrice, *i. e.*, Divine Science, that

"Among themselves all things  
Have order; and from hence the form which makes  
The Universe resemble God."

In another part of the marvelous poem we hear from Picarda, who is

"Blessed in the lowest sphere,"

what constitutes the order and eternal blessedness of the celestial home.

"Brother, our will  
Is in composure, settled by the power  
Of charity, that makes us will alone  
What we possess, and naught beyond desire.  
If we should wish to be exalted more,  
Then must our wishes jar with the high will  
Of him who sets us here; which in these orbs  
Thou wilt confess not possible, if here  
To be in charity must needs befall,  
And if her nature well thou contemplate.  
Rather it is inherent in this state  
Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within  
The will divine, by which our wills with His  
Are one. So that as we, from step to step  
Are placed throughout this kingdom pleases all,  
Even as our King, who in us plants his will;  
It is the mighty ocean, whether tends  
Whatever it creates and nature makes."

Dante here adds,

"Then saw I clearly how each spot in heaven  
Is Paradise, though with his gracious dew  
The Supreme virtue shower not over all."

CARY'S TRANSLATION.

We see here portrayed the true, desirable and final community life, which is love and obedience. Hell, too, belongs to the universal harmony, since it is the admirable manifestation of the justice and judgment of a merciful Judge who has offered to his free, rational creatures all the changeful relationships of material

things in time and space as an all-sufficing preparatory education whereby to reach beatitude.

"And in this Heaven there is no other where  
Than in the Mind Divine wherein is kindled  
The love that turns it, and the power it reins.  
Within a circle light and love embrace it  
Even as this doth the others, and that precinct  
He who encircles it alone controls."

LONGFELLOW'S DANTE.

That the heart of man instinctively longs after the true community life, peace passing understanding and social harmony which, nevertheless, his own selfishness destroys, is illustrated by the numerous experiments that have been inaugurated from time to time only to prove failures, as well as by the continuous stream of literary works aiming to set forth and elucidate theories and side-switches off the main line of the subject. Let us revert to a few of these social experiments in our own country within the last half century, where noble men and women made sacrifices of many personal interests in order to prove that Paradise may be regained, or the millennium introduced for the world at large, here on earth, by a reasonable arrangement of material conditions in the power of man to compass. The one rendered memorable by the Blythedale Romance of Nathaniel Hawthorne, near Roxbury, Mass., need merely be named. Wisconsin witnessed not many years later, "The Great American Phalanx," whose sounding title created hopes in many an aspiring mind even after the organization was for all intents and purposes disorganized. It was said, by one who knew, that a sharp conflict over a pan of milk was the proximate cause of the resolving of the phalanx into its component parts. Still enthusiasts continued to come from distant States with barely means sufficient to bring them there.

Unpractical men, they were still full of confidence, notwithstanding grievous disappointments, that the reason of failure would soon be rendered apparent and every hope fulfilled; and so they passed their hours in idle chat and speculation to the last. Another located in western New York, started with much enthusiasm and *éclat*. The company contracted to pay some future day a hundred dollars per acre for their domain. There were only one or two small houses upon the property, so the men fell to work immediately and constructed, close to the line of the railway, a long, low shanty of



rough boards, and divided it into the necessary number of family apartments, with equally rough board partitions, and shelving near the roof for storing away precious individual heirlooms. Other shanties served for the common dining-room and kitchen. In the early spring months men, women and children, used to all the comforts and even elegance of commodious town residences, rushed gleefully into these shanties and packed away on the insecure shelves choice family treasures. The fall of a heavy article made the whole structure tremble as in an earthquake, and on one occasion a treasured pile of delicate and costly china-ware was thrown from the open shelves and shattered in pieces on the floor during the owner's absence on community business. There it lay before her, with all its hoarded memories of other days, on her return to her private portion of the shanty. But, with a jubilant air, she executed a dance around the pile to the music of her own voice and a pantomimic violin. This incident serves as an illustration of the childish recklessness of the experimenters, which with proper direction might have blossomed into heroism. Notwithstanding recklessness, the very watchword of the association was "*utility*." Making this word practical in their sense, men who were not farmers began to till the soil with their own hands; others, not habituated to the toil, worked in a quarry from which the stone for the ideal community home was to be drawn. But, patriotic as well as utilitarian, not a fuse of all those prepared for blasting was lighted until sunrise on the morning of our national birthday, and then there was a noise that put to shame the towns adjacent, however loud the roar of their cannon. Two years passed. The phalanstery was not built. The association was bankrupt. Victor Considerant's fizzle in Texas did not differ greatly from the one related, except in the precaution taken to send out in advance a committee of experts to make a thorough examination for a suitable location on Government land, which could be purchased at one dollar and twenty-five cents the acre. The desirable Eden was found in the Lone Star State.

" But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving *foresight* may be vain:  
The best laid schemes o' *mice and men*  
Gang aft agley,  
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain  
For promised joy."

A large group of congenial literary persons—so the story goes—encamped upon the selected site after a long and tedious journey. The view of the wide stretch of verdant prairie was enchanting, but the wish for a dinner as satisfactory was uppermost; and, ignorant as most of the associates were of culinary affairs, they were aware water must be had, and a party started out to obtain it. It was found two miles from the chosen camping ground. Then days were spent digging here, there and everywhere for the common necessary of life without success, and the difficulty of marketing the products of the soil loomed up as one not to be overcome. The company disbanded, and it is probable most of them carried away with them a lesson of considerable importance, for which each had paid very dearly. But more dearly yet would the citizens of a nation pay that should be beguiled by the airy architecture of the figment of Henry George's brain into adopting it in practice. Hundreds of other Utopias were started and abandoned; amongst them one in Indiana, on the banks of St. Joseph's River, just opposite the property now owned by the Congregation of Holy Cross. At the time of Father Sorin's arrival the young association, having abundant means, was indulging in great expectations for the future; still, a few months sufficed to make it evident to all concerned that some one had blundered egregiously and that the scheme must be abandoned. The French priest had neither gold nor silver. The land—an uncultivated woodland located and purchased for missionary purposes by the venerated Father Baden—he received as a gift from the Bishop of Vincennes on the promise that a college should be built upon the site. The priest with one companion took up his abode during the inclement winter months in an abandoned cabin that hardly afforded shelter, and guided by Christian faith and hope and charity entered into close fraternal relations with the poor, degraded red men who lingered on the soil. In this wild wood the two brothers and priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross kept the rule of the community and in union of spirit with the brethren in sunny France chanted daily: "*Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity*"; and "*Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain who build it*;" and in all humility labored diligently at whatever their hearts and hands found to do. The University and surrounding buildings, St. Mary's Academy a mile away, known throughout the land, numerous missions scattered throughout

the United States, each supplied with grand academic buildings where thousands of our future citizens are being trained and instructed by members of the community—spiritual sons and daughters of Father Sorin—attest the material success and indicate the spiritual triumph of the humble Frenchman who has kept nobly his promise made to the Bishop of Vincennes. During the midsummer months of the present year a thousand sisters were gathered together at St. Mary's—it was the occasion of the election of the Mother General which is triennial. One who saw them moving in procession through the lovely grounds on the banks of St. Joseph's stream as in union they recited our Lady's Rosary, remarked that they looked as a military battalion of the gentler sex. In truth it was a battalion, though they take up arms only against ignorance and sin.

I mention here only one community, that of Holy Cross, but there are numerous others of which a like story could be told. And now it is time to inquire why these religious communities should live and flourish and the others soon become extinct. Is it that the heaven described by Dante comes down to dwell in these retreats? It would be deception to pretend this, for religious houses are filled with human beings like those in the world at large, susceptible to foibles, misunderstandings and false or unwise judgments, to human weakness in general. These are not barred out by any superhuman power, and all the various nationalities may be represented in a single community. Doubtless heartaches and sorrows, the best of trials and temptations for the formation of a perfect character, may be found there. But religious houses are not *experimenting*. One must be presumed to have a vocation, and earnest desire to live the life required by the rule before he can be incorporated with the body; and having this vocation he knows with the certain knowledge faith gives that the Lord is the builder of the house, and that He alone can perfect the character of the individuals composing it. Placing himself in such hands for formation by obedience, willingly *serving* Him whose Providence he trusts, as the Catechism teaches, in peace, happiness is awaited in Heaven, where trial and temptations are no longer needed.

It is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that "The multitudes of the believers had but one heart and one soul; neither did any one of them say that, of the things which he possessed, anything was



his own, for all things were common to them . . . neither was there any one among them that wanted, for as many as were owners of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the price of the things that were sold."

There was, however, even among those first believers an Ananias and Sapphira who were ready to contract the obligation of a religious promise and then deceive about its fulfilment. It seems these early Christian communities failed. Was it because both sexes were represented in them? In the present state of society, is celibacy and religious devotedness an absolute requirement for real success in community life where large numbers have a part? is surely a legitimate question to be asked, but one little thought of by experimenters in communism.

Doubtless, here men and women will always be subject to inequalities of temper, though they may know a higher law and with all sincerity desire to attain unto it. Saint John Chrysostom said to the Christians of the fifth century that "Inequality of accidents ought never to lead our minds and spirits to inequality of humor; for," says he, "inequality of humor arises either from our passions, inclinations, or unsatisfied affections, which ought not to have any power over us when they would lead us to do or to leave undone anything which reason tells us we shall do or leave undone in order to please God." Every one will admit that the men and women who, in this nineteenth century, thus habitually regulate and control their actions when in the midst of temptation are as one in millions. The real ideal community life for which the souls of men instinctively long, belongs not, therefore, to earth; and the nearest approach to it, whether in the narrow circle of the family, the larger one of the religious house, or any other where, is one of honest, individual struggle after self-conquest, while fulfilling to the best of each one's ability the Apostle's injunction to bear each others burdens, of whatever inequality of humor or infirmity that burden may be composed.

Earth is in a state of flux tending toward a final rest and harmony. The great community of mankind possessing by common inheritance the globe as its patrimony, necessarily subdivided into small independent societies, had, as is evident, its beginning in the smallest and most essential of all communities, *the family*. But free will misdirected, revolts against the law and authority of nature in this narrow precinct, and then hopes to reduce the antagonism and contention called into being thereby, and create

blissful harmony on earth by some artificial means embraced in their theories of state or other socialism. Each theory, like that of the building of the tower of Babel in ancient times, is prolific of confusion by which its forces are scattered because it is neither in God or nature or reason, and the Lord does not build the house or keep the city. "In God we live and move and have our being." This is a statement of Holy Scripture revealed to human reason, also when contemplating *uncreated space* that has no conceivable bounds or parts, yet furnishes for all extended, and therefore compound, things a place for their relations; or *uncreated duration* without which there would be no foundation, whatever, for the measure of movements and changes which we denominate time. Space and duration manifest the impossibility of escape from the dominions of God; for the rational mind cannot conceive of absolute space or absolute duration beginning to be, or changing, or as enduring, except as related to immensity and eternity, attributes of a self-existent Being, in whose essence is no limitation or change; but who, nevertheless, fills by creation in accordance with his will and knowledge of his own ideals, that unlimited vacancy which virtually calls upon his power and goodness to do so by his fiat. Had the human artist no place, or where outside himself to hang his picture or locate his statue, had the author no space for his voice, or folio on which to pen his thought, neither could present his ideals as things in themselves distinct from his own individuality. In like manner, were there no absolute uncreated space, no uncreated duration, the ideas which are of the simple Divine essence itself, would have remained for the contemplation of the ever Blessed Trinity, with no extrinsic relationships, in their own nothingness, and matter and material combinations would never have existed. Hell is not outside the dominion of God. Angels and men who have chosen it as their portion are still His creatures and, as such, have part in the great community, though hatred of whatever is and must be, is the distinctive mark of perdition. This is the never ending misery of every lost soul, that it must be subject to God, make up a part of the final community life of rational beings and manifest the glory of absolute justice in spite of himself. This being so, as a last reflection, let it be said that those have chosen the part of wisdom who here, in the surrounding providences, school themselves most perfectly in love and obedience.

THE POET.

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SPITE of the storm, and the clouds that linger  
Long in the dark and circling skies,  
Thou singest, sweet bird! O deathless singer,  
What were our lives without thy prize?

Our life seems mastered by death forever,  
Requiem anthems sad and low  
Deluge our hearts, and, deep as a river  
Of hopeless darkness, ebb and flow.

All that is given seems quickly taken  
Quite away from our tender care;  
Over each forehead the word forsaken,  
Seems burnt, in blackness, everywhere.

Ages succeed to the woes of ages;  
Death is the circle that binds our day;  
Vain are the words of prophets and sages,  
Death is master and has his way.

Storm after storm sweeps earth and ocean,  
Leaving their countless wrecks behind;  
Madness and death and wild commotion  
Are ours, instead of peace of mind.

Only the singer remains unmoved  
Of storm or of death;—O sublime  
Offspring of love! forever beloved,  
Sing like the lark, to the end of time.

June 24, 1895.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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LIFE OF ALPHONSUS.

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LIFE OF BLESSED ALPHONSUS OROZCO, O. S. A. Compiled from the Spanish of Rt. Rev. Thos. Cámara, D.D., O. S. A., Bishop of Salamanca, by Rev. W. A. Jones, O. S. A. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co., Publishers.

On the 28th of August, of this year, fourteen hundred and sixty-five years had passed since the great Bishop of Hippo lay down to



rest from his labors. From that day to this, his spiritual sons have been going wherever men were to be found, inviting them to enter the City of God. Although amongst the countless number of faithful sons of Augustine, one was found in Germany, who, in defiance of the word and example of the holy founder of their order, in the pride of his mind, and in the lust of his heart, raised up his voice against the Vicegerent whom God had placed to rule His City, one other son, in Spain, true to the teaching of Augustine, gave his life entirely to showing forth the beauty of holiness.

Alphonsus Orozco was born the 17th of October, 1500, of one of the noble families of Spain, in the town of Oropesa. On the 31st of October, 1517, while the German traitor to Augustine was nailing upon the church door of Wittenberg, his ninety-five declarations of revolt against the appointed ruler of the City of God, Alphonsus was a student in the far-famed University of Salamanca, which he had entered in 1514, and where he remained until 1522, at which latter date he commenced his career as a son of St. Augustine. While to his fellow-countrymen the blessed Alphonsus has been known and honored these many years, it has been reserved to the Rev. Father Jones, another son of Augustine, to make known his life and works to men whose mother-tongue is English.

And this Life of Blessed Alphonsus Orozco possesses not only the interest that the story of eminent piety contains for all spiritually-minded persons, but it is well worth reading by any English-speaking men, for it has much to say about Philip II.

On the 13th of March, 1554, the Emperor, Charles V, named Alphonsus to be preacher to the Royal Court; and, from then on until the 19th of September, 1591, when he died, he was almost constantly in communication with the Court of Spain.

When Philip prepared the "Invincible Armada," according to the custom of Spain, before any great undertaking was set apart, public prayers were enjoined and a general procession was held in the court previous to the departure of the Invincible Armada. Philip heartily recommended the success of his fleet to the prayers of his beloved preacher, Father Orozco, and requested him to take part in the procession, in spite of his advanced age of four-score-eight (1588). Soon after the departure of the Armada, and before any news had come back to Spain of what had befallen the fleet, Father Orozco had a vision of the awful disaster which destroyed the hopes of Philip against England.

Taken in connection with Dr. Williams' paper in the *GLOBE*, on Mary, the last Catholic sovereign of England, the volume, here so inadequately noticed, cannot fail to repay careful reading; if, for no other reason, because it has so much to say of Mary's husband.

Father Jones, with the modesty so worthy of a son of Augustine, would have the reader of the *Life of Blessed Alphonsus* look upon his task, in giving this volume to English readers, as very little more than a translation; but whoever reads it will be convinced that much of the grace and simplicity that it evinces, are the work of Father Jones himself. The publishers have done their part in binding and printing the volume very admirably.

W. R. CLAXTON.

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## GLOBE NOTES.

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ONE of my various self-assumed spiritual advisers—a delightful old priest—an excellent gentleman and a superior scholar, tells me that I must retract what I said in the July *GLOBE* about killing the negroes of the South. My expression was that, inside of the next quarter of a century, the South would be obliged either to colonize, re-enslave or kill the great mass of its negro population.

In regard to this I have to say *first*, that I have no idea or expectation of retracting. *Second*, that people who read these brief conclusions boiled down to burning point in this magazine evidently have no conception of the amount of labor gone through with before such conclusions are reached and such utterances made. I simply give you results and do not weary you with the long processes of observation and reasoning by which these results have been reached. You are either convinced or led to oppose me instantly, and so the entertainment goes on. *Third*, my good adviser and all other readers of the sentence complained of should remember that I did not make the utterance as if from advice or teaching of my own. I am no bloodthirsty fire-eater. I do not like to kill even a fly. It is not that I want or advise the people of the South to export, re-enslave or kill the negroes. I had nothing to do with bringing them here, with enslaving or with freeing them. The Government of the United States does

not pay me \$50,000 a year to solve its wretched problems, and execute my own plans. If it paid me \$10,000 a year, and I did no better than the Presidents, Cabinets and Congresses of the past thirty or the past one hundred years have done, I should expect and deserve to be shot on the spot. It is not my business to solve this problem, on my own grounds, and I simply pointed out what, from my observation, and purely on commercial grounds, the South, under existing conditions, would be obliged to do. Thirty-five years ago my sympathies for what I supposed to be an oppressed and ill-treated race made me an abolitionist; after thirty-five years of varied experience and close observation, including much reading on this subject, and many, many interviews with old slaveholders, and with many so-called educated negroes, my deliberate judgment prompted me to make the remarks I made in the July issue of this magazine, which remarks I now repeat and adhere to. I do not expect Northern or Southern newspaper editors to agree with me. If they thought as I think, and dared to write as I write, there would be little need of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. In a leading editorial upon the treatment accorded the negro in the last issue of this magazine, the *Baltimore Sun* spoke of these words of mine as "wild talk." It gives me great pleasure to find any Southern editor so far calmed down after thirty years' experience of Northern ideas as to speak of my words as "wild talk." It is a good omen for the South of the future. I do not bandy words with newspaper editors, but I am ready to wager this sun-beam an even \$100 that inside of the next quarter of a century the South will be absolutely obliged to follow one of three courses I have pointed out. Will the sun-beam take the bet? Already in certain Southern States negroes who cannot read are denied the franchise. South Carolina is even willing to lose her full representation in Congress in order to disfranchise the negro population, wants the negro counted out, and this is a species of re-enslavement even now.

The South is a rich and beautiful land, a land of vines and fruits; of rolling millions of fertile acres, now being gullied by the storms of heaven, and crying to heaven and the pig-headed Government of the United States to be tilled and made useful to mankind.

The agricultural possibilities of the South, its commercial interests and its manufacturing resources must and will be developed,



not by Hoke Smith's lying statistics, but by actual settlement and toil. Millions of the crowded populations of Southern Europe are coming here to do the work. You cannot keep them out by stupid legislation. Our educated American tramp population will not work; our enfranchised and "educated" millions of negroes in the South will not work. Fred. Douglass-like, they want to marry white people, or in some way cohabit with them, and go to Conventions, Young Peoples' Endeavor Reunions, Plattsburg Powwows and Temperance Love Feasts, Women's Soroses, State and National Legislatures, and spout their eternal ignorance for the admiration of fools.

I am speaking of general tendencies, not of the exceptional cases of earnest workers to be found alike among tramps and negroes. During a recent visit to the South last June, I was so impressed with the fact that there were such exceptional cases, even among Southern negroes, that I was tempted not to publish my negro article or comments at all. Here and there I saw negro men and women and children, dibbling in odd acres of these great southlands, and, aided by bony skeletons of mules, trying, in their insufferable indolence, to coax a stray potato vine to stand up here and there among the weeds. Noble agricultural results these alike of our ancient crime of slavery and our modern crime of freedom. Yet you call this a civilized country, where mere shoddy, shop-keeping money-makers can buy cabinet positions; where vulgar, hard-featured, nasal-voiced, screaming, termagant women and loafing ignorant negroes are the equals of men and women worthy the names of ladies and gentlemen. And you expect me to retract for pointing out your only way of salvation. I guess not; thank you! Retract! Wild talk! Nay. If you are looking for "wild talk," read the official reports of the speeches your statesmen are making in your National and State Legislatures. Read the *Forum*, *The North American Review*, and your rehashed illustrated magazines of the crude and the nude; read the newspapers; listen to Powderly and Sovereign and Parkhurst and Bob Ingersoll and Dr. McGlynn; attend the International Bonnet and Petticoat Conventions of the W. C. T. U., etc., etc., etc., but do not look for "wild talk" in the sober, deliberate and determined pages of this Review. My name and my life are at stake on what I say here; thousands of noble men and women read this magazine, and I cannot afford to be either "wild" or cowardly.

While visiting in the State of Maine the past summer I met an

intelligent gentleman from Savannah, Ga., who very wisely suggested that the surplus negro population of the South might, with advantage, be transplanted to the Northern States. I thought it an excellent suggestion and at once told him that I would make it public in this issue of the *GLOBE*.

The surplus negro population of the Southern States would, I take it, amount to about 60 per cent. of the entire colored population of those States—or say, about 4,000,000 souls, of all shades and ages. There is room and work enough in our Northern States for 10,000,000 negroes and 20,000,000 more whites than we have here; but we need something better than a mere moribund government at Washington to set these people to work on needed government improvements, and we need to kill out utterly the close corporation tariff robbers in order that our Northern commerce and various industries may have free play.

I would domicile the surplus Southern negroes in the Northern States in the ratio of the population of these States.

If the proportion of able-bodied women among the surplus Southern negroes is as large as it was in the same number of negroes under the regime of slavery, and if these women are half as capable under the benefits of our negro emancipation and education craze, as they were in old slavery days, said women could all get such desirable positions as cooks, nurses, chambermaids, etc., that they would be able to support their respective families and send their pickaninnies to the Chicago and other Northern Universities. I do not advise this latter step, for the negro boys would “go in stults and come out asses—the truth to tell”—but this great area of the North is simply feeding and overfeeding tens of thousands of wealthy and shoddy white families who would be infinitely benefited by the refined manners and the good cooking that used to prevail among the colored household servants in days previous to our civil war. But, in truth, I fear that emancipation and education have degraded even the Southern negro women, so that now they would hardly make better servants than the incompetent Bridgets now in charge of our Northern homes. Nevertheless, let the surplus Southern negroes come North by all means. Their influx will teach the Northern people what the South has had to put up with these last thirty years, and there is this general advantage to civilization to be gained by the migration, viz., that as our Northern winters, especially in the Northwest where the

Southern negroes had better go, are very cold, the negroes who would not work would freeze to death and save all white people the trouble and the crime of killing them.

In truth, why not make a negro State or States out of a portion of Texas, or the northern halves of Maine and Dakota, and let these petted idols of emancipation develop alone and by themselves their capacity for civilization, or throttle each other and go to the devil as their fellow-Africans are now doing in San Domingo? I fully endorse the suggestion of Dr. Gilliam's paper in this issue, that the best element in the negro is the white element. But the experiment is too expensive. I do not forget that the American negro is a native citizen, and I have no especial desire to send him to Liberia or perdition. Let him come North by all means.

Since the last issue of the *GLOBE*, I have received many communications regarding this negro question. An editorial writer of the Richmond, Va., *Times* sent me a very polite letter, with a printed editorial of his, suggesting that if the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution were repealed all would be well in the South. But no law, and no repeal of a law, can change the race-marks of the negro himself. Moreover, Northern sentiment is by no means ready to repeal that amendment. It is not merely a Congressional enactment like Sherman & Co.'s tomfoolery on the silver question, whereby a law making free coinage our salvation one year, can be turned into a law making free coinage our damnation next year. Not at all. The negro as amended has gotten into our Constitution—that sacred document of the gods that has played weather-cock to all the crimes of the last one hundred years,—and I assure the editor of the Richmond *Times*, and all other Southern editors looking for a peaceful solution of this problem by repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, that they are counting their chickens before they are hatched—counting even on addled eggs.

In truth, the Fifteenth Amendment, like most American laws from the Declaration of Independence until now, is so stupidly worded and so inadequate, that any State inclined to evade it, would have no trouble in finding ways of doing so. There are plenty of ways and means for denying suffrage to the negro besides those named in the Fifteenth Amendment, and I am rather pleased than otherwise with the invasions Mississippi has made in this direction. It is easy to talk of the high standards of moral integrity that *ought* to pervade all our State and National legislation, but, alas—



as the Hon. Matt Quay of Pennsylvania would tell you—this is an age of *practical*, not of ideal, politics; that the first law known to men or States or nations is the law of self-preservation, and when you are dealing with fools, savages or thieves, it is better to catch your thief before lecturing him on the Beatitudes, in fact it is in some sense necessary to follow this process. Where was the use of Quay's model lectures to Governor Phoul Hastings & Co. until he had caught them? Now even Wanamaker might lecture them.

Of all men on earth I would be the last to put one stone in the way of negro or other advancement in civilization. My ideas of civilization, however, have not been gathered from the muck-heap of American journalism, the writings of American politicians, or the cramming and inflating process of American public schools. To my way of thinking the Chinaman who does my laundry is often more of a gentleman than the pettifogging attorney who plays fast and loose with all the commandments of the Decalogue in order to fix the primaries of the politics and school-board of his native Yankee or other American town. To me, civilization means character, culture and refinement, in accord with the best moral ideals of history; and by this standard, my Italian barber is more of a gentleman than millionaire Wanamaker, both of whose shops are in the same city and within a stone's throw of each other. To me the old negro servants of many old Southern and Northern families were far more highly civilized than any freed and educated negroes that have come in my way during the last thirty years, and I have talked with negro graduates of our new universities till their insufferable mouthings have made me swear.

Under proper restrictions negroes are the best servants in the world, but when strutting or striding in the garments of constitutional equality with white men they are more disgusting than the apes in our zoological gardens. More than a generation ago my indignant sympathies time and again moved me to leave the horse-cars in our cities when I saw negroes ejected therefrom. After thirty odd years of experiences with these people in horse-cars, steam-cars, steamboats and elsewhere, I am wholly in favor of forcing them to ride in cars or steamboats by themselves or in portions set apart for themselves; and I am utterly opposed to all laws and enactments that give them a position of equality with white people in our restaurants and hotels. Why? They are simply

insufferable. In an ordinary restaurant in New York, negroes of the same classes of white men that resort there do not act like quiet and orderly white men, but are always the noisy buffoons that nature has made them. It is not a question of charity and of saving negro souls; it is simply a question of esthetics and of social pleasure; and no negro owns all the car or all the steamboat or all the hotel into which he may, by some chance, have been admitted. As a servant he is well behaved; as a citizen he is an unmitigated, irritating, insulting, obnoxious and disgusting clown; and again I tell you that you must re-enslave him or export him to save even the trouble of killing him.

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During the past summer I have enjoyed over again some of Robert Louis Stevenson's short stories, "Will O' the Mill," "The Merry Men," etc., only to be reminded that Mr. Stevenson, with all his cleverness, never portrayed an all-round genuine man. His very able paper on Burns, many years ago, convinced me that he never understood the radiant, abundant, physical life of Burns, hence, did not know how to judge the real man; then Mr. Stevenson's reputation grew, as the popular publishers got hold of him, and we ceased to be critical of his many shortcomings. He had the eternal preaching cant of all Scotchmen; sinned more than George Macdonald in this respect, and with far less excuse, the latter having been a sort of Socinian parson in his day, and though full of moral inability of discrimination in his own career, was always too ready to put a low motive rather than a high one into the leading masculine characters of his stories; a poor, undeveloped, preaching, sentimental, invalid sort of man, this Stevenson, now well gone to such rest as the merciful God may grant him. Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

During vacation also I made myself more familiar than ever with the work of William Watson, the one commanding new genius of our poetic mother-tongue. Watson has all the greatness and grasp of intellect needed for the poetic treatment of world-problems, and with this a finer poetic feeling than was ever given to Browning or Tennyson. And with all this, do we wonder that the man went mad in the nineteenth century? Since God made man and the devil fooled him, there never was an age so utterly unappreciative of supreme genius as the age in which we live. Jay

Gould, Bob Ingersoll and Talmadge can make their way. They are among their own kind, clowns among clowns, but the great artistic soul devoted to truth, to poetry, to art, to music, may expect to be flouted as a tramp of the laziest persuasion, and God pity him if he falls into the hands of the average American literary critic. In Buffalo they publish what is called the *American Magazine of Poetry*. Every greenhorn rhymster is padded and praised in its pages, and those who are not greenhorns are liable to unmitigated abuse. Only in this way can I account for the onslaught upon Watson found in the pages of a recent issue of this amateur journal. Dear young critics, let me tell you, when a man like Watson dawns on your horizon, study him, not as you would some new wild Bohemian Whitman from the backwoods, but as you would study a new star of the first magnitude just breaking through the dark-blue heavens above you, viz., to discriminate between its power, shade of light and color and the corresponding qualities in other and older stars of the first magnitude that have lighted the world for ages, and know assuredly that a new order of light has just dawned on the world; and tie up your poor puny hands and tongues and worship awhile before daring to fling your clever but ignorant technique into the faces of the eternal stars. Watson is a great man, a great poet, with art and style of his own. But what do you know of great men or true art, or of anything but flesh meat and words and gold?

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During these past summer months I have also enjoyed a beautiful volume of very able sonnets and poems by the late Francis S. Saltus, only to be reconvinced that the more exquisite a man's genius, in these years, the less is likely to be heard of him; and that even after death the mere jingle-philistine critics of the type of Forrest Morgan, of the *Traveller's Record*, will, if possible, cover his name with calumny. The latter part of this sentence comes from a perusal of an article by Mr. Morgan, in *The Writer*, another yellow-covered amateur literary freak—this time from Boston—that hotbed of literary cranks—with all the technique of criticism, but without one true groundwork of mental power, such as alone gives value to literary criticism. It may be granted that the art of Mr. Saltus' work outshines his spontaneity, and to that extent his art is not the very highest art, for true art is but the echo of nature's own ineffable gifts and glories. Still, why



should a mere insurance hack, like Morgan, feel called upon to traduce the dead poet when those who loved and believed in him are trying to make up for that lack of appreciation which this untiring worker failed to receive when among us? In truth there are many sonnets and poems in Mr. Saltus' volume, any one of which might well have given him undying fame. The lavish and highly colored sonnets of Eastern life are luscious and passionate but not sensual, and many of the sonnets in memory of great men—as, say, the one on Rossi—are builded out of burning impulses of admiration for genius, such as Mr. Morgan never knew. Probably Mr. Morgan never saw Rossi and yet this is the kind of unblushing American cleverness that sits in judgment upon the very springs and stars of heaven. Stick to your trade, Mr. Morgan.

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There are so few men in America whose literary judgments are worth a farthing, that it gives me pleasure to notice the return to this country of Mr. S. W. Smalley, for many years the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Smalley was nothing to brag of when he went to London nearly ten years ago, and I have never been partial to his London letters on foreign politics; but how could any man write other than garbled trash for Reid's *Tribune*? Mr. Smalley's residence in London has evidently done him much good, however, and some of his recent utterances in the New York *Herald* have a taste of literary judgment not usually found in any newspaper in this country. So the hated foreigner helps us every way, even giving sight to our splurging blind. Welcome, Mr. Smalley, and may you live long and prosper, but don't be a coward and don't be a clam.

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As among the unpardonable ignorances and presumptions of recent literature, so-called, I must mention "Justice" Brown's "Wild Talk," in the August *Forum*, to the effect that "the average workingman of to-day lives better and possesses more of the comforts of life than the average noble of six hundred years ago," and the editorial comment of the *Rosary Magazine* to the effect that "there is much truth" in the Judge's remarks. God pity us when so-called justices and editors make, accept and commend such ignorant lies; and again, such blatherskite impudence as that perpetrated by "A. P. A." Traynor, in the August *North American Re-*

*view.* If the "Justice" (heaven spare us all such titles) refers to the living of so-called nobles of savage tribes six hundred years ago, the sophistry of his assertion is more culpable than the evident ignorance underlying his work; if he refers to the nobility of *civilized* nations six hundred or two thousand years ago, one has but to point him to the life of the nobility in Italy six hundred years ago, or to the social life of the Roman nobles two thousand years ago, to prove to him that the nobles then lived better from their kitchens to the stars, mentally, morally, physically, far better even than "Justice" Brown himself lives to-day.

I do not see but the workingman of to-day lives well enough, as a rule, and I do not know why McGlynn & Co. are making such a row over him. The workingman's worst enemies in these days are just such fellows as McGlynn, Powderly, Sovereign & Co., who, with false theories of every vital problem of society, are forever inciting laboring men to strikes and anarchy, only to suffer losses and defeat. I would chain McGlynn to the confessional, and set Powderly, Sovereign and every officer of every labor union in the land to breaking stones, or some other manual labor, ten hours a day till death.

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Some of my friends urge me to write sweet things, kind things, beautiful things, and to be less critical and less severe. For God's sake and your own, be more deserving, honorable and refined for a while, and see how kind I can be and would gladly be. Lay aside your whitewash-brushes; take your atheistic poets and lecturers, and your poodle-dog Catholic writers, by the nape of the neck and duck them in the nearest pools until the waters of life have washed their muddy and flimsy brains; put your great thieves in prison and let their scapegoats go free. Let John Bardsley out and put John Beelzebub in. Catch and hang or send to perdition those members of the present Cleveland administration and the New York bankers who planned and executed the panic of '93-'94, in order to force a boodle bond issue for the padding of wealthy miscreants, and honestly try to find honorable men for official position; get Miss Anthony and Miss Willard situations as nursery maids; send Lady Somerset and Kate Field to "nunneries;" send all the delegates, male and female, of your next Young People's Christian Endeavor Convention to respectable

kindergartens (if you can find such); send Parkhurst and Lexow and Roosevelt to Wanamaker's Sunday-school and Quay's Bible class, and the whole caboodle of them to some decent spiritual adviser, till they know how to be refined and honorable gentlemen, as respectful of the rights of others as they are of their own, and I will not only say kind things and sweet things; I will even hire Ella Wheeler Wilcox to write a new millennial hymn for the GLOBE REVIEW, that shall make your hair stand on end.

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Early in September I received a bulky volume entitled "The Rights of the Clergy Vindicated," written by a priest whose name is not given, and published over ten years ago by James Sheeny, New York. It is a very able work in defense of Canon Law as opposed to arbitrary action on the part of prelates in dealing with unfortunate or erring priests. I do not propose to review this book or to dwell on it at all, except to say: *First*, that a perusal of its pages has convinced me more and more of the divine wisdom of the Catholic Church, in all its essential attributes. *Second*, that it seems to me a lamentable fact that willful and arbitrary authority so often takes the place of lawful and charitable reason in so many actions alike, of prelates, priests and Catholic people, and I do not know how to advise toward a contrary and higher mode of action except by advising a more careful study of the direct teachings of Jesus Christ and a more simple following of his life and methods alike in this promulgation of truth and the assertion of supernatural or ecclesiastical power. *Third*, that I have just been reading over again various records of McGlynn's latest single tax-squibs, recently published in that Boston Catholic squiblet known as *Donahoe's Magazine*, and also some new accounts of the Rev. McCleary's asininity as displayed at the jubilee of the C. T. A. U. of America, held in New York in August last; and that in view of those displays of secular and damnable humbuggery on the part of Catholic priests, I marvel that the Bishops or Archbishops having these men in charge do not forget all Canon Law and apply to Rome for a special, but harmless, though thoroughly effective gag that would stop their mouths at all times, except when saying mass and eating their meals. Father Cleary has left the Mc off his name, and talks blatherskite concerning the "American Sunday and American common sense," about as McGlynn talks



of single tax—namely, as if a mouthing and wretched ambition had robbed them of whatever grace of God the dear Church had given them in its sacraments.

I believe that McGlynn was a good and pious and gifted priest, ruined by ambition and the vagaries of fools. I believe that Cleary—with or without the Mc—is a posing, ambitious and worldly nobody, without sense or piety enough to understand the first principles of the religion he is supposed to teach and vindicate; and as for Roosevelt & Co., they will go down in the landslide destined for the overthrow of all tariff and temperance cranks in the year of our Lord 1896. Dear McCleary, study the Sermon on the Mount, the Marriage of Cana, and say your beads like a good big boy.

The single tax vagaries of Henry George have been refuted, ridiculed, kicked to dust and ashes and spit upon by every respectable financial writer in America. McGlynn is simply a rhetorical echo of Henry George, and why in the name of God a magazine that claims to be Catholic should lend its pages to such verbosity, except that it pays—is beyond my comprehension.

McCleary's impudent commonplaces on the saloons and on temperance have been repeated by crack-brained reformers for hundreds of years, but if McCleary would teach himself proper modesty and teach the Bridgets of his western parish how to cook and keep house so that the men would not crave liquor as they do now—why even McCleary with the Mc left off might become a valuable and endurable citizen.

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Since the issue of the last GLOBE I have received, through a friend in Rome, the specific blessing of the Holy Father, upon myself, my poor work, and all that is mine. I do not refer to this in any spirit of pride, but with the humble gratitude I would express toward some great and honored ancestor of my blood—who, reaching a hand from highest heaven, shall place it lovingly and in blessing upon my unworthy head. I would that my enemies could understand me and we would all be friends.

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Just as this number of the GLOBE was going to press I received word from Ina Coolbrith, of Oakland, California, and from several of her admirers and friends, that Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the

well-known Boston publishers, were about to issue a new edition of her poems.

The book is to be called "*Songs from the Golden Gate*," and the reputation of the publishers is sufficient guarantee that the book, as to mechanical workmanship, will be all that can be desired.

I take it for granted that the new edition of "*Songs from the Golden Gate*" will contain all the newer poems that the gifted author has produced since the publication of her first volume of poems, several years ago; and hence that the new volume will give us not only that rare pleasure always to be derived from reading the poems of a soul truly clothed with the winged touch of poetic genius, which Ina Coolbrith has above and beyond any other American poet; but that the volume, in giving us the later poems, will unveil those richer depths of human apprehension and agony, and the meaning of these, as they can only be uttered by a truly poetic soul in its maturer years.

I have seen some of these later poems in manuscript, and have enjoyed others that have been printed in our various magazines and newspapers, and I unhesitatingly pronounce them the most poetic American poems in our mother-tongue.

In truth these poems are so full of that quenchless, eternal light that never was on sea or land—that shines only in the words of inspired poetic, and I may add martyr souls—that I for one shall never attempt to handle them as I would the utterances of a more ambitious, self-conscious and mechanic writer. All the readers of the GLOBE know that its editor is not given to undeserved praise or flattery; but I want to say here to every friend I have in the world, and to every friend of every friend I have in the world, that you should send for "*Songs from the Golden Gate*," get the bookseller or the news agent of your town or neighborhood to send to the publishers or to any bookseller for the poems and say that Mr. Thorne of THE GLOBE REVIEW urged you to do so. If I could write anything half as beautiful as "*Songs from the Golden Gate*," I have no doubt that some one—yea, many people would say just as much for me; and when I am dead and gone—as I soon may be—perhaps those that now misunderstand me will find as much to praise as they now find to blame.

At all events I consider Ina Coolbrith's poems very beautiful, and am glad of this opportunity of saying so.

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In all probability this magazine will pass into other hands and be published as a monthly on or about the first of the year. At all events I feel that I must take a year's complete rest from editorial responsibility ; above all, from the commercial responsibility that I have been carrying through the past six years.

I hope that all those who are indebted to the GLOBE will remit during the next four weeks, and if any of its readers or friends feel inclined to be generous toward myself their act of generosity will be thoroughly appreciated at this time.

I can furnish just twelve complete sets of the GLOBE at \$12.00 the set, and should be glad to receive orders and cash for these at once.

I should also like to receive cash orders for about 200 copies each of *Modern Idols* and *Quintets*. These books have been generously noticed by the critics everywhere, and are said to be well worth the small price asked for them.

I fear that this may be a sort of farewell to thousands of readers who have been very kind to me.

W. H. THORNE.

*Decker Building, New York, October 12, 1895.*





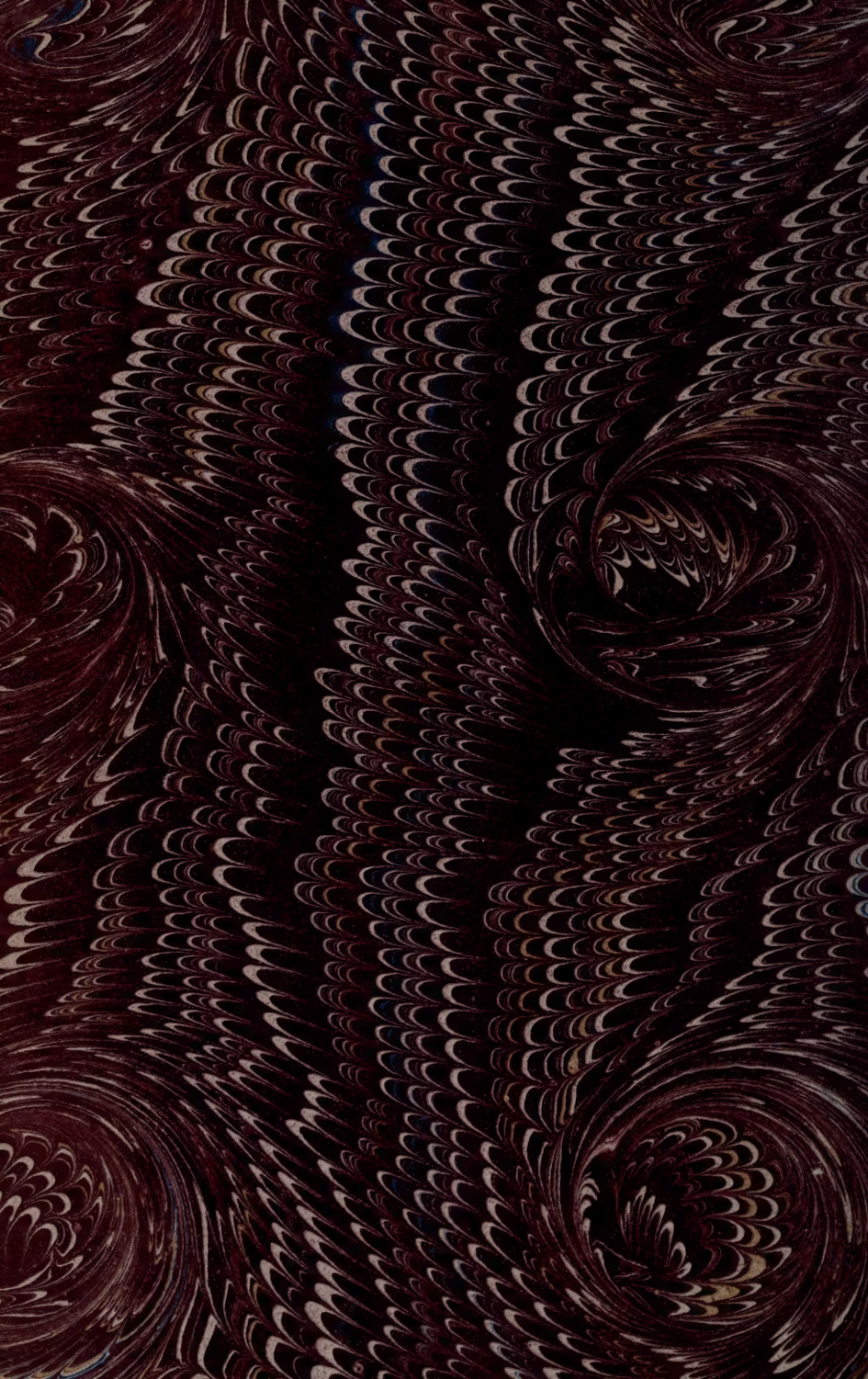














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